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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

30p

World's largest selling music weekly

NEW ORDER

HUMAN LEAGUE

HUMANS INVADE AMERICA SHOCK!

Exclusive Report by Tony Stewart

BLUES MASTERS

ANTIPASTI

PHD

LINDSAY ANDERSON

Having a wonderful time, wish you were here. Photo by Joe Stevens.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	5	**HOUSE OF FUN**	**Madness (Stiff)**	3	1
2	1	GOODY TWO SHOES	Adam (CBS)	3	1
3	7	FANTASY ISLAND	Tight Fit (Jive)	5	3
4	4	ONLY YOU	Yazoo (Mute)	4	4
5	8	THE LOOK OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron / Phonogram)	3	5
6	(—)	TORCH	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	1	6
7	14	HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF	Duran Duran (EMI)	3	7
8	11	MAMA USED TO SAY	Junior (Mercury)	3	8
9	2	A LITTLE PEACE	Nicole (CBS)	5	1
10	12	FORGET ME NOT	Patrice Rushen (Elektra)	4	10
11	3	I WON'T LET YOU DOWN	PhD (WEA)	6	1
12	15	ISLAND OF LOST SOULS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	4	12
13	9	GIRL CRAZY	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	5	7
14	6	I LOVE ROCK'N'ROLL	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Epic)	6	2
15	28	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST	Iron Maiden (EMI)	3	15
16	24	3x3 (EP)	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	2	16
17	17	THE MEANING OF LOVE	Depeche Mode (Mute)	4	14
18	10	WE HAVE A DREAM	Scottish World Cup Squad (WEA)	6	5
19	20	CANTONESE BOY	Japan (Virgin)	2	19
20	(—)	THE BACK OF LOVE	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	1	20
21	(—)	FIREWORKS	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	1	21
22	25	CLUB COUNTRY	Associates (Associates)	3	22
23	(—)	TEMPTATION	New Order (Factory)	2	23
24	23	THE TELEPHONE	Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	3	23
25	27	SUSPICIOUS MINDS	Candi Staton (Sugarhill)	3	25
26	(—)	BRAVE NEW WORLD	Toyah (Safari)	1	26
27	(—)	I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME	Charlene (Motown)	1	27
28	(—)	LOVE IS ALRIGHT	UB40 (Dep Int)	1	28
29	22	TOTTENHAM TOTTENHAM	Tottenham Hotspur FA Cup Squad (Shelf)	5	18
30	21	INSTINCTION	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	5	11

Life wasn't always la vie en rose and double tops for Madness. For conclusive proof, here's mugshots of Chas and Suggsy when they used to run with The Lavender Hill Mob. Pic: George Chin.

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	1	**COMPLETE MADNESS**	**Madness (Stiff)**	6	1
2	5	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	2	2
3	3	CHARTBUSTERS 82	Various (Ronco)	3	3
4	2	TUG OF WAR	Paul McCartney (EMI)	5	1
5	4	LIVE IN BRITAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	5	1
6	24	ORIGINAL MUSIQUARIUM	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	2	6
7	7	HOT SPACE	Queen (EMI)	3	7
8	10	THE EAGLE HAS LANDED	Saxon (Carrere)	2	8
9	14	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST	Iron Maiden (EMI)	8	1
10	6	COMBAT ROCK	The Clash (FMLN)	3	6
11	9	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	3	6
12	8	PELICAN WEST	Haircut 100 (Arista)	14	1
13	23	CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Soundtrack)	Vangelis (Polydor)	22	6
14	21	SULK	Associates (Associates)	2	14
15	(—)	SELECT	Kim Wilde (RAK)	1	15
16	19	ARE YOU READY	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	4	9
17	13	1982	Status Quo (Vertigo)	7	3
18	11	THE CONCERTS IN CHINA	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	3	8
19	25	STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART	Patrice Rushen (Elektra)	3	19
20	22	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	27	3
21	(—)	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	1	21
22	(—)	THE HUNTER	Blondie (Chrysalis)	1	22
23	(—)	AVALON	Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)	1	23
24	12	LOVE SONGS	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	20	1
25	15	PINKY BLUE	Altered Images (Epic)	3	12
26	16	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	31	9
27	20	DIAMOND	Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrysalis)	9	10
28	18	DISCO UK & DISCO USA	Various (Ronco)	5	6
29	28	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	28	1
30	26	WE ARE THE LEAGUE	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)	2	26

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
2	(2)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(3)	**Faithless**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
4	(7)	**Love Is All — Is Alright**	UB40 (Dep Int)
5	(4)	**The Meaning Of Love**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
6	(9)	**El Salvador**	Insane (No Future)
7	(6)	**Attack/Alternatives**	Exploited (Exploited)
8	(10)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
9	(8)	**Brave New World**	Toyah (Safari)
10	(5)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag 12"**	Pigbag (Y)
11	(14)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
12	(23)	**Fashion**	Charge (Kamera)
13	(13)	**Survival**	Defects (WXYZ)
14	(11)	**View From Her Room**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
15	(17)	**East To West**	Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
16	(12)	**Look Know**	The Fall (Kamera)
17	(19)	**Pagan Love Song**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
18	(21)	**Nazi Punks Fuck Off**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
19	(29)	**Smash It Up**	Damned (Big Beat)
20	(24)	**Overspill EP**	Skroteez (Skroteez)
21	(25)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap)
22	(18)	**No Doves Fly Here**	The Mob (Crass)
23	(15)	**Big City Peroxide**	Subhumans (Spider Leg)
24	(—)	**Shellshock**	Erazerhead (Flick Knife)
25	(—)	**Angel Face**	Outcasts (Outcasts Only)
26	(16)	**This Time We'll Get It Right**	England World Cup Team (England)
27	(22)	**Storm**	Carmel (Red Flame)
28	(—)	**The Pope Is Dope**	Living Legends (Up Yours)
29	(—)	**In Rhythm**	Scream & Dance (Recreational)
30	(—)	**Wildlife**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**We Are The League**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
2	(2)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing**	Discharge (Clay)
3	(3)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
4	(4)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
5	(5)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
6	(18)	**Greatest Hits**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
7	(15)	**Wargasm**	Various (Pax)
8	(8)	**After The Snow**	Modern English (4AD)
9	(—)	**He Who Dares Live**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
10	(13)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (R. Trade)
11	(23)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
12	(16)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
13	(9)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
14	(11)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
15	(16)	**Chronic Generation**	Chron Gen (Secret)
16	(12)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
17	(10)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
18	(7)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
19	(—)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
20	(26)	**Skinhead Anthem**	Last Resort (Last Resort)
21	(14)	**Friends & Relations**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
22	(17)	**Shoot Out The Lights**	Richard And Linda Thompson (Hannibal)
23	(19)	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (G/sleeves)
24	(21)	**England's Trance**	Placebo (Aura)
25	(29)	**Live At The Jacquard**	Higsons (Chaos)
26	(24)	**Before The Dream Faded**	Misunderstood (Cherry Red)
27	(25)	**Endangered Species**	UK Subs (NEMS)
28	(27)	**Collision Time**	Swell Maps (R. Trade)
29	(—)	**Third From The Sun**	Chrome (Don't Fall Off The Mountain)
30	(28)	**Animals Soundtrack**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)

REGGAE SINGLES

1 **Key To The World** ... Rudi Thomas (Hawkeye)
2 **Miss Attractive** ... Victor Romeo Evans (Epic)
3 **Are We Gonna Make It Up** ... Freddy Clarke (Paradise)
4 **Go Away Little Boy** ... Samantha Rose (Third World)
5 **Stop Lying** ... Black Harmony (Blue Ink)
6 **Smiling In The Morning** ... Carrol Thomson (Xavier)
7 **Fool For Your Love** ... Le Gato (Ital)
8 **Pipe Dreams** ... Jean Adebambo (AveJ)
9 **Cream Of The Crops** ... Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
10 **Just For One Moment** ... Erika Gale (Ital)
11 **You've Got A Gift** ... Chanel (Mass Media)
12 **Daughter Of Zion** ... Winston Reddy (STG)
13 **Bush Master Connection** ... Billy Boyo & Little John (Greensleeves)
14 **Love Don't Strike Twice** ... Richard D.J. (Elite)
15 **Chalice In Hand** ... Carlton Livingstone (Powerhouse)

LPs

1 **Love Has Found Its Way** ... Dennis Brown (A&M)
2 **Far Over** ... Burning Spear (EMI)
3 **New Chapter Of Dub** ... Aswad (Island)
4 **Capricorn Woman** ... Janet Kay (Solid Groove)
5 **King Of Dub Rock Part 2** ... Sir Coxsone (Regal)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2.

US SINGLES

1 **Ebony And Ivory** — Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Columbia)
2 **Don't Talk To Strangers** ... Rick Springfield (RCA)
3 **I've Never Been To Me** ... Charlene (Motown)
4 **867-5309/Jenny** ... Tommy Tutone (Columbia)
5 **The Other Woman** ... Ray Parker Jr. (Arista)
6 **'65 Love Affair** ... Paul Davis (Arista)
7 **Don't You Want Me** ... Human League (A&M/Virgin)
8 **Always On My Mind** ... Willie Nelson (Columbia)
9 **Did It In A Minute** ... Darryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
10 **Get Down On It** ... Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)

US LPs

1 **Tug Of War** ... Paul McCartney (Columbia)
2 **Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet** ... Rick Springfield (RCA)
3 **Asia** ... Asia (Warner Bros)
4 **Diver Down** ... Van Halen (Warner Bros)
5 **Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium** ... Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
6 **Chariots Of Fire** ... Vangelis (Polydor)
7 **Dare** ... Human League (A&M/Virgin)
8 **Aldo Nova** ... Aldo Nova (Epic)
9 **Always On My Mind** ... Willie Nelson (Columbia)
10 **Blackout** ... Scorpions (Mercury)

Courtesy 'Billboard'

SWEDEN

Albums

1 **Tug Of War** ... Paul McCartney (EMI)
2 **Yes Box Allright** ... Hansson De Wolfe (United Artists)
3 **Ebba Groen** ... Ebba Groen (Mistiur)
4 **Modiga Agenter** ... Freestyle (SOS)
5 **Lyckliga Elefanter** ... Dag Fag (Silence)
6 **Innan Tystnaden** ... Bjorn Afzeluis (Nacksving)
7 **Straight Between The Eyes** ... Rainbow (Polydor)
8 **Waving Not Drowning** ... Rupert Hine (A&M)
9 **Number Of The Beast** ... Iron Maiden (EMI)
10 **Shaky** ... Shakin' Stevens (Epic)

Courtesy 'GLF/Billboard'

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **I Don't Want To Talk About It/The First Cut Is The Deepest** — Rod Stewart (Riva)
2 **Lucille** ... Kenny Rogers (UA)
3 **A Star Is Born (Evergreen)** ... Barbra Streisand (CBS)
4 **Ain't Gonna Bump No More** ... Joe Tex (Epic)
5 **Halfway Down The Stairs** ... The Muppets (Pye)
6 **God Save The Queen** ... Sex Pistols (Virgin)
7 **The Shuffle** ... Van McCoy (H & L)
8 **Good Morning Judge** ... 10cc (Philips)
9 **You're Moving Out Today** ... Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)
10 **Got to Give It Up** ... Marvin Gaye (Motown)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Metal Guru** ... T. Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)
2 **Vincent** ... Don McLean (United Artists)
3 **Rocket Man** ... Elton John (DJM)
4 **Oh Babe What Would You Say?** ... Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
5 **At The Club/Saturday Night At The Movies** ... Drifters (Atlantic)
6 **California Man** ... The Move (Harvest)
7 **Could It Be Forever** ... David Cassidy (Bell)
8 **Lady Eleanor** ... Lindisfarne (Charisma)
9 **Sister Jane** ... New World (Rak)
10 **Mary Had A Little Lamb** ... Wings (Apple)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1 **Whiter Shade Of Pale** ... Procol Harum (Deram)
2 **Silence Is Golden** ... Tremeloes (CBS)
3 **There Goes My Everything** ... Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
4 **Waterloo Sunset** ... Kinks (Pye)
5 **Dedicated To The One I Love** ... Mamas And Papas (RCA)
6 **Then I Kissed Her** ... Beach Boys (Capitol)
7 **The Happening** ... Supremes (Tamla Motown)
8 **The Wind Cries Mary** ... Jimi Hendrix (Track)
9 **Sweet Soul Music** ... Arthur Conley (Atlantic)
10 **Pictures Of Lily** ... Who (Track)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Good Luck Charm** ... Elvis Presley (RCA)
2 **Come Outside** ... Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
3 **I'm Looking Out The Window** ... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
4 **Nut Rocker** ... B. Bumble (Top Rank)
5 **Picture Of You** ... Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
6 **Ginny Come Lately** ... Brian Hyland (HMV)
7 **As You Like It** ... Adam Faith (Parlophone)
8 **Last Night Was Made For Love** ... Billy Fury (Decca)
9 **I Don't Know Why** ... Eden Kane (Decca)
10 **Do You Want To Dance** ... Cliff Richard (Columbia)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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HEADS SHOULDER ARMS

David Byrne: Talking about a visit. Pic: Lynn Goldsmith

NME **can reveal exclusively that The Talking Heads will be flying into the UK to headline two nights at London Wembley Arena on Monday and Tuesday, July 12 and 13 — and this vast hall will be easily the biggest venue they have ever played in this country. They'll be featuring their new expanded line-up, comprising virtually the same personnel who visited Britain 18 months ago, except that guitarist Adrian Belew has now left to join the re-formed King Crimson.**

The Heads are visiting Europe primarily to play a series of major festival dates, and *NME* learns from New York that they'll be interrupting this schedule to fly to London right after they've appeared in Switzerland's Montreux Jazz Festival on July 9. Support act at Wembley will be The Tom Tom Club, the group featuring Heads bassist Tina Weymouth and two of her sisters, among others. As their UK shows haven't yet been announced officially, it's stressed that Wembley tickets aren't yet on sale.

Mode want to see you

DEPECHE MODE this week announce plans for their major autumn UK tour, which will tie in with the late September release of the album they're currently recording for Mute Records. Their October schedule opens with three concerts in the Irish Republic — Dublin (6), Cork (7) and Galway (8) — and their British dates are:

Southampton Gaumont (October 10), Leicester De Montfort Hall (11), Brighton Dome (12), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (13), Bristol Colston Hall (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Glasgow Tiffany's (19), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Newcastle City Hall (21), Liverpool Empire (22), London Hammersmith Odeon (24 and 25), Manchester Apollo (27), Sheffield City Hall (28) and St. Austell Cornwall Colisuem (29).

Tickets will be available at the vast majority of box-offices from this morning (Thursday), and prices generally are £3.50 and £3 — except at Hammersmith (£4, £3.75 and £3.50), Glasgow (£3.50 and £3.25) and Southend (£3.50 only). Mail order bookings should be made only by Postal Order, enclosing SAE. Promoter is Dan Silver for TBA.

Plant dug up

RUMOURS are growing that former Led Zeppelin vocalist Robert Plant will shortly be returning to live work, and speculation has intensified this week with the news that his debut solo album is being released by Atlantic on June 25 — titled 'Pictures At Eleven'.

Produced and part-written by Plant, the LP also features Phil Collins and Cozy Powell (drums), Jezz Woodroffe (synthesisers), Paul Martinez (bass) and Robbie Blunt (guitar).

☐ **DAVID BOWIE** is poised for a return to the concert platform later this year, after his three-year incursion into films, TV and the legitimate theatre. *NME* understands that he is planning a string of London concerts in the late summer or early autumn, probably at Wembley Arena — though it's still not certain that they will materialise, as Bowie's penchant for changing his mind is well known. But sources close to him indicate that he's determined — at the moment.

Beeb nukes ban p5 Madness, Blondie, Lynott, Joe Jackson, Defunkt dates p34

RCA's one-sided affair— they win, you lose

THE SINGLE with an entirely blank B-side is the latest piece of gimmickry from a music business deadly anxious to arrest declining sales.

CBS have already undertaken experiments in the US, but here in the UK it is RCA who lead the pack with this week's issue of 'I Want Candy' by Bow Wow Wow. Retail price will vary but the company says it hopes shops will fix at around 99p. Their own dealer prices is 65p as compared to 79p for the orthodox 45.

RCA managing director Don Ellis said this week: "Obviously we cannot just halve the price because costs are fixed whether there is a B-side or not. But we have been able to reduce the price by negotiating a lower royalty with the band and taking a smaller profit ourselves."

'I Want Candy', says the company, has already sold 50,000 wholesale in the week prior to official release. But it is a fair bet that a large proportion of purchasers will be unaware that 50 per cent of what they are buying is silence.

Nowhere on the arresting picture sleeve — featuring the now customary side-on shot of Annabella Lu Win's right breast — is it mentioned that the record lacks a B-side. The sleeve simply bears the message "Special Edition — Special Price".

And the 50 per cent single would seem a curious innovation for Malcolm McLaren's jungle poppets. Not only are the Wows Wows capable — more than most — of issuing two tracks of equal standing, but it was McLaren who, at their launch, preached the cause of cheap pop for all — this through the miracle of cassettes and home taping ('C30 C60 C90 Go').

He further promoted the cassette revolution following the switch from EMI to RCA. Last autumn's 'See Jungle' album came in a tape version that offered two extra tracks not available on the vinyl pressing. There was also a pop-up picture pack; all at the regular price.

Since then it's neem straight vinyl, and now — 50 per cent off.

McLaren was unavailable for comment this week but an RCA spokesman told us that while the idea originated with their own marketing department, McLaren was quick to jump for it.

"It offers more realistic value for money," said the spokesman. "It is not a cynical move where we're trying to rip anybody off. We're saying here's a hit single — hopefully — in the normal packaging. It's cheaper than a regular single. And the reason it's cheaper is because it's only got one side."

CBS managing director Paul Russell told us that his own company were also "certainly looking at the idea for the UK" but unless a "substantial" reduction on the regular price could be worked out they would not go ahead.

He also thought the development would seem best suited to the US, due to the way copyright royalties are paid in that country.

In the UK the fee is a proportion of the selling price. In the US it is dependent on the number of tracks. Thus, a one-song US single would automatically incur a saving for the record company under conditions where — we are told — production costs are fixed.

Says Russell: "This could be a little bit of gimmickry, the latest bit of widgery. I'd like to discuss it first with our artists."

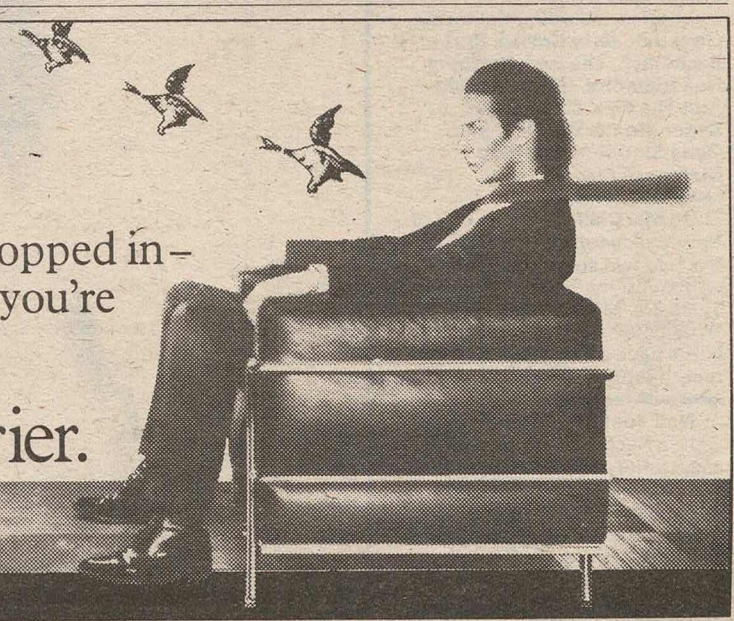
—ANDREW TYLER

Annabella: 'Candy' coated on one side only. Pic: Joe Stevens

No drop outs.

If the music falters on your cassette tape, it's because a drop-out's dropped in – a tiny bit of tape with no recording material on it. Or in other words, you're not using a Maxell cassette.

Break the sound barrier.



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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

Stones play 100

□ **ROLLING STONES** played a surprise gig at London's 100 Club on Bank Holiday Monday. At 4pm, posters went up around the West End and the 350 tickets, priced £5, were promptly snapped up as crowds estimated at over 1,000 besieged the ticket outlet.

The Stones played a two-hour set; and their appearance lays to rest rumours that they would be playing the Venue or Brixton's Fair Deal. "Neither of those places were ever under consideration," said a spokesperson, though more surprise appearances are planned throughout the country.

Rather less than gruntled by all this were **The Lydia D'Ustebyn Swing Orchestra** whose gig was scrapped at the last moment to accommodate the Stones. "Fancy cancelling us for that bunch of clapped out creeps," said a miffed Ms D'Ustebyn. "Of all the lousy joints in all the lousy cities in the world, they had to pick on the one *we* were playing in." Or words to that effect.

□ **Terri Hooley** has resurrected Good Vibrations, Ireland's first and best independent record label, after an absence of several months. The first release, a single by **Cruella de Ville**, has already been earmarked, and there are also plans for multi-band compilation EPs and a new weekend gig venue.

SDP . . . NF?

THE SOCIAL Democratic Party is loved not only by Neasden hairdressers but also by increasing numbers of extreme, bigoted youth — according to a three-year survey of "adolescent political attitudes" carried out by *New Society* magazine among 1,000 West Midlands fifth formers.

The study shows more than a halving of Tory support since 1980; a relatively steady holding by Labour; a more than doubling (from 6.6 per cent to 14.2 per cent) by NF/BM and a quadrupling by Lib/SDP from 6.3 per cent (when it was Lib only) to 24.6 per cent (Lib plus Soc Dem). The views of the fascist supporters, say *New Soc*, were often indistinguishable from the followers of the Gang Of Four.

□ **Neil Bogart**, the man who discovered **Donna Summer** and **Kiss**, has died of cancer at the age of 39. As president of Casablanca, and later of Boardwalk Records, Bogart was one of the people responsible for popularising disco in its early days. His funeral was attended by a host of celebrities, including California Governor **Jerry Brown, Burt Bacharach, The Isley Brothers, Neil Diamond, Gladys Knight And The Pips, Carol Bayer Sager, Donna Summer** and **Gene Simmons** and **Paul Stanley** of Kiss.

□ **Jo Marshall**, currently one of New York's top club attractions, has had two songs specially written for her by **Elvis Costello**. Titles are 'Mighty Men' and 'True Love'. Elvis and **Nick Lowe** have also helped her record four demo tracks.

□ **Neil Young** has signed with Geffen Records, ending a long association with Reprise Records which he had maintained because of quirky desire to be on the same label as **Frank Sinatra**. Mr Sinatra was unavailable for comment.

Jam still looking for London venue

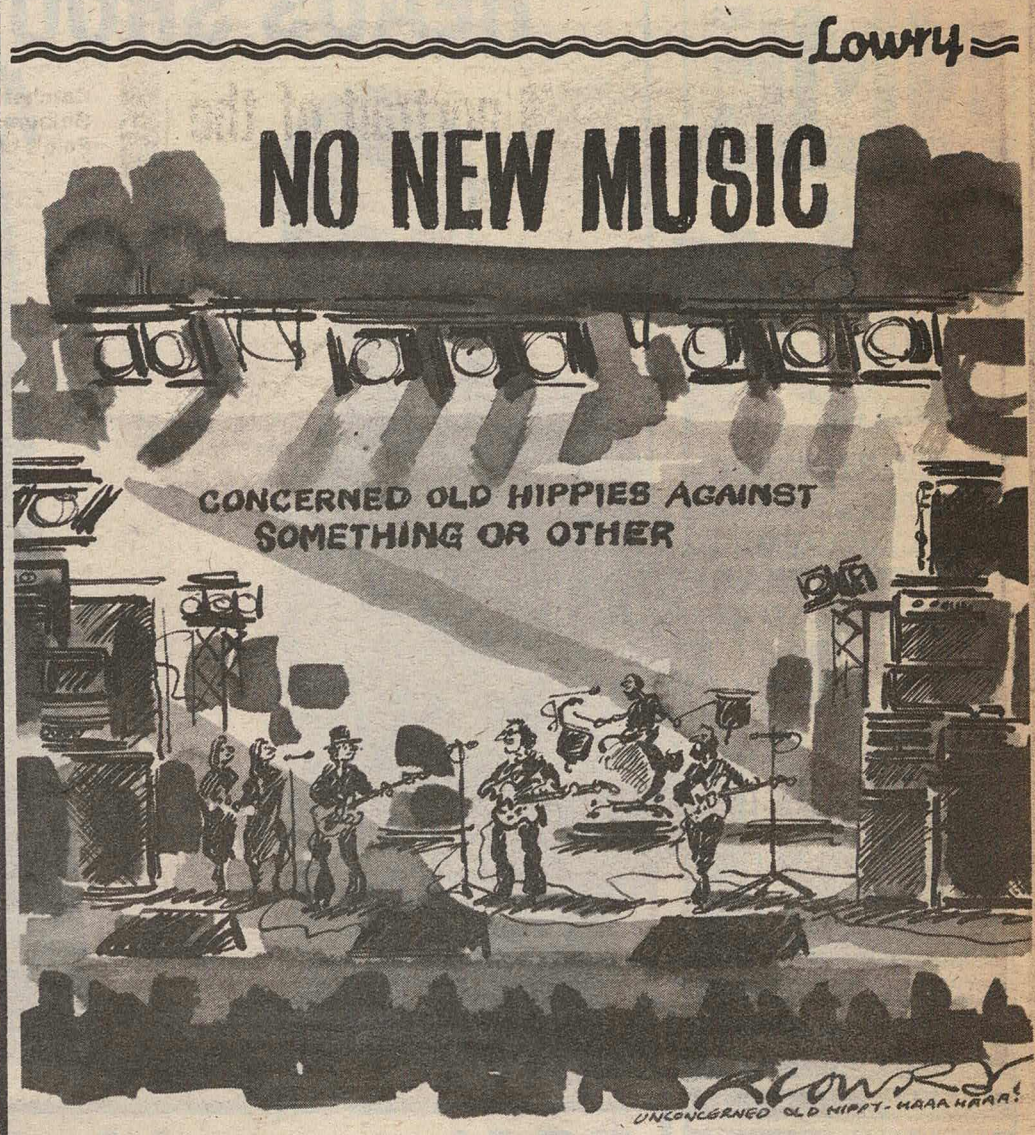
THE JAM, whose proposed CND benefit concert at the Queen's Park Rangers football ground was called off last week, have so far failed to find an alternative open-air venue in the London area.

Promoters MCP, who are doing the searching on the band's behalf, have been totally frustrated in their efforts to date. "We've tried every soccer ground and outdoor site we can think of," said their spokesman, "and unless we can pinpoint somewhere within the next week, we'll have to call off the whole project because of the time factor."

MCP also shed new light on the cancellation of the QPR show, laying the blame squarely on the shoulders — not of the GLC — but of Hammersmith & Fulham Council. Explained the spokesman: "In fact, only three local residents complained, and we went out of our way to appease them individually. Then, together with a QPR director, we met with council representatives — who told us they objected most strongly to the concert, and would do everything in their power to prevent it taking place. We offered to compromise on any point they raised, but they simply wouldn't budge, so QPR withdrew the application."

The Jam have a new single available from June 11 — available, as opposed to released, because it's on import only and therefore can only be obtained through import shops. It is 'Just Who Is The 5 O'Clock Hero?' (from 'The Gift' album) backed with 'The Great Depression' — and there's also a 12-incher with a third bonus track, their version of Edwin Starr's 'War.' Polydor explained that, as they have no new Jam material in the can, they're stepping up imports of this overseas release — it is, in effect, a holding job until the band record a new single in August for September release.

Weller: import single



"This next song is about some things that are very close to my heart — middle-aged spread, loss of inspiration, booze and dope problems, intermittent memory loss and approaching senile dementia."

FOR FUN AND FOR PROPHET

GROUP MOTTO: "For fun and for prophet . . ."

The prophets are two in number, and they've made two records. Since the second one they've increased their name to The (Hypthetical) Prophets because, as one of them confesses, "We're a very hypothetical group". Hypothetical also happens to be their record label. Are they for real?

Yes, they really are. I've met them. The Prophets are a Polish / Frenchman called Joseph Weill (who has the intense air of a continental intellectual) and one Norman D. Landing, an Englishman (urbane amusement, like a well-travelled man of independent means). Beyond that minimal information, they like to keep their identities to themselves.

This is partly because "we're known in other fields". Another reason was the antagonism they've stirred in among certain French politicos (for Paris is where they're semi-based) by releasing two singles that appear to be "anti-Soviet". Says Norman: "We were pretty much aware that it would not be in our interests to say who we were." Anyhow, the two singles — which are both electronic, and eerie, and very strange and *very* good — are as follows . . .

'Back To The Burner' / 'Back To Siberia' came out in '79, and once more in '81. It was intended as a one-off, "but the amount of interest took us by surprise". It got an indie release in Britain, but got picked up by CBS in France, who are now backing an upcoming Prophets LP. The record, by the way, is as chilling as the Siberian winds which whistle across its bleak, synthesiser back-track. One side tells the sorry tale (largely true, but covered up by the authorities) of a Soviet scientist who's blamed for a nuclear foul-up, Harrisburg-style, in remotest Russia. The other side has a Slavic voice ("a dissident friend of ours") grimly intoning the names of railway stations across the USSR, stations "notorious for seeing more passengers arrive than depart".

'Wallenberg' / 'Budapest 45' is the newer single, a 12", famously reviewed by our own Viv Goldman as "so tedious that no-one will ever play it on the radio".

You can see her point, but I find it oddly hypnotic. Similar in style to its predecessor (ambient, repetitious, sinister, quirky) this record deals with the Swedish diplomat, Raoul Wallenberg, who spent the war in Budapest, issuing fake documents to help Jews escape the Nazis. When the liberating Red Army hit town, they took Wallenberg in for questioning, and he was never seen again. A grisly bureaucratic cock-up? Was he a CIA stooge all along? Who knows? "It's not anti-Soviet, but a humanitarian statement."

Equally intriguing is The Prophets' plan for this record, a process they call "travelling in translation". Over the music, a voice recites the Wallenberg story in fractured form, cut up from a newspaper article. For the French version, this distorted version has been translated into French. Next, the record will come out in Sweden, in a translation of a translation. And then in Germany. Then Italy. Then Japan. The final version will be for the USA, translated from Japanese back into English, but by an American. Also, at each stage, a local musician will add another instrumental track to the basic recording.

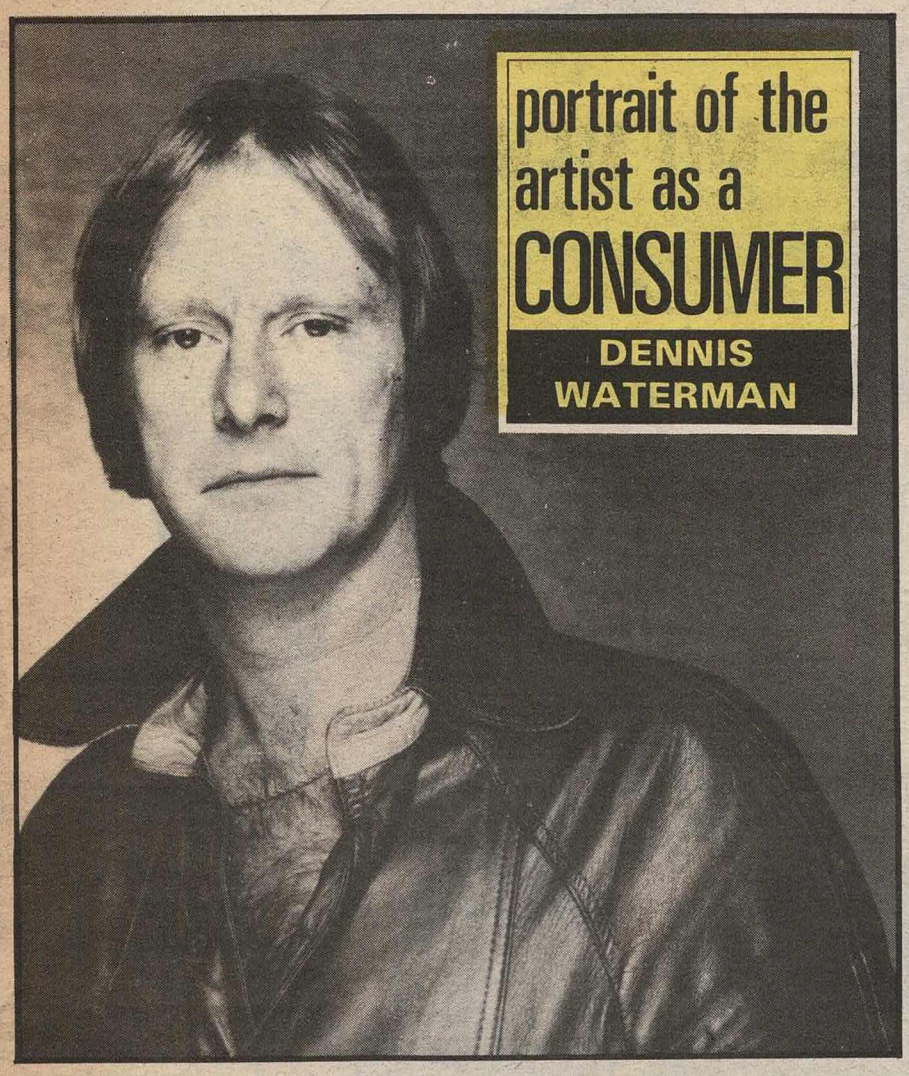
The object is to see the cumulative distorting effect of the multi-translating process. But . . . "we were trying to give the sensation in telling the Wallenberg story, that something strange and awful has happened, and this sensation must stay in all the translations, even if people can no longer know what it's about."

The prophets expect their offspring to complete its weird journey around the world some time before the end of the year. "When it's finished," thinks Norman, "it would be nice to donate the entire collection of records somewhere, put it in a box in a museum. And forget about it."

Joseph, meanwhile, sums up the Prophet ethos as cultivation of "the contradictory and the unexpected". For that reason, they'll keep working quietly on their LP, and only play live when the whim seizes them. "Just to show up before a Motorhead concert," thinks Norman. "Yes, now *that* would be interesting . . .'

PAUL DU NOYER

Prophets — Joseph Weill (left) and Norman Landing: dissonant dissidents



portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

DENNIS WATERMAN

BOOKS
Steppenwolf — Herman Hesse
Catcher In The Rye — J D Salinger
Shibumi
Pele's biography

RECORDS
Eric Clapton — 'One More Night'
Bruce Springsteen — 'Asbury Park', 'Sandy'
The Live Bob Seger album
Anything by Bob Dylan

GREATEST DESIRE
To be in a situation where I don't have to do interviews!!!

PASSIONS
My two daughters
Acting
Music
Football

FOOD
Pork chops
Cornish pasties

DRINK
Vodka — lots of it!!

TELEVISION
Match Of The Day
The Big Match

HEROES
Pele
Jimmy Greaves
Denis Law
Bob Dylan

Beeb drop 'subversive' Charlie Drake in anti-nuke purge

THE LAST TWO episodes of BBC 1's *QED* series, which deal with the likely effects of a one megaton (ie small) nuclear bomb exploding over London, were postponed last week on the orders of the Channel Controller.

The official reason given is that the films were "considered unsuitable in the present circumstances" (ie the Falklands crisis), though it's known that BBC officials have been anxious about the two programmes for several weeks and had already had them moved from the series' regular early-evening prime viewing time to a much later slot. The BBC's record on comparable nuclear-based items — banning *The War Game* and E.P. Thompson's Dimbleby lecture, trying to ban Michael Pentz' *Open University* talk on the arms race — casts a further degree of doubt on this explanation.

The programmes, due to be shown last Wednesday and Friday, looked at the kind of devastation caused by the nuclear blast. One programme was devoted to examining the results of tests, carried out by two volunteer couples, into the efficacy both of different types of nuclear shelter and the government's own safety recomendations in the 'Protect And Survive' leaflet.

Erik Russell, who took part in the tests, says that the first programme is "horrifying. It shows there would be incredible destruction, just like *The War Game,* but in full colour". On the 'Protect And Survive' tests, he reports, "We did everything they suggested — whitewashing the windows, filling up buckets and buckets of water, building a make-shift shelter under the stairs — and in terms of our chances of survival, it turned out that ours were, well, almost minus. There was no hope at all."

A BBC press officer told *NME* that the decision to postpone the *QED* programmes had been taken by Helen Hart, the BBC 1 Channel Controller, on the preceding Monday — and that a TV voice-over on Wednesday night which reported that *QED* had been postponed due to an extended news bulletin was "not accurate". It may not be entirely coincidental that a recent *Times* reported a US claim that the British task force was carrying nuclear weapons and would be prepared to use them if faced with an impending British catastrophe.

However, the press officer also revealed that a number of "serious" programmes had been postponed because of the Falklands crisis, including a US series about Pearl Harbour and a repeat of *The Commanding Sea.* He said that ITN had postponed several programmes too, and that schedules on both networks were now heavily geared towards comedy and light entertainment — though the BBC had also postponed a 1960s Charlie Drake film, *Petticoat Pirates,* because it was about a mutiny by wrens! "While in normal circumstances this would be, er, relatively funny, it would obviously not be at the moment."

The press officer added that, although there was "no particular urgency" to reschedule the *QED* programmes while the Falklands crisis continues, they *would* be shown "as soon as circumstances allow". Believe it when you see it.

Meanwhile, one film *not* postponed was last Sunday's *Rio Lobo,* which featured John Wayne "hunting down traitors". Hmmm.

— **GRAHAM LOCK**

Lowry

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Southern Death Cult compare haircuts L-R: Aky, Barry, Buzz, Ian. Pic: Peter Anderson.

DAVID DORRELL says pow-wow, but not Bow Wow Wow

SOUTHERN DEATH AND THE CULT-URAL MELTDOWN

IN BRADFORD the dark satanic mills are closing down and the pubs opening up. Curry houses and working men's clubs vie for custom and dole money in every cobbled lane. Everywhere looks poor and only the Tetley Bittermen can afford to "sup wi' lads".

But while working waists become Bittermen bulges, a handful of people are striving to achieve something more. The Southern Death Cult are cutting up the body politic and people are looking forward to the inquest.

For a four-piece band, the inquest looks interesting. Aky, Barry, Buzz and Ian: drums, bass, guitar and vocals — respectively. Respect is something you must have for these four 20-year-olds — together for a year, on the circuit since October and already a Theatre Of Hate tour under their belts.

Hype? Not a chance, they can (get ready) play their instruments — forceful drumming offset by subtle guitar work and rich bass lines, with lyrics that are forced upon the unsuspecting with a relentless, wave-like battering. Screamed by this rough-voiced preacher, clicks and chirps are thrown around as though by a demonic dawn chorus and the shrill, piercing screams are echoed to full effect at the end of the set.

TSDC spells Death for Southern Cults. Already they ardently desire to dispel the myth that has been perpetrated by the London Press — that they are the new warriors, that they are heavyweight 'Redskin Rockers'. The Southern Death Cult have an acute awareness that they cannot afford the growth-stunting cancer that all such tags contain.

Indians are Ian's department, but don't put him in the same kennel as Bow Wow Wow — he was playing with Pawnees before the Worlds End began. Whilst living in Canada as a child, Ian became friends with the Indians on a local reservation; since then, he claims, his life has revolved around their lifestyle — a true soul brother.

Ian's lyrics cover a broad framework of ideas that range from an anti-vivisection song ('Vivisection') that does actually make you think to a stream of songs (or so it seems) that decry the United States ('Moya', 'Or Glory') for its perversion of the Indian faith and the propaganda used to influence both the Canadians and the Amerindian youth. On top of this is a musically daubed canvas — a stark arrangement of subtle steps and crudely forced beat, a malignant yet awesome effect.

The intricacies of the music are reflected within the band — the music and the men are inextricably linked in a melting

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry

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HENRY IS CONDEMNED
I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PRODUCE THE SAME OLD MERDE ABOUT OVERBLOWN POP STARS..
THE LITTLE BAGGAGE
SO...
'MAD' GEN. GALTIERI AND THE COCONUTS- THE TROPICAL GANGSTER!!
*HIS ECONOMY A JOKE!!
*HIS COUNTRY A SHAMBLES!!
*HIS RECORDS NOT SELLING!!
VERSUS..
'HOTLEGS' MARJ THATCHER
*HER ECONOMY 'RECOVERING'
*HER NEW HAT 'STUNNING!'
MEANWHILE IN S. PACIFIC..
I'M GOING INTO SHIPBUILDING AFTER THE WAR..
WHAT ABOUT THIS NEW THATCHER/JIMMY YOUNG COALITION?.
ANYONE LEND ME TWO QUID TILL THE COLLAPSE OF THE CAPITALIST ECONOMIC SYSTEM?.
NEXT WEEK: NOTHING CAN STOP US.
R.L.

Under tne Volcano (cont.)..Somebody threw a dead dog after him down the ravine.(END). (Expurgated.)
Joming soon:The condensed Richard III by William Shakespeare.

new single
bauhaus
spirit
IN THE SHOPS JUNE 7TH
C/W TERROR COUPLE KILL COLONEL (LIVE VERSION) BEG 79
GIGS ADELPHI THEATRE LONDON 11/12 JUNE BEGGARS BANQUET

pot of culture. TSDC becomes a meeting point where Orient meets Occident and survives without accident.

It is probably fair to say that TSDC represent a microcosmic view of Bradford cultures. Aky is a Pakistani and Ian is a traveller of nomadic status. Although their individual lifestyles are different, both Ian and Aky share a common strength through their cultures — but they are also eager to point out the weaknesses. It is these weaknesses that are captured within songs like 'Moya', a harsh indictment of the Americanization of Canada.

Ian has bad memories of Canada. "It scares me — and it's happening here. Hamburger chains, rollerskates, videos — the Canadians didn't know, it just happened and now they're completely smothered, just out of touch."

Aky echoes Ian's sentiments. "I still adhere to my parents' values. I've taken some big steps away but I'm still basically a Muslim. I'm proud of my religion — I've got something to hold onto. People living a nine to five life haven't anything; they stop questioning and keep on falling."

Aky has broken the typical Asian mould. He doesn't wear high heeled boots nor the proverbial checked flares — and in Bradford that is taking seven league steps.

Head to toe against another culture stands Barry — he laughs with a Northern confidence at the music companies who like to think of the band as dumb Tykes. "Record companies come along with all these plans — they yap on in their CBS language, their bullshit language — so we just nod and sound like we're innocent young things . . . then we go out and piss ourselves. They really think that we're thick."

In fact Southern Death Cult are due to release a single on their own label under the auspices of Burning Rome.

"We know that we would sell more records with a Burning Rome label but we don't want to come under the Theatre Of Hate banner. After doing the tour with them it would be simple for people to see us as the Indians to the TOH Westworld cowboys."

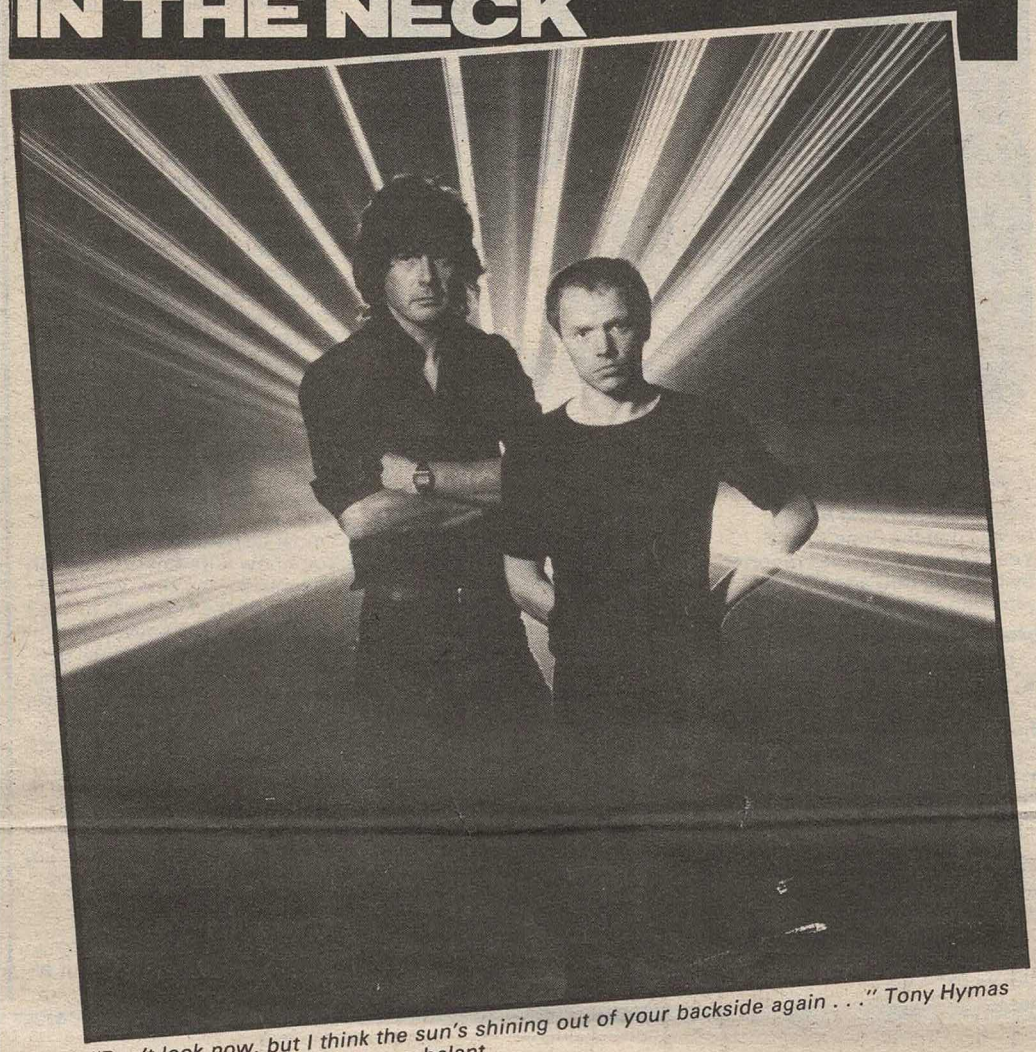
With this cautious approach the band will hopefully escape the exploitation and pigeon shit holing that most new faces attract from the music business. The band have an optimism born out of what the band see as their chance in the cyclic music process.

"This is as much '72 as '82 — the scene is stagnant. This fresh young pop music is an illusion. Something new is coming — and we could be it, or at least part of it."

Aky (who sleeps with a copy of the Monsoon single — hopelessly in love) has his own view of the future. "I think that chappati rock is the next big thing."

Whatever the future, The Southern Death Cult are intent on being there adding spice to our lives — Tetleys, papadums, Bradford and the Cult. A taste of the North that smacks of the East *and* West.

...Y'SEE DOC, I'VE GOT THIS TERRIBLE PAIN IN THE NECK



"Don't look now, but I think the sun's shining out of your backside again . . ." Tony Hymas (left) and Jim Diamond act nonchalant.

GAVIN MARTIN, CSA (Cynical Son Evvabitch) puts on his most pained expression for a PhD case history.

THERE'S A peculiar tradition in English modern music where dull, faceless musicians take portentous topics and treat them with the disdain of a computer clerk feeding ticker tape into his Metal Mickey. However great or hideous the problem is — rape, famine, urban apocalypse or the latest tax returns — the music invariably sounds limp, crass and clinical. The tradition stretches from Supertramp and Genesis to late 10cc and recent Pink Floyd. There's hordes of failed system analysts out there — keen to sound concerned, loath to get their hands dirty, just waiting to po(u)nce.

It's taken two years for the PhD album to make its mark, but now helped by seductive but winsome 'I Won't Let You Down' it's in the Top 30. Judge a book by its cover — the two-man team move across a coloured cell, decorated with geometric shapes. They're carrying a larger than lifesize painting of a woman's legs (just the legs) mounted on stilettos, sheathed in sheer silk, suspenders and just a hint of chiffon brushing against the thigh. Advertising art gone wild, Pretty Polly goes vamp — how tastefully modern and meaningful.

Inside you get what you expect: lots of girls — girls on the casting couch, girls on drugs, girls on the game, girls on a mythical pedestal. As well as the real aware stuff about war, unemployment, Hollywood and even (wait for it . . .) a song about *Tito's death* (that's the atmospheric one). To paraphrase Woody Allen — what I wouldn't do for an old sock filled with hot vomit.

When I meet Tony Hymas — a shy edgy type — he rolls his head over his left shoulder and rubs the back of his neck. The first thing he says to me is, "Are you any good at massage?"

Erhm, er no, what happened?

"I don't know, I just woke up with this pain in my neck.

Must've been the wine I had last night."

Or maybe you've been listening to that terrible LP, I thought ruefully.

Hymas plays keyboards and writes the music for PhD while partner Jim Diamond writes the lyrics and sings. For more years than he'd care to tell he's been keeping his bread quite liberally buttered in the fusion/progressive muso's world as a session player and member of Jeff Bruce and Jack Beck groups. Since he was a little biddy boy Tony has held a desire to compose but it wasn't until a mutual friend introduced him to Glaswegian Diamond — who'd played the all night Hamburg blues circuit and arrived back in Scotland where he formed the marginally successful group Bandit — that his wish came true.

"It was thanks to Jeffrey Levinson who I'd known for a long time that we got together. He sort of believed in me or something, tried to bring me out of myself. The songs we're writing now are a lot different than the first LP."

How have they changed?

"I think it's become a bit . . . (long pause), uhh . . . become tighter, more concise. Shit, more to the point, less fidgety and stuff."

I thought perhaps with a name like PhD the group saw themselves as professors in the new school of electro pop, bringing years of experience to a field peopled with wet-behind-the-ears milksops. A sort of cynical, corporate rock reply to the likes of The Human League, *mere pop acts* — this is how serious, dues-paying musicians do it. Hymas puts me right.

"That was not the principle aim . . . ha, no. I was writing songs with polyrhythms so we came up with Poly Hymas Diamond and abbreviated it."

Still, their music is packed with the sort of stodge and greyness that you can find on a host of interchangeable mid-'70s techno metal bargain basement filler albums — though it's hard to convince Hymas, the very embodiment of conscientious artistic reticence, that this is the case. Maybe the stupefying ideology which has cocooned him away from real noise and passion for the past decade makes him believe that PhD really are (snigger) a challenge.

"I think perhaps the second album will be."

Go on, be daring.

"In fact, I know it will."

What are PhD heading towards?

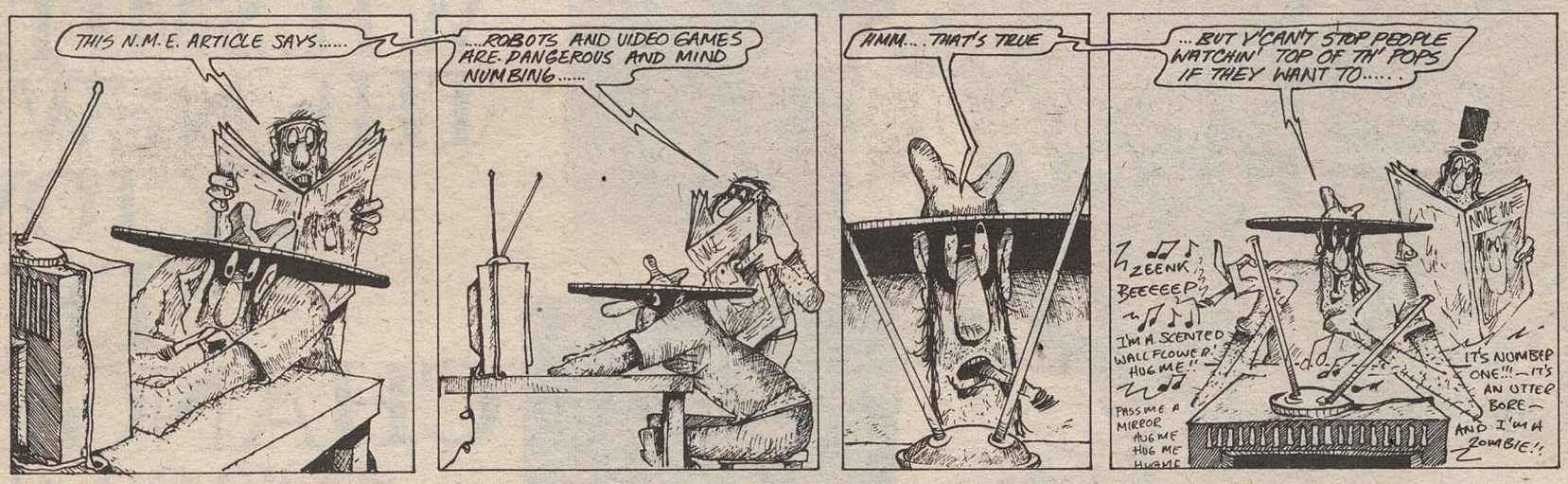
"I want to write the simplest song that doesn't sound banal or doesn't sound like you've heard it before. Something that's new, simple and direct. That's the aim more and more, I'm quite obsessive about it actually. I'm excited by the fact that we've had a hit and it opens so many doors to so many different projects."

I thought your video was really embarrassing.

"Did you, that's interesting . . . (long pause and a squirming shuffle) . . . Probably the next time I watch it now I'll be embarrassed by it as well. I mean . . . (more shuffling) . . . why?"

■ *Continues over*

The Lone Groover — Benyon


THIS N.M.E. ARTICLE SAYS.....
....ROBOTS AND VIDEO GAMES ARE DANGEROUS AND MIND NUMBING.....
HMM....THAT'S TRUE
...BUT Y'CAN'T STOP PEOPLE WATCHIN' TOP OF TH' POPS IF THEY WANT TO.....
ZEENK
BEEEEEP
I'M A SCENTED WALLFLOWER! HUG ME!!
PASS ME A MIRROR AUG ME HUG ME HUGME
IT'S NUMBER ONE!!! — IT'S AN UTTER BORE — AND I'M A ZOMBIE!!

Sick as a patriot ...

DANGEROUS VISIONS

GRAHAM LOCK watches a week of TV boys' games

IT'S BARELY a month since the usually astute X Moore was, in these very pages, doubting the existence of patriarchy. Well, zwept, you only had to turn on the TV last week to find it staring you right in the bloody face — hour upon hour of "the holy father", "our boys" and men playing football.

They merged in my mind to become a single saga of male bonding, a non-stop panorama of boys' games. The fleet attacks, Mariner scores from the rebound. Jesus saves, but is replaced by Nigel Spink. Woodward — or is it Woodcock? — pressures the Port Stanley goal with runs down both wings. Back at Wembley, the Pope and Ron Greenwood not only look alike but speak the same stilted cliches; while 'Bulldog Bobby' Runcie declares it's wrong to turn the other cheek and predictably sparks off crowd trouble — six Paisley FC supporters try to queer the pitch and are remanded in custody.

It was no surprise to learn that **Match Of The Day** (BBC1) is one of the Pope's favourite TV shows. The Football Association and the Catholic Church do have a lot in common, both being secretive male hierarchies who jealously guard their own power and frequently lay down the law as to what women can and cannot do via a soggy mass of patriarchal platitudes.

The Pope is really no big deal — pubs are full of men who think they're infallible — but at least he's against nuclear weapons (even though his hat looks like one, surely a sign of shared pathetic phallusy). E P Thompson, interviewed in a new book called *Nukespeak: The Media And The Bomb*, recalls that the Pope's New Year's Day speech was reported by both the BBC and ITN as referring extensively to Solidarity, while ITN also made the point that these references had been cut from all reports in the Polish media. It turns out that on the same day, the Pope made a vigorous attack on nuclear weapons, well-covered in Poland, but strangely omitted by the British media. A fine case of the pot calling the kettle black, or 'coloured' if you're as potty as Lord Denning, scorer of the week's most spectacular own goal.

Pope: Secretive male hierarch

BBC2's interview with the good Lord, scheduled for Sunday night, was another of those programmes to be mysteriously postponed. Presumably his current penchant for making the law look an ass and still being unable to tell it from his elbow was a factor here.

Talking of nuclear weapons, though, it's curious how the media don't. Not only were the **QED** (BBC1) films postponed, but endless hours of speculation on task force tactics have somehow failed to consider the likelihood that some ships might carry nuclear missiles — a wonderful opportunity for Peter Snow to play with charts, diagrams and big phallic arrows of radiation ejaculating all over the Atlantic.

No one's mentioned Diego Garcia, either. True, they're not in the World Cup, but it was a 'British' island recently threatened by a military invasion. Remember how our freedom-loving government allowed the Americans to turn the island into a military base, which they did so comprehensively that the islanders had to be shipped off and dumped elsewhere? I wonder what *they* think of 'sovereignty'. 'Course, they were 'coloured', so perhaps they don't count. Just like Argentinian aggression, which "must be punished", is somehow different from British aggression, the kind 'we' used to capture the Falklands in 1833.

Still, now they know it doesn't pay, maybe the British will get out of Northern Ireland. Maybe three million unemployed, left to the untender mercies of monetarist aggression, will get some help from the Tories — who must've been heartened to see Exocet missile prices, er, rocket since the sinking of HMS Sheffield. Nice to see capitalism working so well despite these trying times. *This* is the freedom we're fighting to protect — the freedom of arms dealers to make fortunes out of death?

Strange, too, that Mrs Thatcher has taken such an exception to the fascist junta in Argentina when she doesn't seem to mind the fascist junta in Turkey, one of 'our' NATO partners, or the fascist junta in Chile, now apparently 'our' closest ally in South America. With friends like these, how come we're *fighting* the Argentinians?

The truth is that people are dying in the Falklands because Margaret Thatcher wants to remain Prime Minister. The fleet have landed 5000 Tory Party canvassers whose real job is to 'reclaim' the next election from the SDP junta. This message came through loud and clear on **Newsnight**'s report (BBC2) on the Beaconsfield by-election, which showed how the Tories are trying to dupe people into confusing party interests with national interests. It also showed the appalling Cyril Smith admitting that politicians are opportunists. Surprise!

You won't have heard many of these kinds of criticism on the box recently. It's been very softly-softly since the Tory Attilas donned their union-jack-boots and stomped all over the BBC. Not that the media were ever exactly *critical* — the closest thing I remember to dissent came right at the start of the crisis, with the incredulous look on the face of a reporter as he listened to a blood-crazed Enoch Powell insist that — shades of Vietnam — we might have to destroy the Falkland islanders in order to save them.

The sooner the disgusting Powell is 'saved', the better for us all. What was the phrase again — 'sick as a patriot'? You show 'em, Ron. This time, boys, this time.

■ *From previous page*

It was inactive, it was corny and superficial.

"Ummm, the thing is, that video is probably responsible for our success. The song hadn't been a hit then the video triggered off some reaction in Australia and got the ball rolling for us. But you may be right."

You don't sound very confident. Are you?

"Uhmmm . . . five days on and five days off. If you'd have asked me that question on Friday I'd have said no, because I was busy banging my head off a tape-recorder without much success. But I feel confident . . . uhmm, that people will get to feel that there is some good music there, especially on the second album."

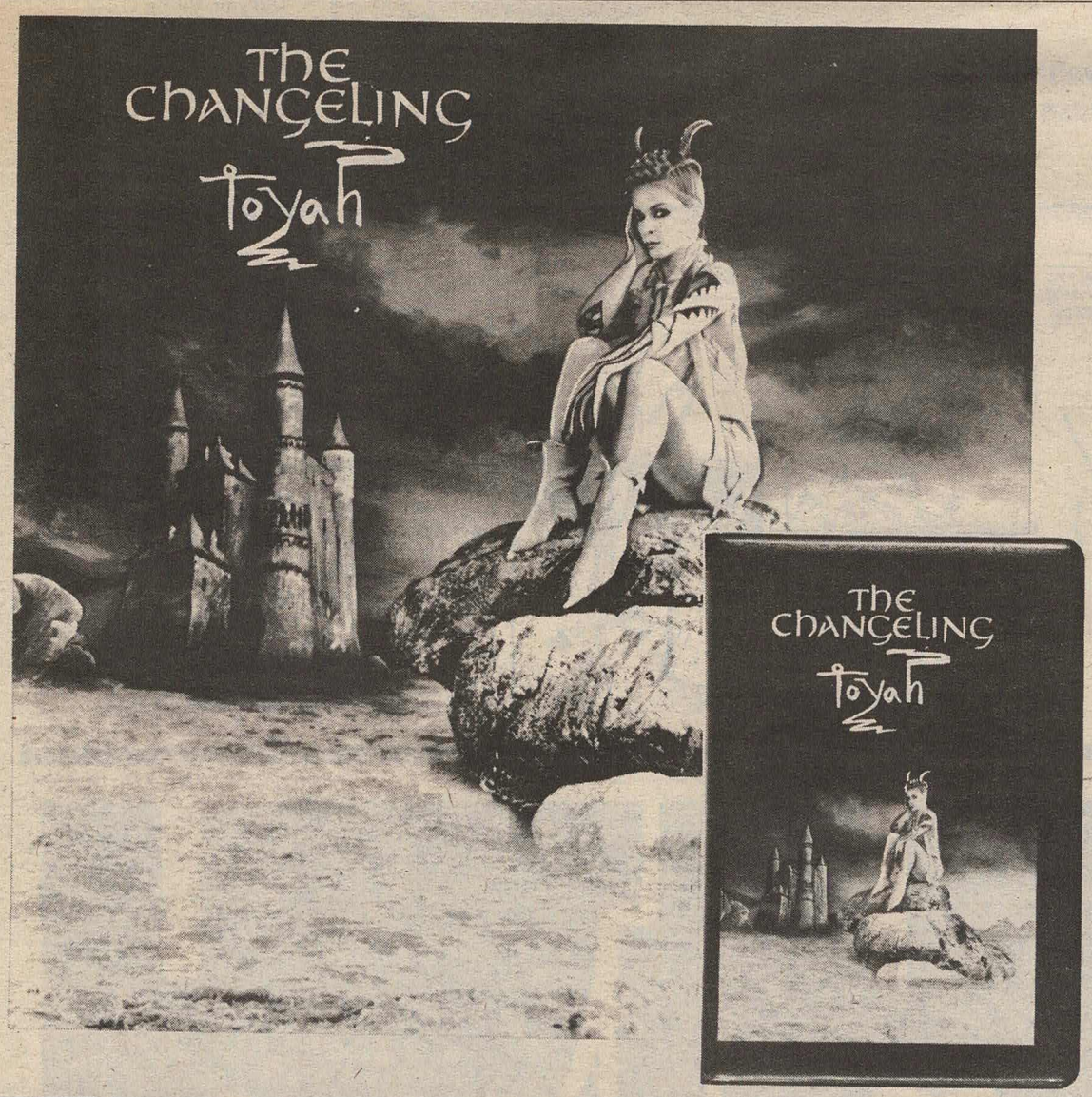
Why should people be interested in you, what's important about PhD?

"That we're perfectly . . . normal. Ha ha ha ha."

Is that what the public want to hear?

"No, I shouldn't think so ha ha ha ha ha. Look, PhD is done by people who really believe what they're doing — that's all I can say, that's my message to the world."

Their short meeting at an end, the man with the sore neck and the man who'd come into the office with a streak of cynicism a mile wide down his spine departed. Neither of them had been cured.



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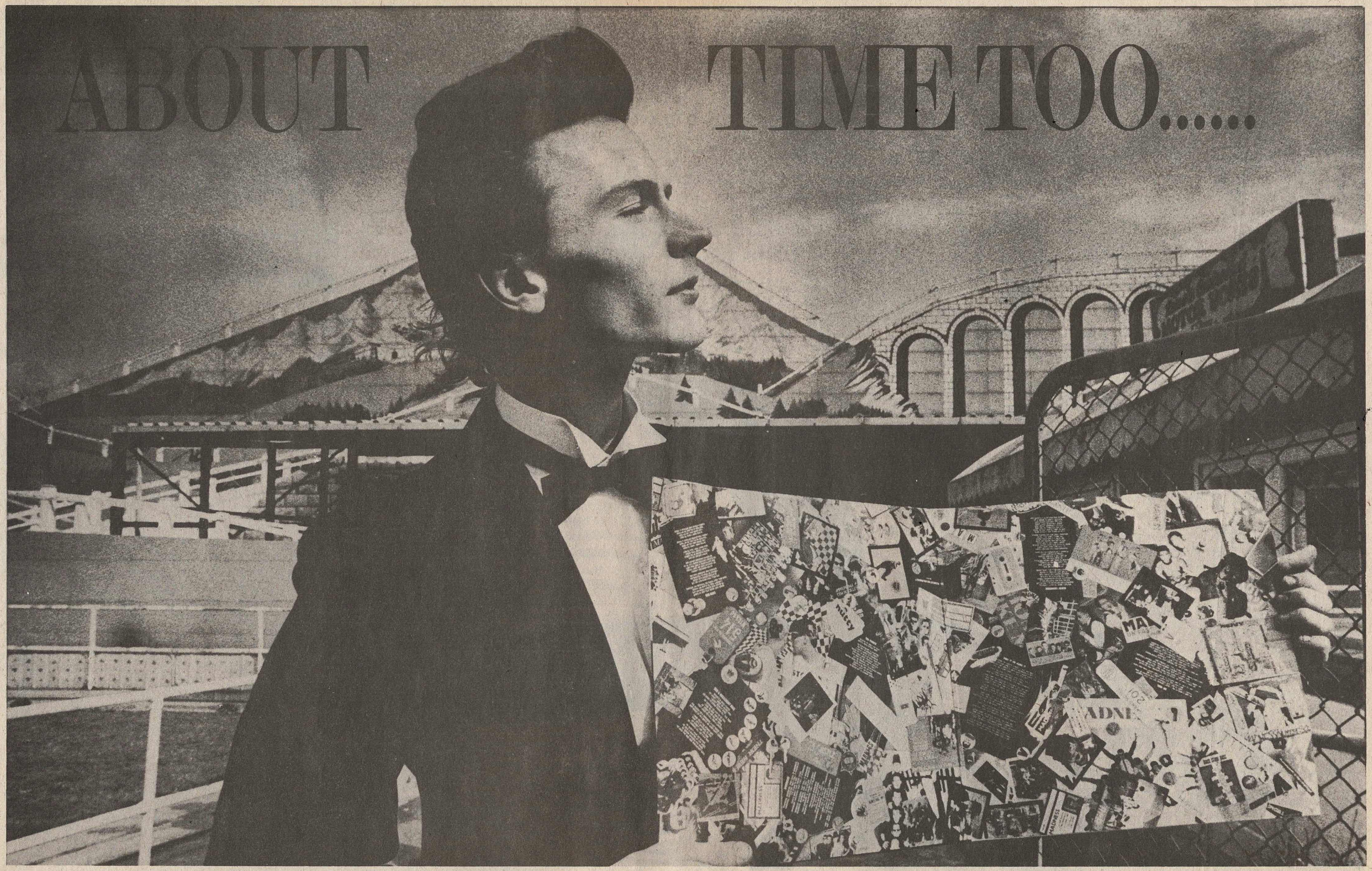

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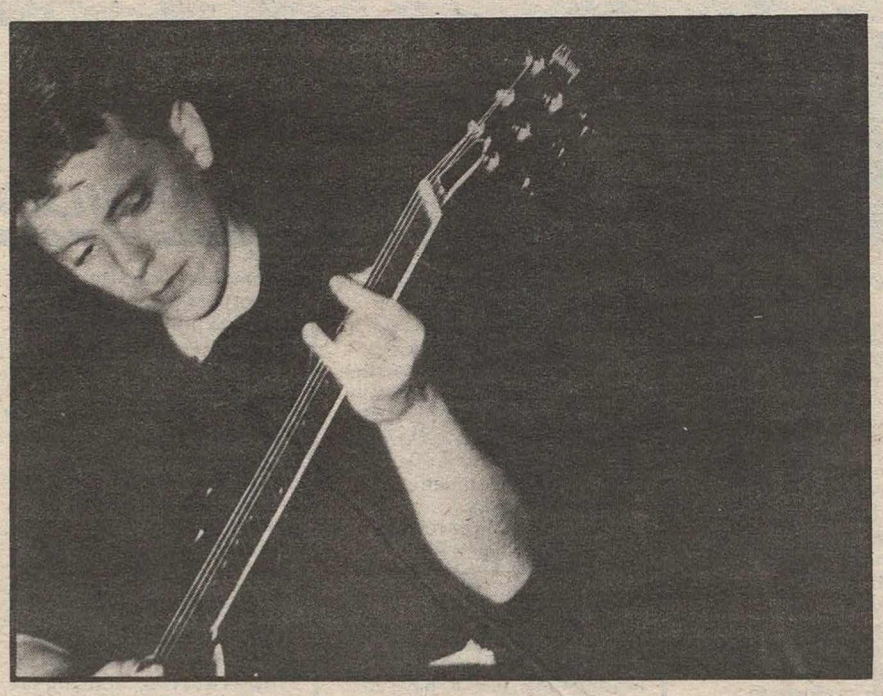


NEW ORDER REVISED. BY PAUL MORLEY — WHO JUST COULDN'T RESIST THE ...

PICTURE: PETER ANDERSON

ONE WONDERS what's the damned point of this type of writing when a record as heartbreaking, as enriching, as compelling as 'Temptation' (Fac 63) slides past without being held, explored, and ultimately celebrated as a *vital movement.*

Such a beautifully unattached record is allowed to float into the mist, is swept up along with EVERYTHING else. And this is because of a nasty indefensible lack of concentration amongst rockwriters, who are compressing themselves into such a pokey corner I begin to fear that they will never be liberated.

If only certain lazy people would stop blocking the view of others it could be seen very clearly that New Order are within the reach of everyone who wishes to liberate themselves from ready-made ideas, in music as in life.

The most superior, cleansing, active and informative music recorded recently has been constantly patronised and rejected by the caged clowns who run round the rock circuit; people revealing their own naivety or instabilitby spitefully snubbing the imaginative developments of A Certin Ratio, 23 Skidoo, New Order, using a stock parade of trivial, imprisoned comparisons and descriptions.

There are still those who take delight of a strangled sort in perpetuating the graceless notion that if it's Factory — or if it's Fetish for that matter — then it must be 'pale', 'remote', 'frigid', 'resigned' . . . this highlights a very subjugated worldview, and a deadening pride in remaining captive.Too many people who have important or at least noticeable parts to play in representing and projecting post-rock music are pinned down to the cracked stinking floor of convention — superstitiously clinging to systems that in 1982 and beyond are desperately archaic, dangerously petty and resentfully, fearfully tidy.

There are those who have it that New Order are a "new Pink Floyd" . . . the meaningless dreariness of such an observation is obvious to the sensitive and unafflicted amongst us, but you know what they're implying.

Drawing upon a smooth self-congratulating, unsatisfactory form of investigation to cast grey blankets over something the details and beauty of which they can't see for their own sourness — a faded intention to indicate that New Order are somehow soothing and weary and indifferent. To suggest that New Order are nothing but an extension of an inglorious, deteriorated techno-rock past, well, I tell you, this type of remark is the usual good old attempt to prove imperturbably and desperately that "fundamentally nothing ever changes," and that "there is nothing new under the sun", whereas the truth is that everything is always changing and there is always something new.

The distance between Pink Floyd and New Order is the distance between a cardboard box and a dream.

The hostility and laziness a group such as New Order can provoke exclaims much about the smug, limited version of the world and it's *things* that the rock world and the rock media is happy to spread about. For me it is humbling and embarrassing to realise that the rock press is hostile or indifferent to the very action, the very investigation, the very pleasure it should be avidly itemising and encouraging and enhancing.

As we surely know, literal thinking leads to superstition. To simply discard New Order as smoke up the chimney or a Factory decadence is not to come to a healthy conclusion but to reveal poison prejudices. To *concentrate* seriously and unashamedly on the distinctive, distinguishing movement of New Order will lead the listener toward layers of renewal and inspiration and revelation; lead the listener toward understandings and adjustments that truly matter in these difficult and dangerous times.

It is morbid to regret the passing of life's old patterns, not morbid to yearn as privately and as intensely for the new beauties illuminating life as New Order do. When it comes to talking about the feel of New Order the standard assumptions, these crass misreadings, have to be completely reversed.

New Order don't swim dourly through the condition of the depressed; they make music that celebrates our right to be *impressed,* our right to *appreciate* . . .and this can make a future.

NEW ORDER played in Kilburn, London, last week, and concentration bought it's own spectacular rewards. The group have leapt far beyond any metaphysical or stylistic restrictions and produce a music that creeps and needles and shivers and shatters; a music that's supremely and inspirationally natural. If you still — largely because of what you are remorselessly fed — feel about New Order a remoteness, a grubbiness, a suspicion, a dullness, even a reverence, then it is necessary to crack that open. It is necessary to blast away all the claustrophobia, to concentrate PURELY AND SIMPLY on New Order's devastating purity and simplicity, their elevating intricacy, their mingling of melancholy and zest, their uncanny feel for representing feeling . . .

To concentrate is not something to be ashamed of.

NEW ORDER: It needs cleaning up.
(1) New Order can't help it.
NEW ORDER: there's nothing wrong about a clearer understanding.
(2) New Order are not neurotic or defeatist; the furthest away from it!
NEW ORDER: start again.
(3) New Order . . . cries and whispers, ceremonies and grief, merriment and enchantment, fact and fancy, a way through and beyond the imperfection of words, a confrontation of our mediocrity and of the imperfection of the world.
NEW ORDER: we should *concentrate.*
(4) New Order . . . the mediocrity of the world comes from the imperfection of our vision, from our inability to concentrate our attention . . .
NEW ORDER: an essential independence.
(5) New Order have an exciting, unbridled confidence in the power of music.
NEW ORDER NEW ORDER NEW ORDER NEW ORDER: realistic in their acceptance that everything is partial, provisional, contradictory even, and always in dispute.
(6) New Order; this is the atmosphere . . . if you think life is unreal, how about *this:* THE ORDINARY WORLD LOSES IT S VALUES. Take that . . . (What are you doing? CONCENTRATE!)

THEY ARE not sure how to *improve* themselves and so they work to 'deepen' themselves. There are some things that — within this new frame of mind that we are adopting about this "fantastic group" — should be admired concerning New Order.

Their drunkenness, their dogmatic self-assertion, their refusal to talk to the rock press, their deep sense of joy, their lacerating intensity, their rich strangeness, their probative energy, their compounding of resentment and fascination based in an obscure complicity with the world, their exuberant purification of language and sound.

Watching New Order at Kilburn it was as if the group could have existed if rock music had never been the way it was. It became pure sound, and yet beautiful noise, a gigantic enlargement of minute details. The words that have to matter when considering their music are such as 'imagination', 'concentration', 'ordeal', 'deeper', 'splendour', 'further', 'closer' . . .and then to follow through Blake not Berry, as in "to live more abundantly at any cost".

And then to think of what Yeats said . . . "We have not begun to live until we conceive life as tragic".

Of course it is difficult for the *rock person* to think of the word 'contemplation' without immediately thinking 'dreamy', 'unworldly', 'impractical', but I don't give a damn. If we want something *better* from life then we will acknowledge — even if we do not 'like' — the movement of New Order. Anything else is spiritual laziness.

NEW ORDER proclaim from the listener a need of co-operation — an active, conscious creative co-operation that is directly linked to *concentration.* What we are being asked to do is to no longer accept a ready made completed world, a solid world, shut in on itself, but on the contrary to participate in an act of creation, in the invention of the work — the world — and in this way to learn to invent our own life.

To not co-operate, to not concentrate, is to miss out on a serious, provocative series of happenings and stimulations, to miss out on an immense profusion of sensations, images, sentiments, memories, impulses . . . no one should miss out on this movement.

Once New Order begin a piece of music we are taken in by its unique movement, and their music is constantly on the move. Nothing is still or hidden, nothing is blocked out or away. It is all here to be taken,and to move with however the listener wishes. *Things* don't happen one by one; emotions, intentions, details, events are overlapped, superimposed, rubbing against each other, cancelling each other out, playing with each other, absorbing each other. Inside the movement it is more jazz-freedom than rock static — we are inside time. The listener is taken.

AFTER BEING with Fac 51 (The Hacienda) it only seemed right to try out Fac 50 ('Movement') again. I was enchanted. More than that I was taken in, taken over, cheating time as with the piano music of Jarrett or the playing of Coltrane. I found time inside 'Movement', a way through time, inside time, around time. Time is bent and deepened and stretched . . .

Inside 'Movement' there is an astonishing interpenetrating interpretation of the revolution of time. It was alarming, having let it pass the first time around because I was not concentrating — how FRESH the movement and atmosphere of the music is. It is also surprisingly fierce. It is not fierce, or vital, or disorientating in any conventional sense; the record almost relates purely to itself. It demands from the listener a brilliantly unblemished and unprejudiced frame of mind, a simple curiosity, a curious simplicity.

The music treats time in an extraordinary way, and in a way the movement can be seen as a comment on human memory, its uncertainties, its obstinacies, its trickery etc. Time is marked: time is mocked: time is made: time goes round in circles: time diminishes: time mixes up: the *new order* is chronological. 'Movement' sets no traps; it gives you time, not in terms of your daily concerns. Concentration seems to be the least that the listener can offer in exchange.

Move back through temptation into movement and notice the acceleration, the nerve, the sequence, the novelty, the flamboyance . . .

TO FINISH where I began, with 'Temptation' — one of the most poignant and bruising records that I can think of, a sublime secret adventure. This record tells us much about tomorrow's New Order, the excitement, the pressure of the unspeakable, the repulsion and the euphoria, the gorgeous drift between sign and image. With 'Temptation' we think of all the words and all the images that I think it is imporant to use when deciphering or dismantling or describing New Order . . . words that related to the frightening honesty and treasured desire of New Order actually have animated, ueful meanings . . . words like 'brightness', 'life', 'generosity', 'dignity', 'beauty', 'incision'and 'precision'. New Order shine a harsh white light on the devaluation of words and music, and they ask for us not to lose our concentration.

I'm glad that I dicovered them. I'm pleased I found time.

MOVEMENT AND CONCENTRATION

Movement (Fac 50) . . . Dreams Never End/Truth/Senses/Chosen Time/ICB/The him/Doubts Even Here/Denial

Ceremony/In A Lonely Place (Fac 33)

Everythings Gone Green/Procession (Fac 53)

Everythings Gone Green/Mesh/Cries And Whispers (FBNL 8)

Temptation/Hurt (Fac 63)

Steve Morrisey, Barney Albrecht and Peter Hook were previously in Joy Division. Gillian M. is the newest member.

M·A·N·I·F·E·S·T·O

SINGLES

REVIEWED BY ADRIAN THRILLS

IT'S NASTY!

If you are prepared to probe deep enough — right down to the dark roots of the country's club scene — you might just notice that something significant is starting to stir. While all the fly guys and golden girls of the new pop platoon are busy consolidating their chart positions, a harder homegrown dance is already beginning to take shape beneath them.

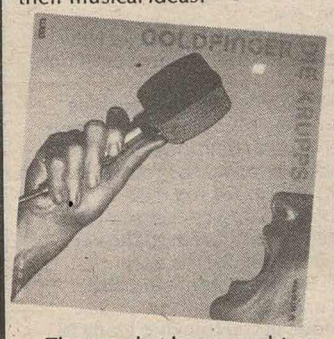
As we slip slowly in to the summer, the time seems ripe for a more abrasive beat . . . something that refuses to cushion itself in such a cosy pop cocoon, something a bit more daring, a bit more *dangerous*.

When the going gets tough, so the records get rougher and the bands behind them more belligerent. The need right now is for a sound more in tune with the shift towards harder, heavier styles — the almost inevitable reaction to the blue-eyed brightness of the national chart.

This hardening of attitudes is currently no more than just a vague undercurrent, although it is one which is bound to gather momentum during the long summer months ahead. In the absence — as yet — of a British band with the ability to fully capture and convey the changing mood, most of the radical music currently going down in clubland is American and almost all of this week's essential singles are to be found in the box marked imports.

One of the greatest things about the new American funkstream is its perfect understanding of the importance of the single. As happened with the punk upheaval over here in 1976, the resurgence of black American music from the roots upwards in the '80s has been achieved largely through the single, especially those sometimes masterly 12" mixes.

While the 12" is becoming an increasingly abused format over here with everyone and their kid brother stretching out the slightest song to tediously unwarranted lengths, the better exponents of Stateside rap and funk seem to have an innate grasp of its true potential, using the discomix to drive home and develop their musical ideas.



The two that have caught my attention most magnificently in recent weeks are **Dinosaur L's 'Go Bang!'** (Sleeping Bag import) and the **Valentine Brothers' 'Money's Too Tight To Mention'** (Bridge import).

The seductive shuffle of Dinosaur L is a strange new fascination, a fresh jazzy sensation, as welcome a bolt out of the New York City blue as Brother D and J Walter Negro a few months back. The ensemble effortlessly execute the sort of fragmented, fractured funk-jazz that will always be out of the reach of bands like A Certain Ratio. 'Go Bang' and its equally impressive flip 'Clean On Your Bean' fuse jazz instrumentation and dub production in an unholy amalgam, even the by-now obligatory rap section steering well clear of cliche in its inventive use of echo.

The Valentine Brothers' radical retort to the repressive economic policies of the Reagan regime is even better. With its weaving, dodging sax and powerful, heartfelt vocal, 'Money's Too Tight' harks back to classic songs of sufferation and survival like Gil Scott-Heron's 'The Bottle', Calender's 'Hypertension' and The O'Jays' 'Love Of Money'.

But whereas those three masterworks were fired by the financial hardships of the '70s, the Valentines are concerned with the more acute current crisis: *"We're talking about Reaganomics / The senate and the congress / They're passing all sorts of bills / Up there on Capitol Hill."* What a record!

Comedian **Rich Little's** target is also Ronnie, although his tack on **'President's Rap'** (Boardwalk import) is rather different. To a backing track of the Tom Tom Club's 'Genius Of Love' — which is becoming as indispensible a rhythm to the rappers as 'Good Times' was two years ago — Rich relates an absurd conversation between Ron and Nancy in the White House, the topics of the treatise running from pogo sticks and water-wings to the second world war: *"You know I shot down four Japanese fighter planes in 1944? / That was in the Pacific, Mister President? / No, that was in 'Lassie Comes Home'."*

Much less remarkable is the accolade recently afforded to the crown prince of British pop-funk, Junior Giscombe. The success of his 'Mama' anthem in the States has inevitably spawned a rap riposte in **Bon Rock And Cotton Candy's 'Junior Wants To Play'** (Tommy Boy import), which needlessly speeds up and eventually totally swamps the grinding, gutteral raunch of Junior's original. He should be so lucky.

Moving on into the American mainstream, **High Fashion's 'Feeling Lucky Lately'** (Capitol import) is a proud and passionate chip of Chic-wise dance delight. The production is glossy rather than gutsy but the stirring female vocal is more than adequate compensation for that.

In a similar vein, although not nearly as memorable,

comes **'Over Like A Fat Rat'** (Vanguard import) by **Fonda Rae,** starlet of some of the earlier Ze recordings. Even though Ms Rae is here re-united with producer Bob Blank, another onetime member of the Ze cast, there is nothing remotely odd or discolating about this disc.

The only British release to so much as hint at a noise as downright *nasty* as Dinosaur L or the Valentines is **Wham's**

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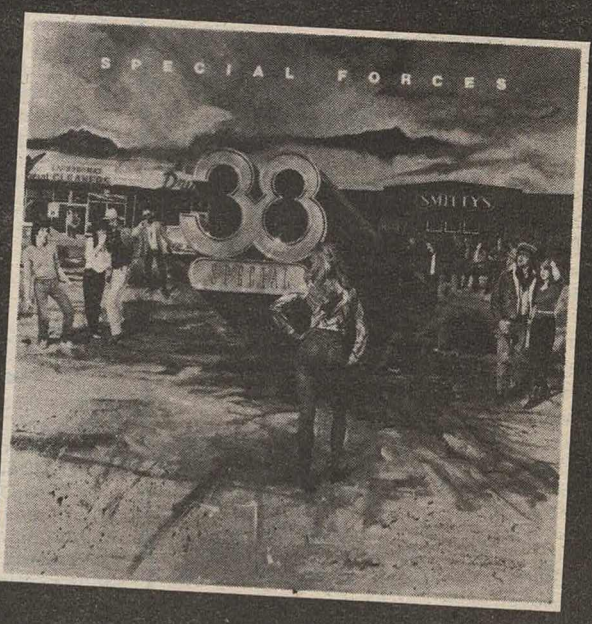

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'Enjoy What You Do?' (Innervision). The debut single by two young north Londoners — guitarist Andrew Ridgeley and singer George Michael — it thrills and explodes with all the exuberance of a band who have been longing for their first foray into the recording studio.

Wham must be one of the least jaded groups I have heard all year. Their big, bold brass riffs jostle with a clipped, concise rhythm track to forge an urgent, insistent dance drive. Despite the occasionally cloying lyrics (I thought that demolition of the work ethic was last year's thing), the underlying message is a simple one — youth is precious so don't waste it: *"Make the most of everyday / Don't let hard times stand in your way / Give a wham, give a bam, but don't give a damn / 'Cause the benefit gang are gonna pay!"*

There's an uncontrived freshness about Wham — call it naivity if you will — and an aggressive lack of pretence that sets them aside from the the pop-struck pack. One to watch on the side.

Formats And Formulae

Maybe it's down to that Nina Simone EP, but the 10" single has establsihed a firm place in my heart this year. It's certainly not a new or particularly revolutionary format, but it is already more than just this year's gimmick; so much more *useful* than coloured vinyl, scratch and sniff or a gatefold sleeve — a dub, discomix or EP with the superior sound quality of the 12" single and a less prohibitive price. Every dream home should have one!

Island, no slouches at the worst of times, this week release three of the bleeders, **Black Uhuru's 'Darkness', Adrian Belew's 'Big Electric Cat'** and **Jimmy Riley's 'Hey Love',** while the **Stargazers' 'Hey Marie'** (Epic) is available in both 7" and 10" form, all of which seems perfectly natural, as purist rock'n'roll and reggae have been the two genres which have most favoured the deci-disc in the past.

Uhuru's 'Darkness', a taster for the forthcoming 'Chill Out' album, is swept along on the familiar smash and sway of the Slyandrobbie rhythm machine, although it sticks far too closely to the formula perfected on last year's 'Red' for comfort.

Tom Tom Club sidekick Belew's 'Big Electric Cat' has greater potential, but is almost as disappointing, winding up as a formless, frantic, fuzz-guitared tribal rant that augurs badly for his forthcoming solo LP.

Jimmy Riley's lilting, languid version of Stevie Wonder's 'Hey Love' is more enticing. Once again produced by Dunbar and Shakespeare for their Taxi label, it has a light, airy ambience that sounds like summer, no bad thing in the first week of June.

The Stargazers' second

soiree 'Hey Marie' is the sort of thing you might hear on a Saturday afternoon in Kensington Market or on the flip of a Shakin' Stevens single. Try as they might to convey that elusive club combo feel, they don't have the same *swing* as, say, the Subway Sect. Momentarily diverting, but a little too authentic to make a lasting impact.

Jesse Green is a Brixton-bred Jamaican who once backed Jimmy Cliff plus a host of lesser UK pop-reggae names of the last decade — anyone remember Greyhound? — and his bouncy hustle **'Nice And Slow'** (Excalibur 12") is well worth seeking out. A monster hit just about everywhere apart from Britain when it was first released in 1976 and now remixed '82-style, it is the perfect fusion of ska and disco, fanned along by a deft flute break and some punchy brass punctuation

Another worthwhile re-make is the extended version of **Marianne Faithfull's** plaintive **'Broken English'** (Island 12"), couple at the second time of asking with the previously unreleased 'Sister Morphine'. Though now more than three years old, 'Broken English' still intrigues, exuding a remarkable strength in spite of its haggard, heavy-eyed sense of loss: *"What are we fighting for?"* If anything, it sounds more contemporary now than when it was first released.

That moustached magpie **Midge Ure,** meanwhile, could have chosen something a little less obvious than the Walker Brothers' **'No Regrets'** for his first solo single for Chrysalis. Midge has a reasonable voice and sometimes makes a great rock 'n' roll singer — just listen to PVC2's 'Put You In The Picture' or the Rich Kids' 'Ghosts Of Princes In Towers' — but his limited larynx simply isn't up to this heavier stuff. With Midge also supplying the music, an undeniably superb song is predictably given the 'Vienna' treatment — swathed in synths that swamp most of the sublime sensitivity of the original.

SNURDS AND SHADOWPLAY

This is the last box on earth. The one that attracts all the gloomy epithets of grim introspection, occasionally unustly but mostly just . . . *so!* This is the box that makes a lot of brave noises but has basically remained unchanged and unchallenging since the initial post-punk boom of the independents.

Most of the records below could have turned up in the singles box two years ago and no-one would have blinked. Nowadays, listening to some of them is like looking into a fusty and long-forgotten attic to flick through some old comics.

Gene Loves Jezabel's 'Shaving My Neck' (Situation 2) is genuinely grotesque — an inauspicious note for Associates' minder Peter Kent to conclude active operations on the label that brought us that marvellous stream of Associates singles last year.

Their neighbours at 4 AD, however, are still functioning in their own undisciplined, inacessible manner. **Colin Newman's 'We Means We Starts'** could have been the fruitcake filling on an old T. Rex album or maybe the theme of a BBC2 documentary. It is

that anonymous! **Modern English's 'Life In The Gladhouse'** is merely weary and dreary. Drab, boys, drab!

Bauhaus, of course, are the big studs in this stale stable. on **'Spirit'** (Beggar's Banquet), they are caught changing pace,chopping from their guitar-grilled mock-heroics to a mellower drum-machined doldrum of drivel, Peter Murphy slipping into a grating Bowie/Newley brogue for the occasion. Their messy past will not ignore us, however, and a live 'Terror Couple Kills Colonel' resurfaces on the flip. Either way, the passion of these losers is still too hollow and histrionic a conceit for my palate.

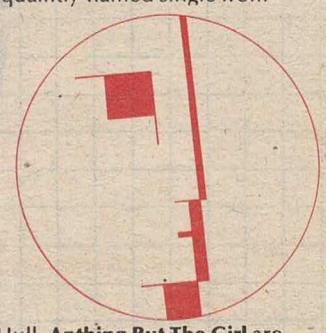
Rip Rig And Panic's 'My Kind Of Climate' (Virgin 12") and **Die Krupps' 'Goldfinger'** (WEA German import) are both on major labels but reek of the kind of impenetrable mental torture that would usually only get past the lax quality-controllers on the more indulgent independents.

The Snivelling Snurds, sorry, Rip Rig And Panic are too *studied* in their supposedly unorthodox anarchy, too conscious of their own school of cool. Die Krupps, on the other hand, are a wickedly warped Depeche Mode who narrowly failed to make Jupp Derwal's German World Cup squad on account of his decision to only take 19 players to the finals in Spain. Their unlistenable 'Goldfinger' — mercifully not *that* 'Goldfinger', at least I think not — only raises grave doubts as to Chris Bohn's sanity *(Herr Bohn, in fact, trashed the new Die Krupps LP — Ed).*

The deeper one delves into this box, the more dismal it becomes. **The Electric Guitars' 'Language Problems'** (Stiff) is quickly irritating — echoes of XTC — but ultimately bland. **Zounds** are usually one of the more spirited *apres*-Crass punk bands, which makes it all the more surprising that their awayday EP **'La Vache Qui Rit'** on the Belgian label Not So Brave (5 Rue L'Hospital, Brussels) is so mundanely moronic.

Sheffield's **Vendino Pact** are also a mess. Like the Gang Of Four, they strive to make the link between personal politics and the wider ways of the world. **'Identical Twins'** attacks the exploitative multinationals — a fair target — but ultimately drowns in its own dogma.

At the end of the day, I was more than grateful for a quaintly-named single from



Hull. **Anthing But The Girl** are Marine Girl Tracy Thorne and landlubbed lad Ben Watt. Their skilful, sensual interpretation of Cole Porter's **'Night And Day'** (Cherry Red) is a lovesick gem — a meticulously-produced acoustic epic and another unexpected twist in the continuing Marine Girls saga. Stay tuned for further developments.

THIS WEEK'S FIRST TEAM SQUAD — A SPANISH DOZEN

He's The Groove	**Snuky Tate (Ze)**
Dib-Be-Dib-Be-Dize	**Brother D (Island)**
It's Nasty (Genius Of Love)	**Grandmaster Flash (Sugarhill)**
The Hop	**Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)**
Jungle Music	**Rico & The Special AKA (2-Tone)**
The Telephone Always Rings / The Alibi	**Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)**
Love Is Just The Great Pretender	**Animal Nightlife (Tape, London)**
Sweet Loving Music	**Pride (Tape, London)**
Signs Of Affection	**Pets (Tape, London)**
Smile	**Set The Tone (Tape, Glasgow)**
Pick Up The Rhythm	**French Impressionists (Tape, Glasgow)**
Everybody's Somebody's Fool	**Bluebells (Tape, Glasgow)**

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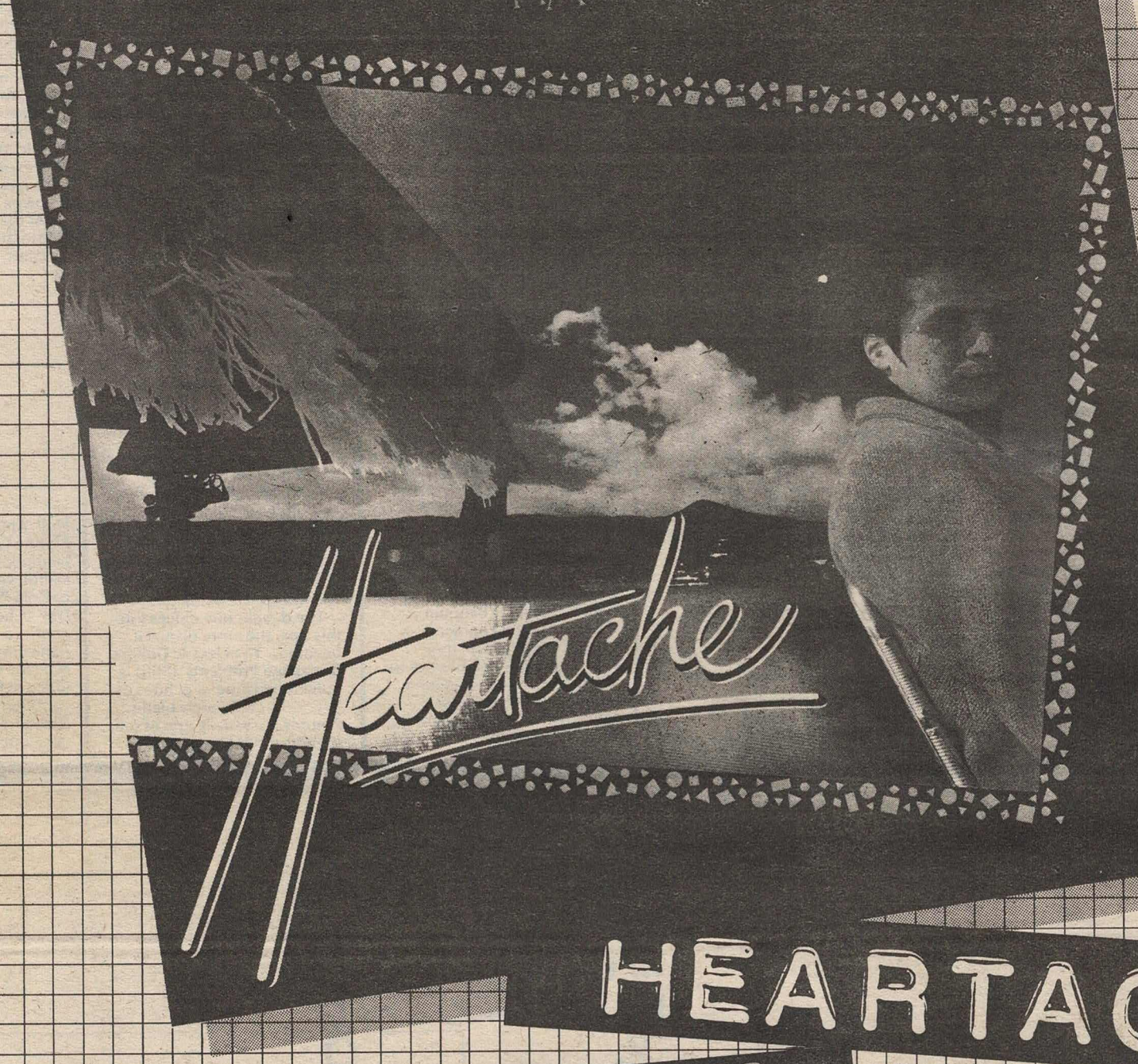
HAMBI & THE DANCE.



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June 14 **London** Marquee
June 15 **Swindon** Brunel Rooms
June 16 **Liverpool** Pickwicks
June 17 **Sheffield** Limit Club
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New Maps of the Battlefield Pt.2

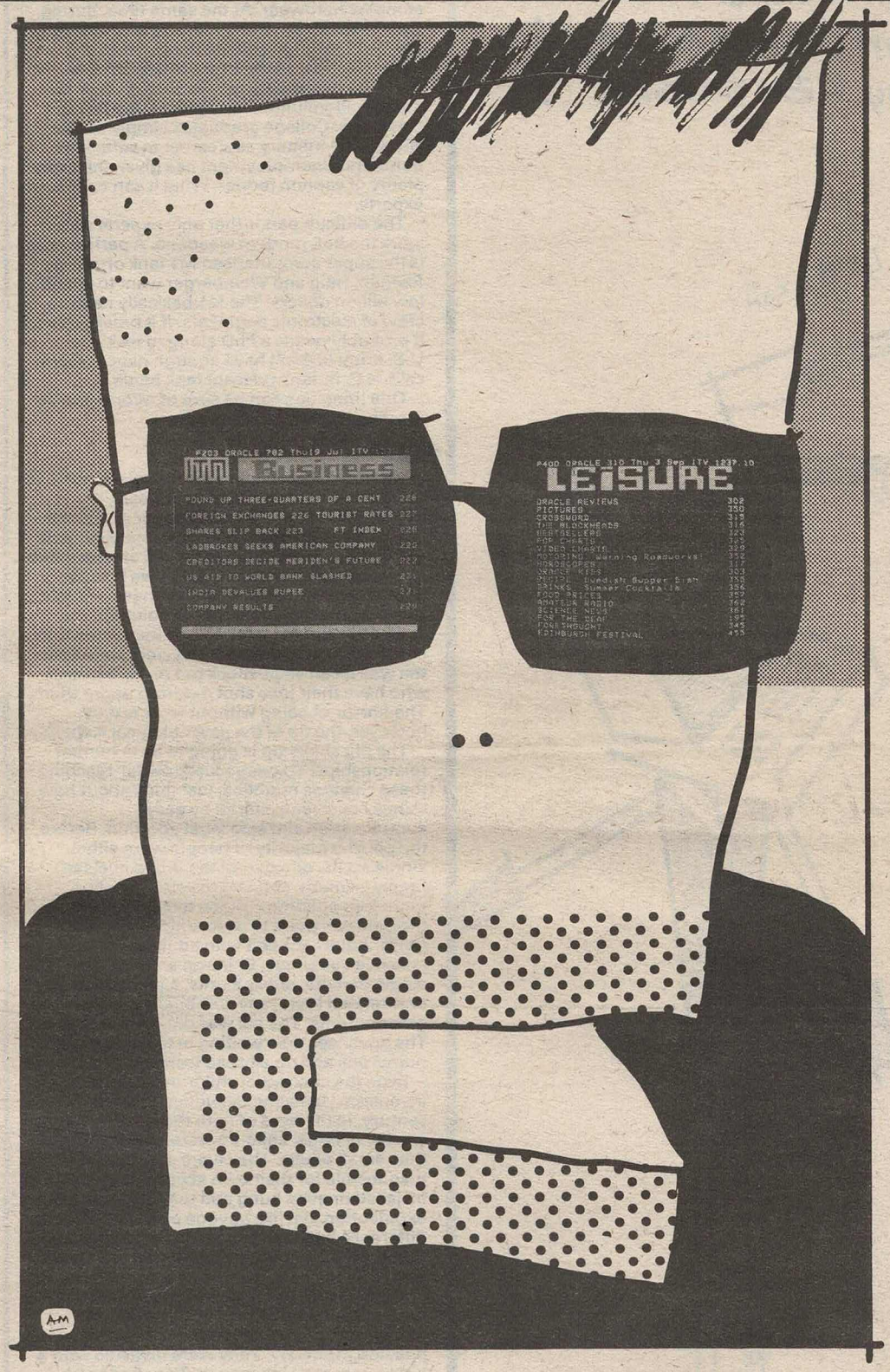
HERE COME THE VIDEO HOODLUMS

With the world now in ruins, it's down to the Savage Children roaming the scorched earth to rebuild civilisation.

Weaned on 24 hour TV, these junior video guerillas intuitively connect into commputer grids, ripping up control circuits and salvaging knowledge for a bright new future.

This week, Watcher Of The Universe MICK FARREN casts a benevolent glance in their direction.

Illustrations: Andy Martin.



BACK DURING the Presidential election that loosed Ronald Reagan on the planet, New York's Channel 2 TV news asked a middle-aged white woman who she was going to vote for. The reply was unhesitating.

"Reagan."

"Why Reagan?"

Her face suddenly twisted. There was a brief flash, a split second's madness, that was unmistakable even through the TV screen.

"He'll make it like it used to be — like when I was young."

She had clearly read between the lines of Reagan's campaign rhetoric; the hammered phrases like "traditional values", "old-fashioned decency", "protection of the family" and "Christian morality". They'd produced a subliminal image, part nostalgia and part pure fantasy, of some idyllic world of the early '50s a Hollywood dream suburb with shady trees, white picket fences and no crime.

It's a world where everyone was happy, blacks were domestic servants and junkies were remote aberrations — Frank Sinatra in *Man With the Golden Arm* — — not hanging out on the corner and threatening to break into your apartment. It was a world that was safe because America had more bombs and planes and tanks than the Godless Reds.

The worst and most dishonest part of the fantasy was that this world is one where the frightened woman in the New York street is young again. She's identifying with Elizabeth Taylor in love with Eddie Fisher. She hasn't been through the disappointments and the process of aging. Somehow the future would be put on hold so she wouldn't have to be afraid of it. Reagan and the ad-men who packaged his campaign were putting forward the seemingly ludicrous but subconscious implication that, if elected, he would make this woman a girl again.

The Reagan campaign is only an example. Over the last four years either by coup or by election, too much of the world has drifted to the right. The countries that have stuck to some kind of socialist principles are either under virtual siege like Nicaragua or are having them slowly eroded as in France.

The rightward swing, if not a direct seizure of power, is almost always an emotional self-seeking stampede. The Thatcher campaign may not have been as extreme and outrageous as the one that put Reagan in power — for a start, Britain has nothing like the religious fanatics of the Moral Majority. The stampede technique was lower key, but essentially it was the same. Remember Saatchi and Saatchi dole queue posters? Thatcher, with total cynicism, played on fears of unemployment and poverty while devising an economic blueprint that would create exactly those things for a large section of the working population.

In the first half of this laugh riot we took a look at how current advances in technology have made pretty damn certain that, short of nuclear annihilation, we are in at the front end of a massive industrial revolution that will drastically reduce the amount of work that is required to run society.

It's a revolution that can go two ways. On one hand it can be for the benefit of all humanity and the saved time could be treated as extended leisure. Or it can be for the benefit of a small, corporate power elite and the saved time will be called permanent unemployment.

A whole lot of the recent swing to the right is simply a smokescreen for the big corporations to gear up so they are assured of coming out on top after the dust settles. They have put a lot of money into rightist politics and now they are reaping their reward. The workers — in both the East and West — are being demoralised and forced to narrow their expectations by the spectre of depression. An underclass of the permanently unemployed is being created. The oil companies are moving swiftly into the production of food and the manufacturing corporations are financing the 21st century by literally stealing billions of pounds for the building of weapons systems that would be absurd if they weren't so monstrously dangerous.

Even the terms by which we measure ideologies have become meaningless. The conservatives only want to conserve what is essentially anti-human in the status quo. They are casual to the point of offhand with things like air, water, wildlife or land. On some subjects, though, particularly nuclear power and the aforementioned weapon systems, they prove to be raving progressives.

It's the same with the old divisions of left and right. The military dictatorship in Argentina is right and the military dictatorship in Poland is left. At that point it's simply a matter of style.

Both East and West are under the control of people who are essentially hostile to change. It's a hell of a way to go into a period of monumental upheaval.

WHEN THE HOPELESS television addict first acquires a video cassette recorder, there are an initial few days of disorientation and disbelief. It's akin to the chronic drunk being let loose in a land of no closing time. Time ceases to be so crucial. One no longer splits home for this or waits in to watch that.

Disbelief quickly turns to defiance. I'll watch *Taxi* at five AM and nobody'll damn well stop me. Finally equilibrium is reached and the television addict realises that he or she is now free from the dictates of the schedules; no more *TV Times,* no more pre-packed entertainment ordering our lives, putting us to bed and waking us up in the morning. The VCR enables us to consume the programmes we want when we want them. The initial reaction was just a piece of our industrial programming falling away.

It's hardly a blow against the empire but it is a minor freedom from an imposed timetable. It's the realisation that the technology isn't particular about who uses it and what it's used for. That's the joy of technology. It doesn't owe anything to anybody.

A good illustration of this principle is the advent of the video game. Five years ago there was only the simple paddle games: tennis, football, hockey, those shooting games with the plastic guns. In those days it was a simple business, something to play at home when there was nothing on TV or a way to kill a slow hour at the pub. No stretch of the imagination could turn these machines into the stuff from which obsessions are made.

1979 brought *Space Invaders,* 1980 was the year of *Asteroids,* 1981 saw the arrival of *PacMan,* the most successful video game so far. Today there are an estimated quarter of a million *PacMan* machines across the world, not counting many thousands of bootlegs or copies. In the USA alone, where the game has become a runaway cult, these machines grossed some five thousand million dollars last year — a total of twenty thousand million games. This was more than the combined gate and TV revenues of football, basketball and baseball put together.

From my own observations, on both sides of the Atlantic, it would seem that mushrooming video arcades are one of the primary refuges of the unemployed or otherwise unoccupied youth of the cities. Video games seem to attract both more money and possibly more single-minded dedication than any previous craze. It's certain that, according to some scales of value, the impact of video fun has outstripped that of rock & roll in its prime. It's all happened so fast that it's almost hard to grasp. The computers that only a few short years ago were viewed with paranoia and distrust are now being embraced as the world's major form of participatory entertainment.

One of the last sets of people to adapt to the video game phenomenon has, somewhat predictably, been those in authority. First reactions have, for the most part, been hostile. Cities all across America have invoked zoning laws and licensing regulations as a transparent manoeuvre to close down video arcades. Fear of drugs, violence and robbery have been invoked as scare tactics by pressure groups looking to ban the games altogether.

Far from being pleased that the dislocated, dissatisfied and potentially dangerous youth are all in the same place, voluntarily hooked into a computer, they can't see beyond the concept that arcades are vice dens where kids can get stoned and plot the overthrow of civilisation. To them, kids *en masse,* wherever they are and whatever they are doing, are a menace.

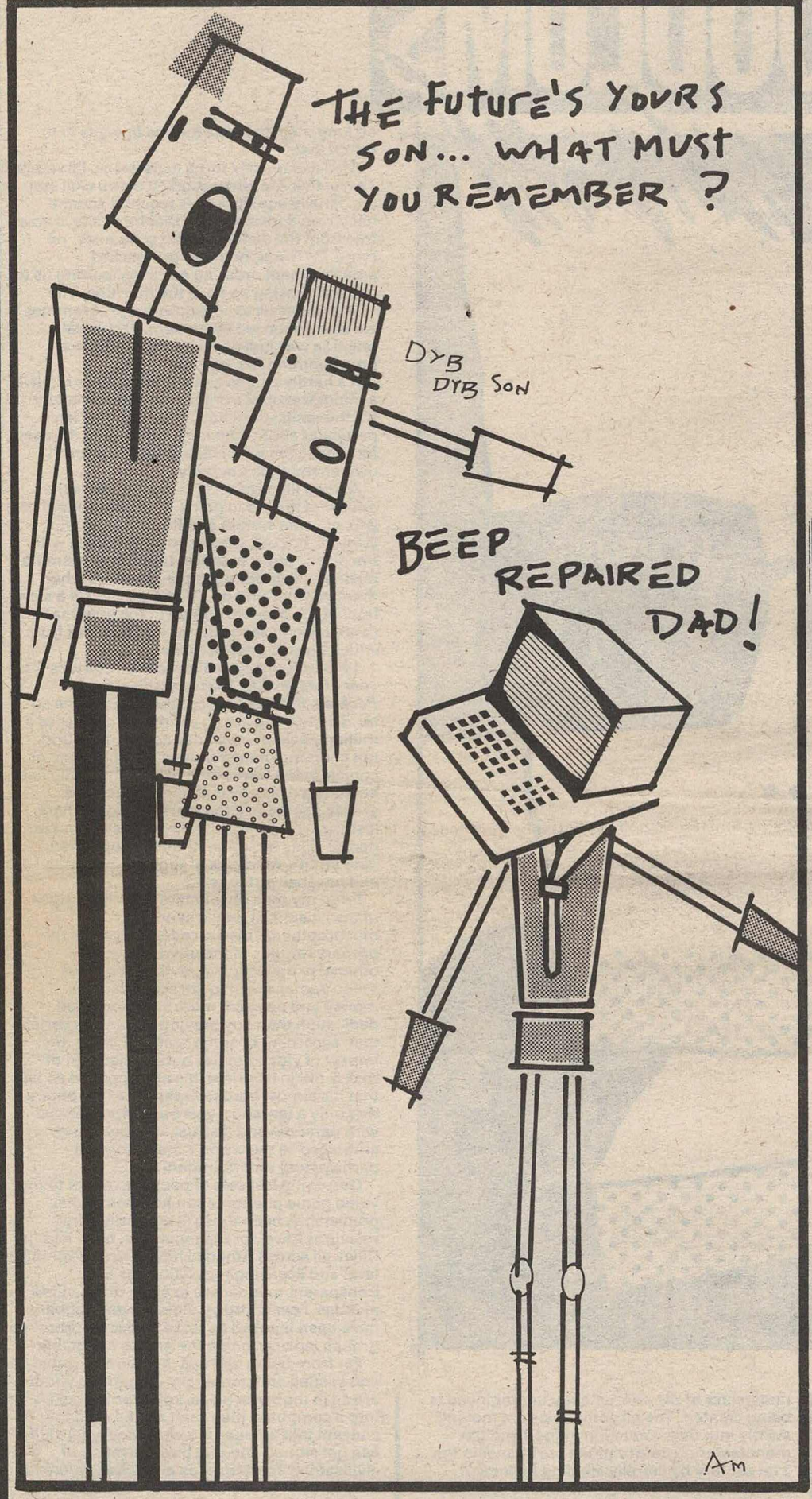
The problem of home taping, both of music and video, has been discussed to the point of exhaustion. It is also, however, another example of how those in authority seem incapable of rolling with the new products of their own industries. In the case of home taping, the copyright laws that were invented for the print medium simply won't work on electronics. The organisations that make money off recorded works, primarily the film and music businesses, don't have a clue what to do about it. The best that anyone has come up with is the laughable tax on blank cassettes, designed presumably to keep EMI and Paul McCartney in the manner to which they've become accustomed.

I'm not saying that playing video games and making your own cassettes is going to save the planet. I think even Malcolm McLaren realises that it's a whole lot more complicated. The current power elite may be unscrupulous, but they are reactionary and slow. They tend to believe their own propaganda. The only level on which the rest of us can beat them is by being fast, flexible and completely openminded.

CONTINUES OVER

HERE COME THE VIDEO HOODLUMS

◗ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE



THE PEOPLE who run the U.S. pay TV system are basically in the business of renting out small decoding devices. When you subscribe to pay TV, you pay a monthly rental of around ten quid. First run movies, rock shows, important sports events are transmitted to your TV set. Either by cable, by regular broadcast or, in the near future, via satellite. The signal comes in coded — scrambled if you like — and the box you rent from the company decodes and unscrambles it.

Unfortunately for the TV moguls, subversion has already struck this fairly sophisticated business. Garage electronic wizards are already turning out bootleg decoders to replace the rented company box at a price considerably less than a single year's rental.

Computer crime is running virtually unchecked. The amounts of both data, credit and actual money that's stolen each year is incalculable, mainly because most corporate victims of computer crime don't report it out of fear of the adverse publicity that would undoubtedly result from a prolonged and highly technical trial. In the words of Bruce Laskin, a New York computer security expert, "Each time you devise a foolproof system, a bright fool comes along and beats it."

Unacknowledged but apparently standard practice is that the computer villain is often paid off to explain exactly what he did.

IN THE LEGITIMATE world, the General Electric Corporation has just unveiled its new range of TV sets. These are the first generation of sets that can cope with the potential of hundred-channel cable TV systems. Unfortunately there are some Godfearing folks out there who are a little worried about the fact that there are some channels that run soft-porn — soft focus, *Emmanuelle* style movies — and others, the public access channels, that run stuff like Ugly George's amateur video smut and nude talk shows sponsored by *Screw* magazine.

To help concerned parents keep this and any other corrupting garbage away from their children, GE have included a little device in the remote control unit so that, by punching out a personal identification code, parents can lock any channel or combinations of channels for up to 12 hours and prevent the kiddies watching the profane, the unsuitable and the dangerous.

As soon as they invent it, they have to find a way to censor it.

EVEN THE MILITARY seems to have trouble coping with the surge of technical advance. Quite aside from the American soldiers who are sitting in the missile silos either speeding out of their minds or blurred on downers, or their Russian counterparts who, according to a recent *NME* report, are drinking surgical spirit and antifreeze, the armies of today seem to be being outstripped by the weapons they are supposed to be using.

Once again there is nowhere this is more noticeable than in the U.S.

For years now the elderly hot-rodders who run the Pentagon, hand in glove with the arms manufacturers, have gone for increasingly complex hardwear. At the same time, during the Vietnam War, the middle classes stacked the draft, through college deferments and other finagles, so the brunt of combat was borne by blacks and poor whites. Even with today's all-volunteer army, the situation still continues. College graduates simply do not choose the military as a career in sufficient numbers. Unemployment has given the army plenty of cannon fodder. What it can't get is experts.

The difficult part is that only experts can work the hot, modern weapons. A perfect case is the super computerised M1 tank on which Reagan, Haig and Weinberger want to spend a few billion dollars. The M1 basically needs a crew of electronic engineers. If it breaks down, it probably needs a PhD along to fix it. The U.S. army doesn't have enough people of this calibre to mount a decent tank battle.

One thing you can be sure of, World War III is going to be a real mess.

THE UPHEAVALS in the future are not just a matter of toys and hardwear. Technology may be the spur to change, but it's far from being the complete picture. In the first part of all this, we looked at how many of the mass social patterns that we take for granted are the result of the changes brought about by the first Industrial Revolution, the establishment of factories and the production line system. We looked at the work ethic and the way it can shell-shock too many of those who have their jobs shot out from under them. The horror of being without work is only, however, the tip of the psychological iceberg.

The big shake-up is going to be in human relationships. To gauge just how far-reaching these changes might be, just think about how things have been altered by easy contraception and safe legal abortion. Before the pill, the majority of people were either single adults or a part of the dread nuclear family — mum, dad and the statutory two point four children. Today, there is nothing that you can point to as an unchallenged norm. Adults cohabit with adults in all possible couplings. Children are raised by single parents, dual parents, a parent and a non-related lover, any combination of grandparents. The pill was only one advance. The advances now waiting in the wings are numerous and on a broad front.

Even the concept of children is a recent invention. Up to and including the 18th century, in the eyes of both the law and society at large, children were nothing more than small adults. They were considered responsible for their own actions, they could be jailed or even hung and they were open to exploitation just like anyone else. The only difference between children and dwarfs was that children eventually got bigger and dwarfs didn't.

It was the Victorians who changed all this. At the same time as they outlawed child labour they placed children in a special position in society. They were invested with a sickly, romantic innocence. They had to be provided for, protected, educated. On the other side of the coin, though, they were totally at the mercy of the dictates and whims of whoever was doing the providing, protecting and educating. It was the Victorians who also introduced the fiction that children were totally asexual beings and loosed that can of worms upon us all.

The second industrial revolution is likely to change all that. In a world where the workload is drastically reduced, more time is liable to be devoted to self-fulfilling pursuits where imagination and creativity play a major role. In other words, the world will spend a lot of time at play. In this context, it will be hard to maintain an old-fashioned generation gap between subservient child and authoritarian, all-providing adult.

Just to complicate matters, much of the work that needs to be done in this post-industrial world is liable to be computer related. We are already beginning to see, both in video game arcades and in a number of Californian home computer stores where they are employed illegally, that many pre and early teens have a natural aptitude for working with computers. It is hardly surprising. What the new generation of electronics requires from its workers is ingenuity and innovation, rather than solid, long-term experience. Often a child can beat out an adult in terms of exactly the kind of flexibility and lateral thinking that will be needed in the future.

The post-industrial society is going to have to seriously rethink its ideas about the "evils" of child labour. It will also have to rethink the entire dynamic of family life. Imagine for a moment life in a family where the 12-year-old daughter is the primary breadwinner.

IN HIS BOOK *The Third Wave*, futurist Alvin Toffler describes a possible scenario for the shape of work to come. He calls it "the electronic cottage".

He theorises that the enormous amounts of time and energy wasted in commuting — driving perhaps twenty miles from the suburbs to sit in a centralised office, make phone-calls and eat lunch — will force more and more people to work in the home. The technology already exists for a wide spectrum of jobs to be done at home. Using land lines that currently service either the phone network or cable TV, home computers or word processors could be hooked into a central office or factory. Most creative work, some engineering, accounting, large areas of management, production supervision and quality control could all be done without leaving the home.

The whole attitude to work changes when it returns to the home. Instead of supervision and an imposed discipline, it's a matter of free choice and self-reliance.

If the work is, in itself, satisfying, the dividing line between work and play becomes blurred. With supervision removed, we are also likely to see a blurring of the 'us and them' postures that are such a familiar part of today's labour / management relations. Life in the electronic cottage would seem completely alien to the factory worker of the first three quarters of the 20th century, but, with the exception of the space age hardware, it would be much more familiar to a 16th century weaver.

Toffler's vision has a tinge of a particular American tweeness that loves to combine high tech with romantic, homespun, back-to-the-earthism. To a degenerate like myself, this vision of happy extended or even mutated families singing along to John Denver as they work at their computers and word processors has all the makings of a sunny, cloying nightmare — but it is at least an attempt to demonstrate that there is life after heavy industry.

FOR THOSE of you who petulantly demand a rock & roll connection for everything that goes into this paper, there are even some patterns in the music industry that may well point the way to the future.

The music industry is all but in a state of collapse. Its mass appeal, both in terms of aesthetics and money, is only a shadow of its former glory. It pushed mass marketing to the point of saturation and apathy. In the late '70s it even evolved the absurd concept of "shipping platinum". The idea was that if you put millions upon millions of records into the shops, the public, attracted by the sheer volume, would buy them. Every record released would sell like 'Saturday Night Fever'. The public, notoriously fickle, didn't go along with the scheme. The music industry was thrown into a terminal panic from which it hasn't recovered.

Toss in the problem of home taping and the fact that the mass taste that had been responsible for the boom in the '60s and early '70s was fragmenting into dozens of specialist tastes and interests, and you pretty much have the classic destruction of an industry that had depended on the public all acting in the same way and collapsed when things got diverse.

Back in the boom years, musicians had made themselves completely dependent on the record companies. The only way to go was the big advance, the big recording studio, the big album and the big hype. If you talked to almost anyone back in those days, they would tell you that, without the record companies, there would be no popular music.

Today, when the big, old-fashioned labels are half dead in the water, popular music is still going strong. It may be a matter of home-made cassettes and rough and ready self-produced singles; the fortunes are no longer being made, the mass adulation may not be there, but the music continues.

THE one factor that saved the music business from going under totally is that it has few traditions outside of personal greed. It is comparatively unafraid of either technology or change.

Other industries and other sections of society are not so fortunate and not so unfettered. Above all, tradition and the fear of things to come are what will cripple us. The change that's coming is a foregone conclusion.

Despite all Luddite fantasies, there's no way to hold back technical progress. The only thing we can hope to do is to influence the nature of the change.

There are no simple answers. Those who offer simple answers are probably criminals or worse. One of the attractions of fascism, along with the flags, the uniforms and the sadism, is that it offers brutally simple solutions to complex problems. One way or another, the fabric of society is going to go. It can go easy or it can go hard. This is what the fight is all about.

There's no end. It goes on.

Anti Pasti hedge their bets L-R: Duggy, Olly, Martin, Will, Kevin. Pic: Bryn Jones

NO ESCAPE FROM TWISTED REALITY

FOR MARTIN ROPER, Anti Pasti was a natural progression from *Twisted Reality*, probably the premier provincial punk fanzine.

The excitement of *Twisted Reality* lasted a few brief months until, like the initial punk outcry, it faded into an acceptable pose. It was then that a complement of punky Stu (bass), Derby skins Stan (drums) and Duggy (guitar) came together as the original Anti Pasti.

Three years on and Martin — the group's singer — walks considerably taller, the gait developing from gangly shuffle to dignified strut with just a touch of arrogance. The shock of pinky hair has long since been discarded for a richer mahogany sheen. He talks of being naive and young.

"Can you remember when the 'Snuff Rock' EP came out . . . it was by the Albertos? I brought it and for years I thought it was serious punk rock. That's how naive I was . . . but then again that was what Anti Pasti was all about, being young and green. I used to follow all the original punk bands around everywhere. But it's different now. I personally feel a hell of a lot more responsible."

As we stroll across the park for a photo session, Martin whistles 'Promised You A Miracle' . . . badly. What do you think about the charts?

"I'm really keen on the producers that make modern music so listenable. That's the main reason why the charts are so healthy at the moment. It's nice to see good bands like Classix (Nouveaux), who've been around for years, hitting the charts.

"Punk's about the only thing I ever listen to these days 'cos I can't stand all these crappy new punk bands. There's a few decent ones but you really do have to dig deep through the shit to find them. Like The Anti-Nowhere League . . . they're like the Albertos only they're not taking the piss."

But don't you think that Anti Pasti get exactly the same kind of audience as joke bands like that?

"We probably do, but that's not through any doing of our own. We can't really choose the audience — even though Anti Pasti don't want to be associated with bands like that at all. Anyway we've got a producer on the new album ('Caution In The Wind') who's worked with the likes of Spandau, Penetration and UB40, and hopefully the new sound will change things a bit so we can start appealing to . . . not a different, but wider range of people."

A lot of the Anti Pasti lyrics include some form of serious anti-war comment. At a time when everybody and his uncle are ripping ideas off from CND leaflets, are Anti Pasti really all that concerned with it?

"Every song we do isn't about dropping bombs on someone — but we bear it in mind because it *is* worrying. Our lyrics tend to do it a lot more subtly than most anyway 'cos we concentrate on different aspects of a very important situation. But you better ask the Hoon-Bell-Hoon team about this . . . they write the lyrics."

Will Hoon, a black-haired Brylcreem-slicked anorexic cool cat, stepped in to perfect the menacing bass prowl from a now defunct local rockabilly outfit, The Egyptian Kings. His strong feelings against nuclear war manifested themselves immediately, as Anti Pasti's staid but unaffected proclamations of anarchy in the UK mutated gradually into a genuine sense of purpose.

AMRIK RAI fixes a Derby match with Anti Pasti. Food for thought, this one ...

Anti Pasti braved the witchtrials of The Exploited's Apocalypse Now tour, emerging with a new-found respect from the music press. The success of 'The Last Call', their debut album, was justice for its brooding hybrid of teenage angst wrought with genuine emotion.

Now Will and the two guitarists — Olly Hoon and Duggy Bell — write lyrics presenting an increasingly mature depiction of the madness in your area.

Will: "The anti-war comment in our songs is something that, no matter how many other groups do it, is definitely worth saying. It's not important that bands are nicking stuff out of leaflets or whatever. People are so stupid that they've got to hear something a million times before they actually realise what's happening."

Duggy: " 'Caution In The Wind' — the title track on the new album — is about some tests that the U.S. were carrying out in Nevada 1954. They were exploding nuclear bombs and no one even knew about it — all these people whose lives are in danger from cancer or something. Things like that need saying, and the only way we can do it is by writing songs that people will listen to and hopefully take some notice of."

Olly: "I can see what you're saying — a lot of bands use it as a trendy thing to write about. But there's nothing trendy about being killed."

Will: "It's like the war situation at the moment. Something breaks out and everyone immediately forgets about the disgusting state of affairs in this country. No one's bothered about unemployment or housing or racism or anything anymore . . . all they care about is sinking 1930s battleships with nuclear submarines and saying they don't want war while they go out and celebrate another victory. I hate all this new patriotism, the jingoistic crap that sells newspapers and keeps the people quiet."

Would Anti Pasti play a CND benefit?

Will: "We already have done. We did the Brixton one. The next step is a Rock Against Meatloaf. Anyone interested?"

The remaining member of the Anti Pasti quintet has been noticeably quiet during this conversation. Kev Nixon (vital statistics: 19, drums) is more interested in how the photo session will turn out.

"They better be good 'cos the last time we did a photo session the bloke got us all standing there with half-eaten Cornish pasties. It was dead embarrassing. . . ."

'Caution In The Wind' refines the dogged determination of the first record into a subtler but more striking rebellion. Breaking through the darker limitations of punk, Anti Pasti play with fire, layering the sound with piano tracks and distilling a splenetic jump-boy beat. The difference is reminiscent of The Clash's progression to 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' — except that with Anti Pasti it's an improvement. There's saxophone and violin . . . are we still talking about a punk band?

Kev: "We're not trying to move away from punk. It's just a natural progression."

Duggy: "It wasn't a case of 'Right, tomorrow we're not going to be a punk band' or anthing like that."

Olly: "Punk is really only an attitude rather than just music . . . and our attitudes haven't changed that much. The last record was just our live set put onto an album. Whereas with this one we've started from scratch, worked with a decent producer (Neil Black) and really planned it out."

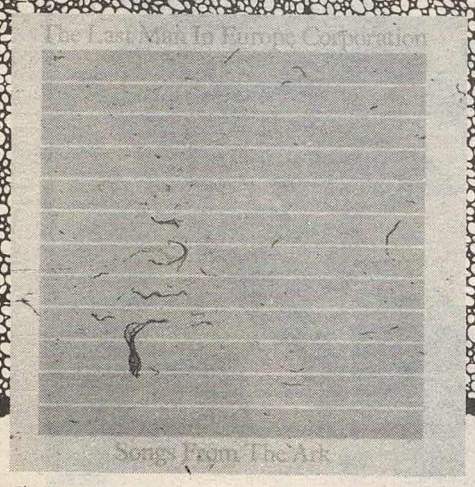
Will: "It is a big progression for us but it's not radical, like Cabaret Voltaire or something. It's just that we're not frightened to use something if we like it."

Olly: "It's not something that'll change the live sound too much. The odd string machines on the album are just embellishments — the live show will still concentrate on guitars."

A new album out at the end of the month and headlining tour to go with it. It's all starting to happen again. How do you feel about so much activity after a long lay-off?

Will: "The thing about Anti Pasti is that we don't have to live up to any image on stage. We're not like some groups who've created an image as a selling point and have to live up to that image every time they play live. It's really pathetic when you get bands doing songs like 'Kill A Copper' and all these kids go out and cheek some policeman . . . all they get is a cell for the night while the group are getting pissed in a hotel somewhere.

"I'd like to think that Anti Pasti are serving a slightly more useful and less hypocritical purpose than that, in that we actually try to educate people a bit — not brainwash them or anything but just make them a little bit more aware of what's going on around them."



The Last Man In Europe Corporation
Songs From The Ark – LP
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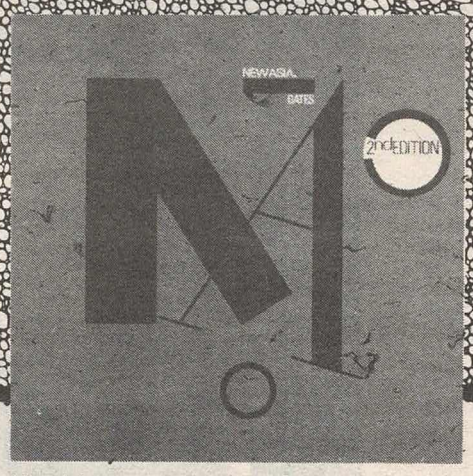

New Asia
Gates – LP
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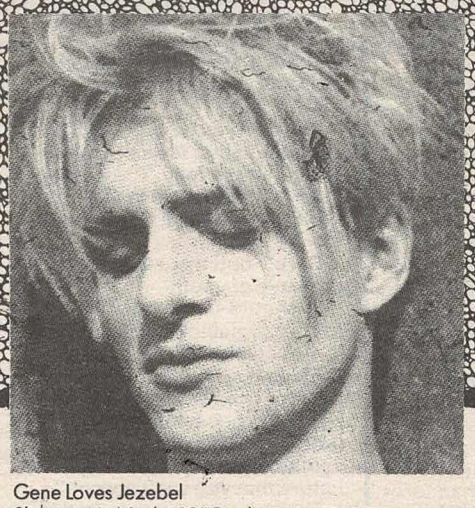

Gene Loves Jezebel
Shaving My Neck – 12" Single
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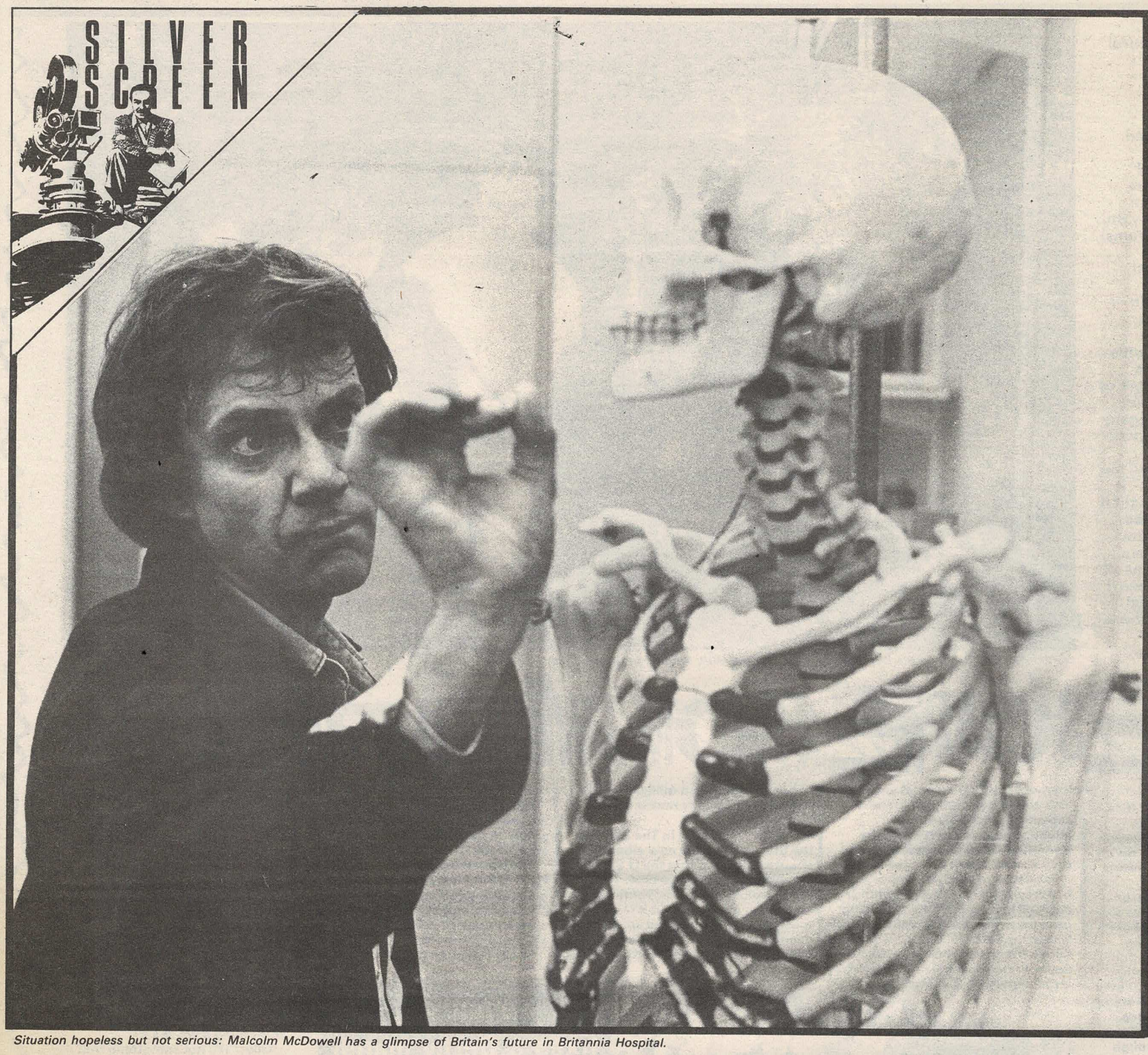
SITUATION 2

SILVER SCREEN



Situation hopeless but not serious: Malcolm McDowell has a glimpse of Britain's future in Britannia Hospital.

Britannia Hospital

Directed by Lindsay Anderson
Starring Leonard Rossiter, Graham Crowden and Malcolm McDowell (EMI)

THE ANALYSIS of societal ills is a handy little number for theatricals, be they cinematic, televisual, or just plain staged. As knee-jerk liberalism goes, I suppose it's as good a way as any to justify your job, though God alone knows what these people hope to achieve. Something more than propaganda, one would hope.

The trouble is that dramatic presentation of political arguments can make for pretty dour, unproductive viewing — and as film and TV have eclipsed the stage, so the dull, dry Brechtian parables of yesteryear have been replaced with the blunt no-hope social realism of Ken Loach, Jim Allen and their ilk, which at its worst can resonate with an almost gleeful Spartist negativity.

Over the past two decades, Lindsay Anderson's infrequent forays into social illness have suggested that there may be other ways of dealing with these issues in this medium.

***If . . ., The White Bus* and *O Lucky Man!* took a more oblique, allusive tack, often sailing straight into the absurd and out the other side. And, provocative and didactic as they were, they always managed to be *entertaining* — which, when you're dealing with a three-hour film like *O Lucky Man!*, is always an advantage.**

***Britannia Hospital*, his allegory for '80s Britain, is, I think, a comedy. Unfortunately, Anderson appears to have the kind of sense of humour that doesn't involve laughter.**

His Britain is a country in which stupid ceremony, ritual

GROWING OLD DISGRACEFULLY

If Lindsay Anderson were a lucky man, Britannia Hospital would complete a triumphant trilogy of savage black comedies on the English malaise. Richard Cook, in conversation with the director himself, considers the possibilities.

I LEFT THE showing of Lindsay Anderson's *Britannia Hospital* filled with hatred for a film besotted with a callous futility. Anderson's venom didn't seem to stop at the enfeebled grandeur of the institutions Olde England still cherishes dear but foreclosed on the existence of anything worthwhile remaining in the human spirit. *Britannia* is supposed to be a comedy, yet the absence of all but a few desultory laughs makes it more of a transfixing horrorshow without hope. Savage satire or selfish disgust?

When I met the director at his London home, though, the man I encountered — a rather benign, gnomic figure — seemed far from resigned. Anderson thinks *very* highly of his work. He's as convinced of the excellence of *BH* as he was of his earlier dissections of the English social order, *If . . .* and *O Lucky Man*; and he's quick to number the BAFTA preview I attended.

"A deadly viewing — I'd never show a film there again. It's so cold and diffused. You need a certain intimacy. And a ghastly, unresponsive audience of so-called media people. Thank God they're not as important to cinema as they are to the London theatre. They're a barrier rather than real interpreters."

A beautiful English voice tempers the harsh words. Sipping tea in the spacious, pleasantly airy Anderson kitchen I can feel my critical hackles rising. But didn't Anderson start off as a critic himself?

"Today is different from yesterday — and I was never a *journalistic* critic. *Sequence* (his magazine) was very different from something like *The Guardian*, which is a purveyor of entertainment. People like Clive James because he writes wittily but the content is immaterial. Nobody notices it.

"You've got to believe good writing is itself interesting," he reflects while munching on some pork pie. "Any serious belief in anything is of itself worthwhile — that's the premise I start with in cinema."

THE DIFFICULTY is in avoiding indulgence, something which I think *Britannia Hospital* fails to do.

But to specifics: why does the film strike so hard at the unions and working class doctrines, coming from a man with apparent socialist sympathies?

He is aghast.

"I'm a radical, not a socialist! It's an attack on institutions — and if you think unionism isn't institutionalised then we'll have to disagree. It's destructive of individual responsibility. I'm speaking as an anarchist, not a fucking socialist. Look at what's happened in Czechoslovakia and Poland!"

But the microcosm you set up is terminally bleak and without any real hope, as far as I can see — what use is that?

"God — you're surely not a sentimentalist? It's a satire about human folly. The vitality in any work of art is in the style. What do you want hope for?"

Surely optimism is a preserve of youth.

"I should have thought a more estimable characteristic is disliking bullshit. It's the truth as I see it about this country and the way the species is behaving at the moment. Maybe I'm saying something about human nature that you can't accept."

Then what do you see as the *constructive* point of the film?

Lindsay Anderson *Pic: Peter Anderson (no relation)*

RADICAL CHEEK!

Andy Gill aboard the Britannia

and red tape exist side by side with injustice, inequality and repression — in other words, a pretty accurate picture of the place. His presentation, though, is one of super-realism, or realism condensed to the point of surrealism — a tactic which with Bunuel can split sides, but here just manages to break wind feebly. Not all funny-peculiars are ha-has.

The basic conceit behind the title is Britain viewed as a hospital, with bumptious, striking NUPE and COHSE staff, a private ward containing handy representatives of moneyed power and influence (including a baby-eating Amin/Bokassa figure), a surly demo mob outside the gates (with third-world freedom fighters to the fore), and even a mad professor (Graham Crowden continuing his Frankenstein role from *O Lucky Man!)* to symbolise the saviour/threat of new technology.

The picture is of several levels of revolution — social, political, scientific — with a moribund, uncomprehending UK torn every which way between them.

However, though the feel of the film is similar to *OLM!, Britannia Hospital* lacks that movie's fairly straightforward episodic style, Anderson opting instead for a bitty, zig-zaggy plot format which confuses more than it clarifies and which leaves so many frayed threads dangling for so long that watching it becomes an exercise in mental macrame.

One thread I couldn't quite knit in completely was the function of Mick Travis (Malcolm McDowell), who appears here as an investigative reporter — though I had to consult by synopsis to find even that much out. His presence here seems token, just a link with *If. . .* and *OLM!*, though he does make a fairly useful stand-in subject for the mad Prof. Millar's experiments.

Leonard Rossiter, in robust semi-Perrin mood, fares better as the Chief Administrator trying to organise a royal visit, but it says something of the picture's patchwork, piecemeal nature that the gallery of British character actors who appear — amongst them Fulton Mackay, Jill Bennett, Robin

■ *continues over*

Anderson closes his eyes in a characteristic 'misunderstood genius' gesture.

"It's first of all an entertainment; it's secondly an expression of truth. If you don't want the truth . . ."

I'm not sure the truth is so bound up in such heartless negativity.

"In *what*? You're talking like a 60-year-old film critic from Leeds. *On Golden Pond* will give you all the slop you need for six months or so."

Well, we're agreed there at least. The film climaxes with a speech by the fiendish Dr Millar that lists mankind's absurdities in statistics and offers a solution. How far does he identify with Millar's view?

"Millar is right when he says we're not behaving intelligently, but *his* answer isn't right. I think the only answer is in the growth of a moral imagination in humanity."

How about the scene where a girl from the mob offers a flower to a riot policeman? At what is a very serious point in the film it comes like an almost perversely comic release.

"I think whether you laugh or not is a test of your political maturity. It's an emblem out of history and it's a demonstration of political naivety and sentimentality on the part of the girl. Don't you think that there are people who'd be sentimentally shocked when she's struck down? Why not enjoy it as part of the film? If you want simple progressivism you should watch Ken Loach's new film about the unemployed — which I'm sure is very good."

THERE IS A sense of continuity with Anderson's last two pictures. Malcolm McDowell's Mick Travis reappears as the leader of an investigative media team who are martyred in the film, and other characters from *O Lucky Man* are also glimpsed again. Is this the third part of a trilogy?

"No, this is in a very different style. It's an epic. Only theme carries you through — there's no principal character. Not epic in a Hollywood sense of space and location but in ideas. You're being asked to work and use your intelligence."

Having conceived the idea for the film several years ago Anderson finally found money for it in Hollywood, and producer Clive Parsons eventually got EMI to OK the picture. Is this sort of travail why Anderson's output seems to have been so rationed?

"Look at the films I've made and ask yourself. *If . . .* was a success, though not really in this country. It's a bit intelligent for a British audience. But I make these films because I believe in them — and you have to think there's enough people who share your way of looking at things, your humour, your suspicion of authority to make the film a success."

What sort of sense of humour does he think he has?

"Well," he says, seemingly taken aback by this shot, "sardonic, fairly extravagant. I think the operating theatre scenes in the film are very

□ *continues over*

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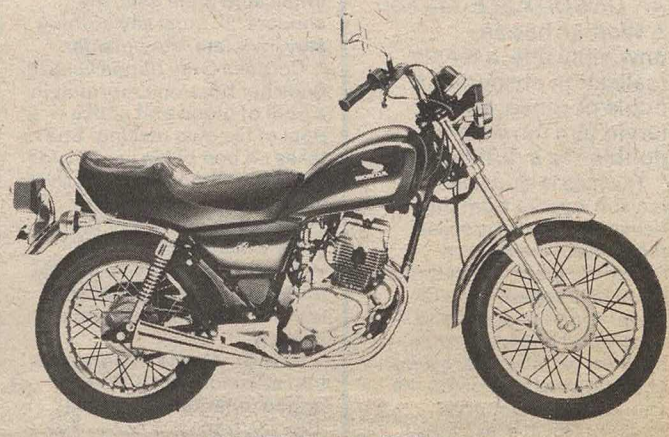

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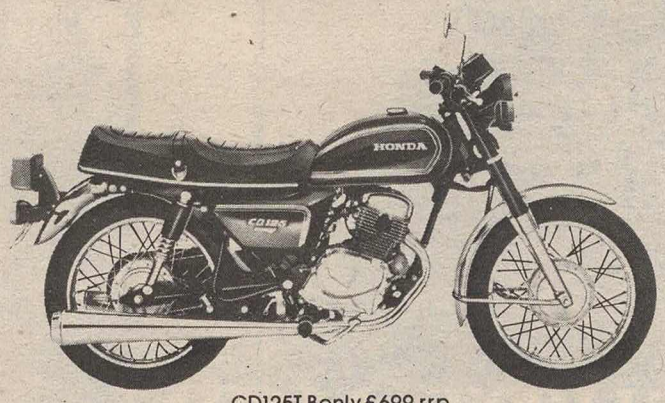

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BRITANNIA HOSPITAL

■ *from previous page*

Askwith, Joan Plowright, Dandy Nichols, Brian Glover, Betty Marsden and Gordon John Sinclair, with further cameos from Arthur Lowe, Alan Bates, T. P. McKenna and Mark "Skywalker" Hamill — are criminally underused and often wasted in parts that don't develop; just wheeled on, then off, for the sake of their faces.

In short, *Britannia Hospital* is something of a disaster: well intentioned, maybe, but woefully organised and scrappily realised at the side of Anderson's earlier efforts.

It's his first film as director for almost a decade; perhaps he's been lying fallow for too long?

Andy Gill

"Hello!"

LINDSAY ANDERSON

□ *from previous page*

funny, good horror-comic stuff."

Does he consider himself arrogant? He responds with a slow chuckle.

"I'm arrogant to the extent that you've got to be to do anything creative — and humble in the same way. At the moment I'm being arrogant because there's no point in being humble before your lack of response. I think my film's awfully good. I know where the weaknesses are, though I'm not going to tell you. They're not where you think. I *long* for a good critique of my work and I haven't seen one yet."

The next day Anderson was due to go to the Cannes Festival, where *O Lucky Man* flopped disastrously in 1973. Did he expect to do well this time?

"I'm not sure what doing well there is. You can do publicity easily, and if a film wins a prize it can assist it in Europe, though not so much here or in America. The jury is just as likely to be idiotic as intelligent. Last time I had a film there Ingrid Bergman headed the jury. Charming woman but I suspect she's a sentimentalist."

Is that what he's most suspicious of, sentimentality?

"It is a vice. The truth is extremely important. St Luke says 'The truth shall make you free' and I believe that. And if the truth looks bleak you'd better come to terms with it! If you can't get a sense of the humane from the language of image in the film . . . all truths are ambiguous. Especially artistic truths."

I wonder how it was that Anderson came to take a small part in *Chariots Of Fire*, a sentimental picture if ever there was one.

"I agreed because it was a professional challenge — it's good for a director to have experience of acting. That's all."

Is he depressed at all that a film as unadventurous as that should be so successful?

"It's *probably* a good thing. The more British films that are successful the better and one like this could only do the industry good. Critics always used to say 'why haven't we got a Godard' but they do bugger all to support film-makers. There should be less of a straight good or bad judgement and more constructive, interpretive criticism."

So what will his next contribution to film be?

"Haven't any idea," he admits. "I haven't been offered anything."

How does a radical face growing old?

"With courage. Consistency. You're not supposed to stay radical as you get old. You're supposed to conform."

LINDSAY ANDERSON is 59. I reflect on a sequence of films of gruelling harshness: the bluff, granite tragedy of *This Sporting Life*, the electric chill of *If . . .*, *O Lucky Man*'s cruel mirror. And the (for me) dissatisfying *Britannia Hospital*. Perhaps I should see it again, as he recommends.

As some last pictures are taken we trade favourite screen performances: he picks John Barrymore in *Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde*, I counter with Louise Brooks in *Pandora's Box* and Luise Rainer in *The Good Earth*. He laughs at that one: "She had a certain *je ne sais quoi* . . ."

I depart, a trifle abashed but charmed, as a car arrives to take him to *Nationwide*, where he answers a few glib questions about *BH* and its public detractors with the same suave certainty.

I guess he may be right. I just wish it didn't seem so . . .

AN UNEDIFYING JOB FOR A STRUCTURALIST

An Unsuitable Job For A Woman

Directed by Chris Petit
Starring Pippa Guard, Billie Whitelaw and Dominic Guard
(Goldcrest)

AN UNSUITABLE Job For A Woman has an unwieldly title, a feeble realisation obscuring a noble purpose, and a fervid film fan who doubles as a duff director.

The idea is laudable: to reclaim a genre from the Yanks, and in the process reconstruct the Agatha Christie 'style' English thriller. It will be peopled not with larger-than-life eccentrics — fairground balloon people — but with belittled characters, unwittingly chained into the connivance and murky malarky which make these stories up.

P D James — the new 'old dame' of such nasty fables — made this story up. Her title is a vaguely sited duplex: it *is* an unsuitable job for this particular (?) woman, for she is unable to assume the ambiguous amoral detachment her profession (private investigator) traditionally demands. The private eye has become part of our five and dime existentialist mythology for this reason — no matter how implicated (s)he gets, the snoop's "I" must say nothing, stay inviolate, the *outsider*.

Cordelia Gray (Pippa Guard) finds her boss one morning in a pool of blood and vodka — a pool of his own making. She takes on one of his pre-suicide cases, strolling into more than she's ready for. A wealthy businessman has sent his secretary Elizabeth (Billie Whitelaw) to engage a private investigation into the events leading up to his own son's suicide.

This simple start soon spins into a Cluedo scrabble of rigged inheritance, double identity, trap-door motive and family vendetta. On her way through, the unsuitable young woman lets soppy psychology slip her up. She falls for the memory of the departed son, sleeps with the Father (weep, oh Lacanian analysts!), nearly hangs herself in the cause of more involved forensics, gets flung down a well, and turns well nasty for a penultimate twist.

A good many films have had a fling with deconstruction in the detection-thriller — keeping its essential tension, rippling the received text — and Petit must see *Unsuitable Job* as his modest bid. It is his modesty — I'd hate to think it was simple incompetence — which works most against him: this film is so plain and unsurprising, all ripple and no tension whatsoever.

Petit wanted away from the 'English Wenders' stamp *Radio On* earned him yet I notice he alludes (*NME* interview, last week) to Wenders' bleach-out of Patricia Highsmith for *The American Friend*: a dead giveaway. For if there aren't exactly tricks or treats that directly signal his influence, Wenders certainly *haunts* this movie.

There is a general lugubriousness of purpose and poise, as if the film were caught on its own unjettisoned drag-anchor. Most scenes — interior or exterior — are soaked in a stifling glue of dark russets and dank auburns, a litmus of anxiety and disturbed intent which the actors push through balefully.

You can sense Petit's unease, idling between a solid commercial 'compromise' and something with more of a cutting, or wounded, edge. We wait for the pacing to shift into second gear, but it never does. Nor does Petit deploy this listlessness; it's just painfully drawn-out.

No magnetism emanates from the various performances. Pippa Guard is starchy, but comes out best, by default. Billie Whitelaw is unexpectedly brusque, brittle, and Dawn Archibald as the dead boy's pivotal friend Isabelle performs last rites on the film with an embarrassing deadpan projection. Chaz Jankel's score tries to inject some speed and scare, has its rustling moments, but is called upon to provide some very silly over-wrought suspenseful codas.

Petit's gaping concentration on lifeless corridors and unfriendly spaces is unrelenting. We are left with no relief, no grip, and a film that is a mirror image of those interiors: clinically arranged, un-lived in, unapproachable.

I wish I had found something in *Unsuitable Job* to recommend it or its director's future. But I found it as awkwardly inverted and indulgently unrealised as *Radio On*. Chris Petit is one of the Nicer Guys we're all on nodding terms with in the gloomy alleyways of the British film industry. If *Unsuitable Job* had been made by A Hack, then the reviews that hedged their bets would've stabbed right throgh the director's back. *Unsuitable Job* is visually unadventurous, textually unperturbing; the feel is from those English 'B' movies that make do on Sunday afternoon TV.

Steady on, Pippa! There's probably another script in the post!

We recall the literal trace of that overused term *mise en scene* — meaning, to be *lost* in the scene you've staged — and conclude: Chris Petit is lost in film. Pauline Kael classified Wenders as "Losey under mud". Petit as he is, is still simply Wenders underwater, in tow.

I hope he can find a way up to the surface, a way of translating his undoubted enthusiasm into visual expansion.

Ian Penman

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SILLY BURGERS!

My Dinner With Andre

Directed by Louis Malle
Starring Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory (Cinegate)

FOR A feature film, *My Dinner With Andre* makes a damn good radio play. Lauded by all the "quality" paper critics for reasons best known to their analysts, the film represents another facet of Louis Malle's obsession with American mental mores and mythologies, this time stripped to the kind of naked stasis associated with Marguerite Duras: two people talking.

Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory — who also provided the screenplay, a condensed version of several months' actual conversations — are archetypes of two poles of New York intellectual life, the one a failed (and penurious) script writer, the other an undoubtedly well-off avant-garde theatre director fresh from a six-year drop-out tour of all things mystical and paranormal.

The two meet for dinner at an up-market French restaurant, and Andre, a slightly older Alan Alda or Barry Norman reeking with *Essence de Pretence,* regales Wally with a litany of his experiences over the past six years, from plant-enlarging at Findhorn to "happenings" in a Polish forest with his avant-garde chums. He's a spoilt searcher, supposedly ascetic but actually raging with a sybaritic lust for *being there,* for the solo experience which will set him apart from everyone else and at the same time enable him to shrug off his everyday responsibilities. His is a religious quest for the comfort of the final truth, and it takes him to Scotland, India, Tibet, Poland, the Sahara and God only knows where else: some ascetic, eh?

He does most of the talking, which means the film is one long screed of the kind of life-affirming pseudo-intellectual paranormal bullshit parodied in Woody Allen movies, only here there's no payoff, no foil, no sarcasm to spike his guns, Wally's one sustained refutation being too weak to counter Andre's elegant flights of fancy.

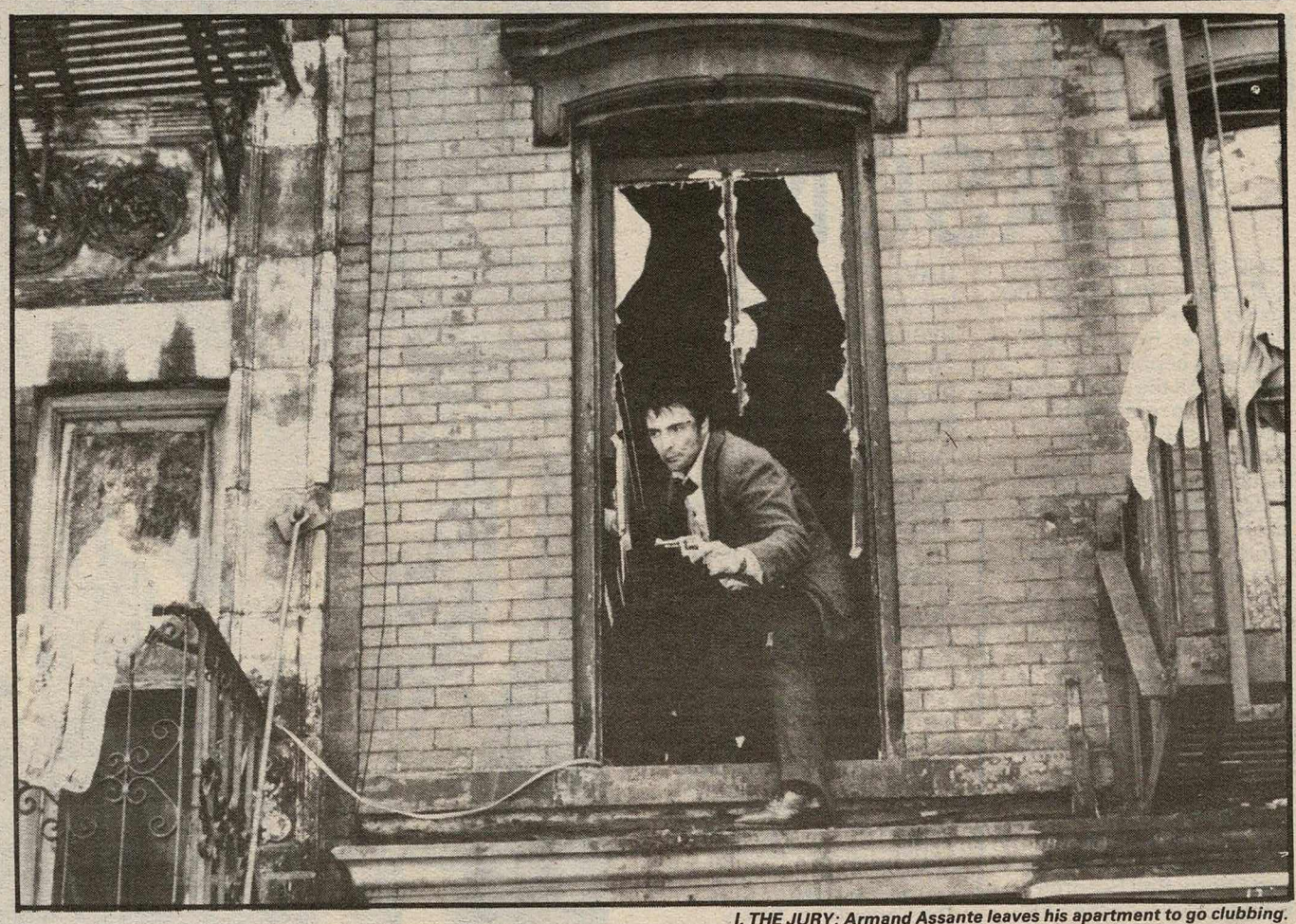
Faced with the "significance" of coincidence and similarly alluring apocrypha, the argument that one should seek a kind of Zen pleasure in the day-to-day mundanities of life is no alternative at all, and so, bereft of any dialectic, the film drones on and on like the self-obsessed bore in the stalled lift.

There are tiny pockets of humour here and there, though they're restricted solely to the nuances of expression and evoke the cultured Hampstead titter rather than the East End guffaw: *My Dinner With Andre* is not funny, just "amusing". And not often.

As for the direction, Malle tries a varied selection of shots — more pans than the kitchen, more cuts than The Death Of A Thousand — none of which add anything of substance to the picture.

After all, it doesn't really matter from which angle you watch two people eating and talking, unless you're Orson Welles; and there's more life and consequence in the breakfast scene from *Kane* than in the whole of *My Dinner With Andre.* You have been warned . . .

Andy Gill



I, THE JURY: Armand Assante leaves his apartment to go clubbing.

I AM THE BORE

I, The Jury

Directed by Richard T. Heffron
Starring Armand Assante, Barbara Carrera and Alan King (Warner Bros)

LIKE THE artificial Bondies, *I, The Jury* is one writer's fanciful daydream distorted into fast, frivolous film language.

Mickey Spillane's post-Patton hero ends up on modern day streets as a diseased Dick Deadshot with an extremely limited aim in morality and a predictably unethical 'nobility'. From the first, bitter, twisted image of an armless cop the lazy viewer is degraded — by both formula and dead smut.

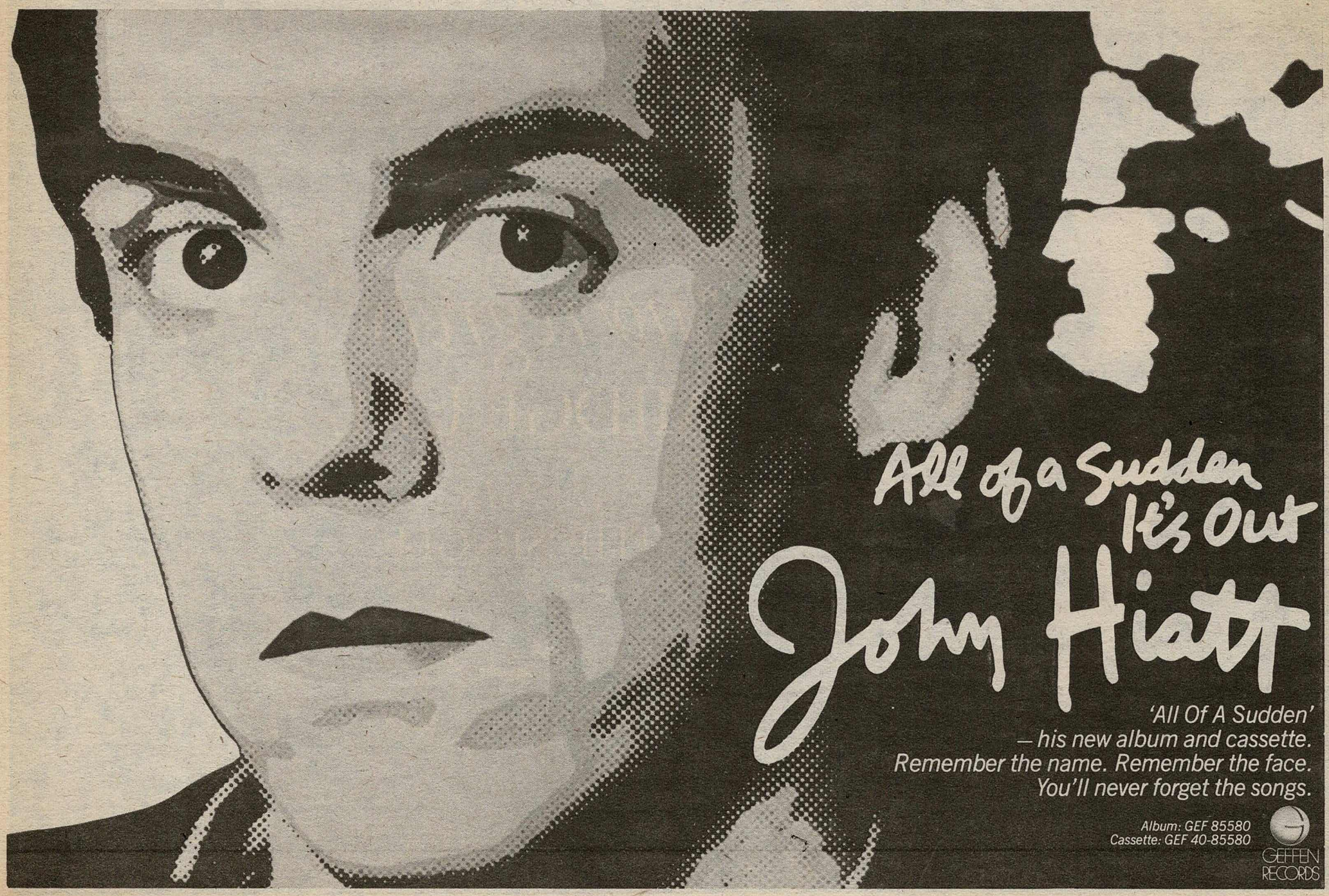
***I, The Jury* is the basic representation of one man's 'inspiring' ability to dominate his environment through physical strength and an apparently admirable indifference: Mike Hammer is the man who chews bullets as easily as he chews breasts.**

As Armand Assante's Hammer sub/superhumanly smashes and grabs his way to the centre of a mafia-monster system (deflecting all the bullets with his fingernails), *Jury* slips erratically between silly *Lost Ark* exuberance and a nasty, conventionally bad-tempered film-violence.

Buried beneath the cuts and bruises and cussed determination there's an appealing relationship between the standard banal, exasperated cop (Alan King) and the rampant Hammer. At its most reasonable *I, The Jury* is fluent American TV fantasy for Thursday late nights; at its most unreasonable it's the cynical, disagreeable Bastard Blowing Brains Out, spitting at the teeth of death etc.

Presumably we're supposed to wish we were as 'free' as Mike Hammer. I'd rather be a coward, if that's the right word.

Paul Morley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RHYME AND REASON

DAVE HILL takes a leisurely stroll by the river and re-discovers The Age Of The Immaculate Song with Everything But The Girl. Pastoral pic: DAVID CORIO.

"THE BEST songwriters, that people *remember,*" he insists, "are Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, Rogers and Hart, and people like that . . . All the good *songs* that people remember have always got good tunes to them. So we decided to write *tuneful* songs, with a mind to, you know, good chord sequences, nicely played and stuff."

Ben Watt really likes his tunes, his chords and his artfully conceived lyrical formats. He also plays piano and guitar. Tracey Thorne, who you will know as a Marine Girl, is blessed with a cool, yet ardent voice of luxurious clarity and rich, dark tone.

Together, they are Everything But The Girl, and Cherry Red Records this week release their EP — which will demonstrate both their belief in the timelessness of the immaculate song, and their desire to rekindle the meticulous musical qualities of the popular jazz age.

No revival, no reconstituted lifestyle tips — "We're not going to go swanning round Richmond in bow ties and dinner suits." Just a reminder of some forgotten values, fired by an enthusiasm for their capacity to move.

The EP's one cover version is Porter's immortal 'Night And Day'. Ben: "Cole Porter must have spent *hours* writing his songs! There's that lovely balance between the sadness of the song, and the cleverness with which it was written. While you can have a simple emotional reaction, at the same time you're aware of the *way* that the songs have been written, and the brilliance with which the writer has come up with such good chords. It's not the first thing that comes into the bloke's head. It's not just the *obvious* lyric, the *obvious* rhyme."

The EP will also bring us The Marine Girls' 'On My Mind' single, rearranged to match the mood of the classic; and Ben's own 'All I Need' — his attempt to put the theory into practise.

It's Tracey's voice, though, that lifts the tunes into an extra dimension. The style gives it room to stretch out, and achieve just the right sympathy with each melancholic shade. "I'm not saying I'm a brilliant singer or anything," says Tracey, wincing as she spots a compliment headed her way, "but I think there is an absence of good singers about."

Ben and Tracey might laugh at the mention of Orange Juice and Haircut 100, but they're not putting them down. They just think we might be missing something.

Ben: "I'm not saying pop music today is rubbish because it's so impermanent. But the old songs were pop songs of their time, and they've got lasting qualities that make people still listen to them in 1982 as well as 1935."

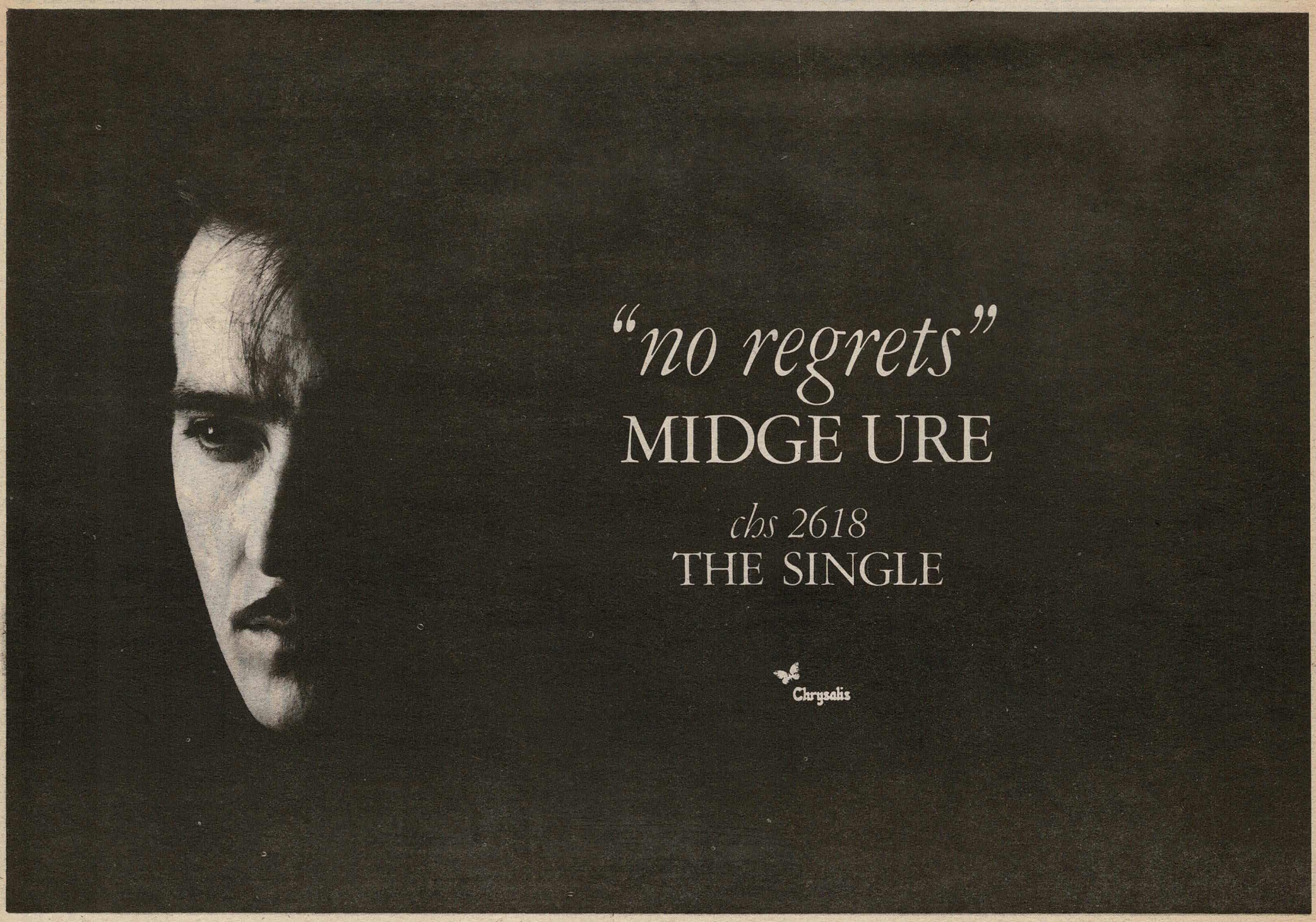
Tracey: "There'll always be a place for good songs, just as there'll always be room for people striking out and doing revolutionary things. But while there are so many people who think it's enough to beat a bucket with a wooden spoon . . ."

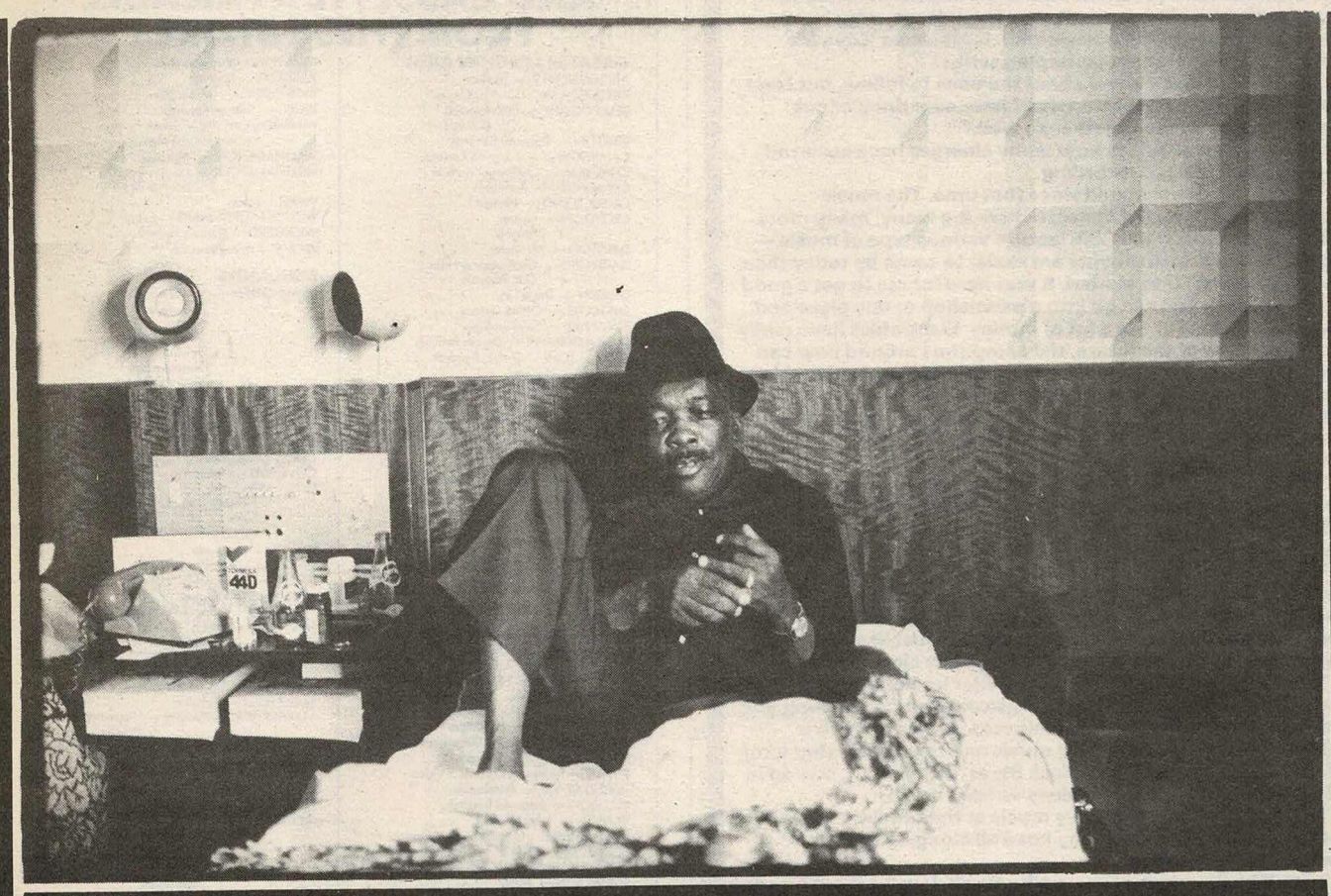
You can find the pair of them on other records too. There's Tracey's recommended stuff with The Marine Girls, and there may be a mini-album of her own songs soon. Ben released a single this time last year, appears on Cherry Red's 'Perspectives And Distortion' compilation, and recently produced a 12-inch EP of five songs with help from Robert Wyatt. It's a distinctly personal collection of "five songs covering six months", he says, and showcases the special Watt guitar noises, piano and voice with considerable effect.

Meanwhile, in Richmond, David Corio, me and them stroll up the tow-path along the Thames, past the pensioners and truants, looking for some swans or a wodden seat with a sponsor's plaque to pose by. My ice cream slowly melts. It seems a long way away from the West One gloss, the flotsam, the theories and the fantastic fun.

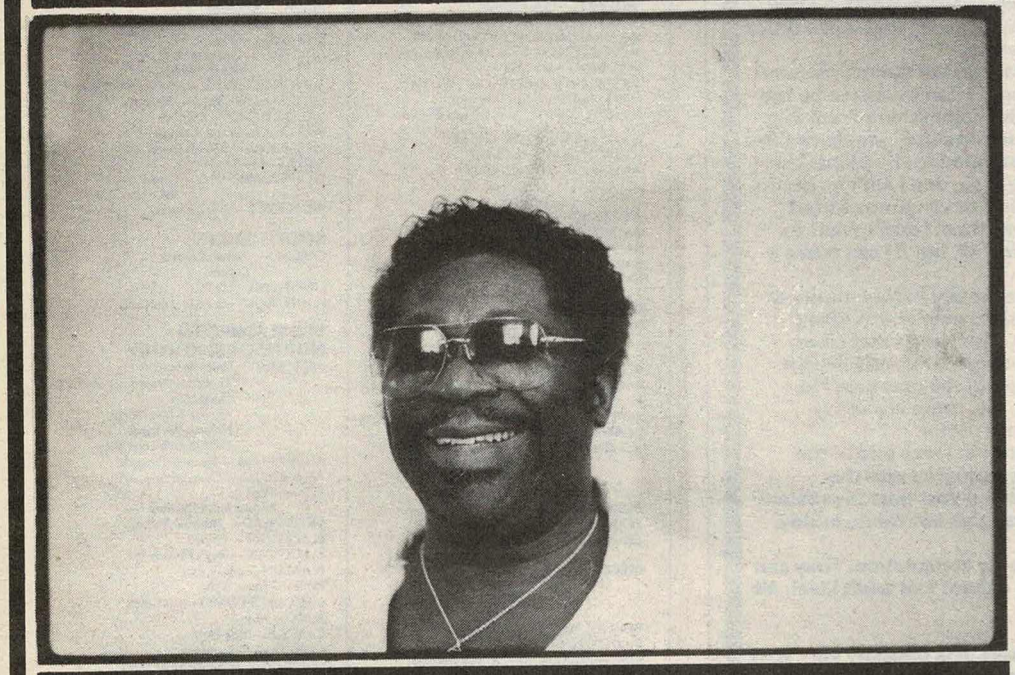
You might think Everything But The Girl sounds a pretty square idea. But if I can find them a space alongside 'Poison Arrow', 'Ghosts' and 'God Save The Queen', I'm sure you can too. There's more than one pathway that leads to the heart.

"Swanee, how I love ya, how I love ya, my dear old Swanee." Ben Watt and Tracy Thorn wax lyrical.

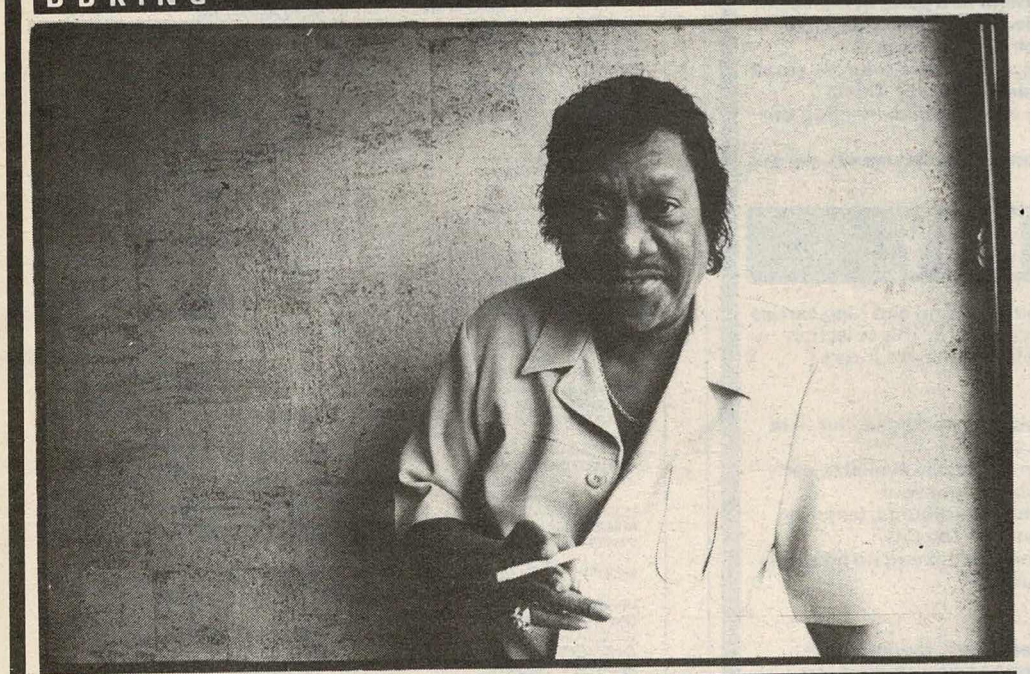




JOHN LEE HOOKER



BB KING



BOBBY 'BLUE' BLAND

TALKIN' BLUES

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY in the role of confessor. Photos: PENNIE SMITH.

"Listen to the blues! Listen to what they're saying to you. . ."

THE BLUES speaks haltingly at first, haltingly and quietly in a darkened room. The curtains are drawn to shut out whatever passes for daylight during a dull noon hour in Hammersmith, and a battered guitar case decorated with stickers leans up against one wall.

John Lee Hooker is stretched out in one of the twin beds, his head propped up against a pair of pillows. He seems very small and frail, almost shrunken; it is as if he had once been bigger, much bigger. He is wearing a black satin shirt open over a blue vest, and his fragility is offset by a stylish, globular pot belly. He is unwilling to talk for for more than half-an-hour.

John Lee Hooker: born August 22, 1917 in Clarkesdale, Mississippi, the son of sharecroppers, and one of eleven children. He learned to play guitar starting with plunking a strip of rubber nailed to a barn wall. At 14, he ran away to Memphis and worked his way to Cincinnatti and finally to Detroit where his musical career took off and where he made his first records. For a variety of labels he cut a bewildering profusion of tracks, scoring biggest with 'Boogie Chillen', 'I'm In The Mood For Love', 'Crawling King Snake', 'Dimples' and 'Boom Boom'. Toured Britain in the early '60s and became a firm favourite among white blues fans, making inroads into the American rock audience in the late '60s'. . .

His voice is deep and quiet and hesitant: he has the strongest, thickest Mississippi accent I've ever heard. He talks about his early music.

"The first record I made in Detroit was for a company you would never have heard of: 'Guess I'm Alone' on Staff Records. That was my first little record; it was a small little company just around the community, it didn't get anywhere but just around town, to Ohio and places like that. Then I went to another label and met Bernie Besman. . ."

Bernie Besman recorded Hooker, entranced by his combination of rural 'downhome' style and ragged, clamorous urban intensity. He cut some of the most vital post-war blues tracks with Hooker, and they sold hundreds of thousands of singles. He also decided that his cut of the cake was insufficient, and — not content with paying himself as producer and label boss — took half of the songwriting credits as well.

"He didn't write *any*thing! He got into a lotta trouble for that," Hooker adds, not without an air of quiet satisfaction. "Now we got that squared away so he's no longer on them songs. After I started getting really big, his label couldn't handle it so they leased my masters out to Modern Records."

And that put him in some of the fastest R&B leagues of the time. Modern Records — which also incorporated the Crown and Kent labels — could boast the likes of B. B. King and Bobby Bland as leading rookies, and label boss Larry Bihari, like his opposite number at Chess Records in Chicago, was leasing masters of the likes of Sam Phillips as well, channelling blues from all over the country through their L.A. outlet. Out of all his work, Hooker expresses greatest fondness for his early sides: those and an album he cut in 1970 with Canned Heat, whose outstanding vocalist/guitarist/harpist/pianist Alan Wilson committed suicide before the album's release.

"He was *the man*. He was *the person*. He could play *anything*, and after he dropped out that band never was the same. He knowed my music like a *book*. He were really outstanding. . .

"What I'm doin' now is . . . I haven't been with a record company in a long, long time, but I just recorded a brand new album. What we doin' is goin' to find a company to lease the master to. It's a really good album, we planned it really good, all new stuff on there. My partner, he's in Vancouver, Canada . . . you probably heard's Vancouver . . . an' he sent out a lotta letters to a lotta companies an' he gotta lotta respond. We lookin' to un*load* this album on some company, an' it shouldn't be hard to do. Everybody know who John Lee Hooker is; everybody know what I do. It's the same kind of thing, but it's uptempo, it's a more modern sound. . .

So how does John Lee Hooker check for the modern sound? How does the master of downhome react to soul?

"Awww . . . soul I even hate to talk about, y'know? I don't put it down, but it just ain't my kind of music but if kids like it that's OK with me. I listen to mainly blues an' I like some of the hard *good* rock, I likes *solid* rock, sump'n with a good beat to it. I like the uptempo stuff, but it got to have a *feelin'*, ain't got to be just a bunch of noise. And I likes some good jazz too . . . but the blues is my bag. That's the only music that I *love*."

John Lee Hooker's music has stayed essentially the same throughout his recording career. He has presented himself in a variety of contexts, but *he* has remained constant to the harsh, droning modalities of the earlies Delta blues. He is a mere seven or eight years older than B.B. King, but musically they are separated by an entire era.

"Others have changed. Me, no. I ain't changed. I don't wanna change. I *could* change. I could go into disco . . . I can play it, but I don't wanna play it. I don't *feel* it. I got one record on the new cut where I did it just to try it out, called 'I'm Jealous'. It's got a disco beat to it. I did it 'cause we finished recording an' we run out of things to do on it and so we just jammed it out. Maybe it could be somethin' big, y'know, but i'm so into the blues, I don't care who change, I don't care who go for the big money, I'm gonna do what I like an' what I feel. I *feel* what I do.

"An' I'm doin' really good, I ain't hurtin' for money. I got that. A *lot*. I done invest my money in real estate, I got about five homes in the States. I could retire and never do it no more, but I love it too much. This is my life, y'know . . . "Things I like to do when I ain't workin': I love baseball, that's my hobby, an' cars is my hobby. I love drivin' new cars, I just got me the new Mercedes. You know the 360SL? I got a new one for '82, it's one of the *best* cars made. That's what I like in life: cars, baseball and I likes *ladies*," he chuckles loudly, "but I guess everybody do.

The phone rings. Hooker is informed that he is about to be photographed and hops spryly out of bed. He zips up his pants, buttons his shirt, claps his hat on to his head. He says his health is real good these days, it's just that he gets awful tired sometimes.

AND THE BLUES speaks warmly but carefully in a rich, furry voice. In the ante-room of a suite, cartons of Alpine cigarettes and a selection of white polyester suits are strewn around. A bedroom is through *there*. The walls fail to mask the sounds of afternoon television and a tenor saxophone player running through his scales.

Robert Calvin Bland, better known as 'Bobby Bland' or 'Bobby Blue Bland': born January 27, 1930, in Rosemark, Tennessee. Moved to Memphis in his mid-teens and joined The Beal Streeters vocal group, which also included B.B. King, Roscoe Gordon and Johnny Ace. He recorded for Modern and worked for B.B. as driver and valet, but didn't commit himself to music until after he came out of the army. Until 1961 he and Junior Parker toured as 'Blues Consolidated', but since 'Further On Up The Road' (1957), his first hit, he was a regular in the R&B charts. Neither a songwriter nor an instrumentalist of any distinction, he is purely a vocalist, and as such is probably the finest singer to come out of the post-war blues . . .

They don't call him 'Big Bobby Blue Bland' for nothing: Bobby Bland is *enormous*. He is about six foot three and solid, not the amiable butter-ball of his early photos, and not the ingenuous smiler of those early days, either. His face is lined, his eyes are wary and watchful, his exquisitely manicured fingers flash with heavy jewellery. His hair is neither in the extravagant conk of the '50s, nor the natural of the late '60s and the '70s, but long and straight, down over his ears, framing his forehead.

"I would not like to be classified as just a blues singer, because I do a variety of lyrics on the ballad side, but we do just about whatever comes along. When I first started listening, it was blues strictly, then spirituals — I am a Baptist — and then I started listening to Tony Bennett and Nat King Cole, Andy Williams and people in that line . . . more softer stuff. Nat was one of my great admirers . . . I really idolised the way he took his lyrics, his diction and his softness.

"And I listened to country and western, whatever had a story. In my early days I did the harsh blues kind of thing, but I really wanted to do the softer stuff. Sometimes I like to go back to the roots of things, get a good blues lyric going and see what I can get out of that, but mostly it's mellow. I like Nat because he had that velvet voice. Basically, I like to have that good story and I've had a lot of good musicians and good writers. I like anybody who has that good story for me to tell."

Bland had made his debut with Modern, but after his service stint he ended up recording for Don Robey's Houston-based Duke Records, ending up with ABC when that conglomerate bought Duke in '74.

"I'd done a lot of odd jobs. I specialised in parking cars in this garage and before that I was a grocery boy. I'd always wanted

CONTINUED OVER

BLUES FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

to sing — I sing all the time — but I never thought that I'd got into this particular thing that I have today.

"I'd always wanted to sing, but I had been singing spirituals because the background was a church background, basically. It wasn't that big a switchover, because the blues and spirituals have the same sort of phrasing, and you just sing 'baby' instead of 'My Lord'. I don't see anything *wrong* with singing the blues: I just don't put the two together. I'm just as much a believer today as I was before I knew anything about the blues. I serve The Lord in whatever I am doing, but I wouldn't put the two together. I believe in doing one thing at a time. I did a spiritual album before the last one called 'Ain't God Something?' and I can relate to that: he *is* something."

Bland first met B.B. King when the older man came to Memphis from Mississippi and scored his slot on radio station WDIA. B.B. combined singing and dee-jaying and "being the kinda fellow that he is, always willing to help someone out," he let the young Bland sing a number or two on his show. Bland had known King from his records before they actually met, and his admiration has remained undimmed over the years.

And who else does Bland check for vocally?

"I get a lot of pointers from different people, diction-wise or phrasingwise. Nat King Cole, as I said, for that softness, Perry Como for the old standards, because he shows no strain whatsoever when he's doing a song . . . Andy Williams and Tony Bennett. But I had a lot of idols when I started: Joe Turner, Lowell Fulson, Jimmy Witherspoon, Roy Brown, and for today . . . well, B. is one of my favourites. But for soft music, it's got to be Como, Brook Benton, those kind of people. I like Earth Wind and Fire, I listen to War . . *'you got the pow-weeerr'*. . . but I'm not really into groups.

"I also like country and western. I did a country album a little while back but they told me it was too bluesy. It didn't do any good because of the way I was doing it, I don't know, but *I* thought I did it just the way I do everything else because I couldn't be just a plain country singer. I was *raised* around country music in a little place called Rosemark Tennessee, and all you could get on the radio at night-time was Roy Acuff, Red Foley, Eddie Arnold, those type people. I think Kenny Rogers is doing a beautiful job as the new singer in country and western.

"Blues and soul . . . I don't see how you can define them . . . I think they are just one and the same. They are about facing the facts and seeing that things are as they are . . . if there is something that you can do about it, then you better try, and it if doesn't work out then you had better just chalk it up to experience if it's not in your favour. That's what it's all about. I find myself weighin' things, because there's always two sides to everything, two different approaches or whatever. It's like havin' a good woman. You got to cherish her, you got to try and see things how she sees them, and feel what she feels . . . I call that facin' facts."

Probably the most oft-heard criticism made of Bland is that his show is heavily Vegasised: that he is verging on MOR. Well, he's no Vic Godard, but when the moment comes it's definitely an album of standards. What else would you expect from a hard-core Perry Como fan?

THE BLUES speaks in an animated, precise, warm tone which masks what sounds like real fatigue. In a bright, airy room with cases of flowers, bowls of fruit, packages of albums and a bottle of whisky carefully distributed over the furnishings, B.B. King is being interviewed by two journalists at once. Short and stocky, but drastically slimmed down from his last visit here, he holds court in every sense of the word.

Riley B King, known as B.B. King: born September 16, 1925, in Indianola, Mississippi. He was born on a plantation, and when he was four his parents separated. He went to live with his mother, but rejoined his father at nine when his mother died. At 18 he quit plantation work to hitch to Memphis, where he played at parties and on the streets. His first singles, cut in 1949, were hits and he had already made a local success as a deejay. He criss-crossed American endlessly in 20 years before he was discovered by the white rock audience. Since then he has become universally accepted as the most prominent and respected blues singer in the world and probably the most influential electric guitarist alive today. He has played all over the world — including in the Soviet Union — and is an Honorary Doctor Of Music at Yale University.

B.B. King's belly occupies the no-man's-land between his blue slacks and his safari shirt, his glasses have a discreet *BBK* on one lens and his hair is impeccably styled into wet-look curls.

"I've always wanted to go to Greece," he is telling a Greek writer. "And it always seemed like something happened, I was never able to go."

The other writer asks him about the "incredible enthusiasm". "Last night was a first for me," B.B. King proclaims, "because I've never sung on the same bill as Bobby Bland *and* John Lee Hooker before, *ever*. We didn't discuss last night who was gonna come back on stage at the end and so the joke was on *me* because I planned to surprise everybody, the audience as well as Bobby and John — 'cause we really didn't plant nothin' — and I was the one who was surprised because John was not there when I called him. I felt that *history* was made, because even in the States this has never happened before."

My turn comes up. B.B. had been up until 5.30 that morning, and had spent the day doing a series of gruelling radio interviews, with the result that — despite the extremely professional face that he was putting on to everything — he was absolutely knackered.

I tell him he looks tired.

"Well, this is very important to me. I want all my fans, or anybody's who's interested, to know anything that they might want to know about me. Who knows? Someone in this big . . . metropolitan . . . might want to know just the thing that *you're* going to ask, and if that's the case, I'd like them to know."

And the weird thing is that he is utterly convincing. That — coming from most other people I've interviewed — would sound like the most horrible, creepy, self-serving bullshit, but from B.B. King it means just what it says. Just as his personal warmth cuts through any showbizzy soft soap on stage, his integrity and courtesy are beyond doubt when you talk to him.

So I started out by asking for his opinion on Charles Sawyer's recently-published biography of him. "Let me say it this way: 'Charles Sawyer is a good friend of mine, and when he was getting ready to do the book — he asked to do it about ten years prior to that — he said, 'What I want to do is write about B.B. King the *man*, not the musician. I wanna write about *you'*, so I said, 'Fine, as long as there's truth in what you write I won't fight you'. And I haven't found anything that he wrote that wasn't true.

"There's a few things in there that I would probably not have wrote if I'd been doin' it myself, but there's nothin' there that I'm ashamed of. And he did a *lot* of *re*search. There's things in there that he brought up that I was in error about. I'm happy about it."

In the book, Sawyer states that B.B.'s ambitions were to record a country album, an album of standards, a big band album and a tribute to Louis Jordan. Is his latest 'Love Me Tender', the first in that masterplan series?

"Right, it is. I don't know about the ones to follow, but I feel that this is the greatest thing that I have ever done or put together. It just came together so well."

It certainly emphasises how many changes have occurred since you first started recording.

"Everything has changed since that time. The music . . . exposure have changed because there are many, many more radio stations today that will feature various type of music — and some blues. Instruments are easier to come by today than they were when I first started. It was hard for me to get a good guitar, but now you can go into a pawnshop or any place and get a good guitar for not a lot of money. Electronics have really become a thing of the future, the computers around now can see a sound and tell you exactly what it is. It may not be able to create it because you have to have a person to do that, but all of this is available. When I was a kid I never used to know the word 'computer' because the word was not needed. All of these things have made music change.

"The world is constantly progressing, and you've got to do the same to stay alive and be around in that world."

Bobby Bland told me earlier on that country music was always around for black people in the South.

"I heard it long before I heard a radio, because in the Delta there was poor whites just like there was poor blacks. They would sing country music and we would sing it too: we called it 'the white man's blues'. We can sing theirs just like they can sing ours — same difference, but everybody sings gospel.

"Learning to play guitar I used to order books teaching you to play, and the books would have musical notation teaching you where to put your fingers, and this was always done to a country song. I learned to read music and to play like that long before I could play 'Three O'Clock Blues' (his first hit, scored in 1952) because there was no blues written down.

"I was well aware of country music at the time, then, just like I was of gospel. It's been in my head all along, I just didn't choose to continue it.

"I don't know which of them albums I'll do next. That's gonna depend on the trend of the music and how the company sees the next album. But at the moment my health is good — I feel real well — and I don't feel in no big hurry to try and finish those other special albums off before I pass on.

"What I wanna do is stay within the trend of the mainstream of music today, but don't get me wrong. I don't want to be too mod. I don't want to get creative to the point where I'm doing something for '92. I want it to be something that people can live with *now*. I don't want it to be sophisticated to the point where it ain't B.B. King — I want it to *be* B.B. King, and I ain't forgettin' my roots of 'Three O'Clock Blues.' I ain't *never* gonna forget that, but nor do I want it to be as it was then. I don't want to make another 'Three O'Clock Blues' for '49, but if I can make a 'Three O'Clock Blues' for '82.

You sounded then as if you were just really *in that moment*.

"I can't be like that now. I'm concerned now about many things now, but then I was only concerned with what I was doing *then*. I didn't even really give a damn if *no*body liked it. But then I started to think, 'No, you're *not* the greatest. No, you're *not* the only one that can do it. No, there are *many* people that can do the same thing if not better'.

"That I thought later, but *then*, I thought I was one of the greatest singers around, man! I never thought I was the greatest guitar player, but . . . *that's* when you start to practice. That's when you realise there's a lotta guys out there, buddy, that can do *exactly* what you doin' . . .

"But they can't be you! That's the only consolation. They can be good, they can be *better*, but they cannot feel what I feel. *No one knows what I feel* . . .

NO ONE FEELS what the Blues Boy feels. It is possibly very easy to attack — from a white rockist standpoint — what the bluesman do these days, to attack them as a gang of old Vegas showbiz cop-outs. Joe Strummer does, and I know what he means, but I disagree with him: their journey from the depression in the Delta to the success they have today — small as it is compared to the success achieved by, say, Olivia Newton-John — is a longer journey than anybody reading this pater can possibly have taken.

No one knows what the Blues Man knows: you never get out of these blues alive.

DISCOGRAPHY

ANY DISCOGRAPHY of men like Hooker, Bland and King carries with it the automatic proviso *if you can find it.* This selection concentrates on stuff that shouldn't be too hard to locate.

BOBBY BLAND

The Best Of Bobby Bland (MCA). Shoddily packaged, but — in its 20-year, 20-track span — definitive.

Here's The Man! (Duke/ABC). The most readily available early '60s album. A riot of tough but silky blues and soul.

Dreamer (ABC). The best-known of his '70s albums, featuring the original 'Ain't No Love In The Heart Of The City'.

Reflections In Blue (ABC). More recent, containing no hit single but a series of marvellous performances.

JOHN LEE HOOKER

John Lee Hooker Volume 1 (Ace). Early stuff, ranging from raucous workouts with a sax-led band to spine-chilling solo efforts. Contains his first two big hits 'Boogie Chillen' and 'I'm In The Mood'.

This Is Hip (Charly). Late '50s, early '60s material including 'Dimples', 'Boom Boom' and a wonderful sleeve by someone whose name currently escapes me.

'Everybody Rockin' ' (Charly), 'No Friend Around' (Charly). From the same period when Hooker was recording for the Chicago-based Vee Jay label.

B.B. KING

The Best Of B.B. King (Ace), The Memphis Masters (Ace). A fool-proof selection from King first half-dozen years as a recording artist 1949-55. Wonderful.

Live At The Regal (ABC), Blues Is King (ABC). The crucial mid-'60s live albums, and the pinnacle of recorded King. Hard to get but worth the search.

The Best Of B.B. King (MCA). A selection of his '70s work, featuring 'The Thrill Is Gone'.

Midnight Believer (MCA). The first of his collaborations with The Crusaders.

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CHINGFORD — Turntable
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CROYDON — Grants
Knights
DALSTON — Mr Music
DARTFORD — Challenger & Hicks
O.K. Records
DEBDEN — Disco City
EASTCOTE — Oldies Galore
EDGWARE — Stephen Siger
EDMONTON N9 — Dereks Records
ELTHAM SE26 — Dereks Records
ENFIELD — Harlem
EPSOM — MJM
ERITH — T.W. Records
FOREST GATE — Gilbert's Records
FULHAM RD SW10 — Raven Records
GILLINGHAM — O.K. Records
GRAVESEND — O.K. Records
HAMMERSMITH W6 — Pricebusters
HOLLOWAY — Sounds To Go
HORNCHURCH — Videodisc
ILFORD — E & C Records
Downtown
ISLINGTON N1 — Don's Records
KENTISH TOWN NW5 — Stereo Electronics
KINGSTON — Bentalls
LONDON EC3 — Fenchurch Records
LONDON EC1 — Leather Lane Music
MAIDSTONE — Challenger & Hicks
MUSWELL HILL — Harlem
Tudor Pride
NEW MORDEN — MJM
NORTH FINCHLEY — Arcade Music
Loppylugs
OXFORD ST. W1 — Selfridges
PINNER — Records and Disco Centre
PLUMSTEAD — T.W. Records
RUISLIP — Lightning Records & Video
RUPERT ST. W1 — Pricebuster
SELSDON — Page 43 Records
STAINES — John Menzies
STRAND WC2 — Music Discount Centre
SURBITON — MJM
SYDENHAM SE26 — L & B Records
TOLWORTH — MJM
TURNPIKE LANE — Derek's Records
WATFORD MARKET — Old Town Records
WELLING — O.K. Records
WELLS ST. E9 — Sgt. Pepper Music
WELWYN GARDEN CITY DEPT. STORE — Tracks
WENTWORTH ST. E1 — Derek's Records
WEMBLEY — Menzies
WESTBOURNE GROVE W2 — The Hit
WILLESDEN NW10 — Menzies
WOOD GREEN N22 — Derek's Records

SOUTH OF ENGLAND

ABINGDON — Haken & Bell
AMERSHAM — Record House
ASHFORD — Longplayer
Turntable
AYLESBURY — Record House
BANBURY — Music Market
BARNET — Harlem
BARNSTAPLE — Menzies
BASILDON — Godfrey Photographic
Kelleys Radio
BASINGSTOKE — Knights
BATH — John Menzies
Rival Records
Music Market
BEDFORD — Andy's Records
BERKHAMSTED — J & J Records
BIGGLESWADE — Horace Gale
BODMIN — Riverside Records
BOREHAM WOOD — Liquorice Pizza
BOURNEMOUTH — Disc Music
John Menzies
Uptown Records
Derek's Records
BRENTWOOD — Kelleys Radio
BRIDGWATER — Radio Rentals
BRIGHTON — Subway
Subway Records
BRISTOL — Disc'n'Tape
Radio Rentals
Rival Records
Sound Seekers
BURGESS HILL — Rounder Records
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CAMBRIDGE — Andy's Records
Stall
The Beat Goes On
CANTERBURY — Longplayer
CATERHAM — Goodness
CHATHAM — Longplayer
CHELMSFORD — Pop Inn
CHESHAM — Record House
CHESHUNT — Discland
CHIPPENHAM — Music Man
DOVER — Plantation
EASTBOURNE — Max
EASTCOTE — Oldies Galore
EASTLEIGH — Jack Hobbs
EXETER — Pitts
EXMOUTH — Lawes Radio
FAREHAM — Subway Records
Venus
GLOUCESTER — Music Market
GUERNSEY — Number 19
Rediffusion
GUILDFORD — Bonaparte Records
GUILDFORD — Derek's Records
Subway Records
Venus
HARLOW — Startime Records
HARLOW — Startime Records
HATFIELD — J & J Records
HAVERHILL — Andy's Records
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD — J & J Records
Old Town Records
HERTFORD — Tracks
HIGH WYCOMBE — Venus
HITCHIN — D J Records
Record Shop
HODDESDON — Tracks
HUNTINGDON — Discround
IPSWICH — Andy's Records
Discround
JERSEY — Inner Sleeve
Lady Jayne
LEIGH ON SEA — Fives
LEWES — Record Centre
LOUGHTON — Trumps
MAIDSTONE — Longplayer
MARGATE — Longplayer
MARLOW — Chiltern Sounds
MINEHEAD — Sounds Good
PLYMOUTH — Arcadia
Radio Rentals
Subway Records
POOLE — John Menzies
PORTSMOUTH — Portsea Co-op
Subway Records
RAMSGATE — Longplayer
RAYLEIGH — Discosystems
Fives
READING — Knights (all branches)
Quicksilver
REDRUTH — John Oliver
ROMFORD — Streetlife Records
ROYSTON — Tracks
ST. ALBANS — Kitharon
ST. AUSTELL — Hockings
ST. IVES — Discround
ST. NEOTS — Discround
SOUTHAMPTON — Henrys
Subway Records
SOUTHEND — Golden Disc
TAUNTON — Radio Rentals
TORQUAY — Soundz
TROWBRIDGE — Music Man
TRURO — Saffron Records
TUNBRIDGE WELLS — Music Room
Volunteers
WALTHAMCROSS — Menzies
WALTHAMSTOW — Derek's Records
Sounds Right
WARE — Tracks
WESTON-SUPER-MARE — Exons
WICKFORD — Adrians Records
YEOVIL — Acorn Records

MIDLANDS

BIRMINGHAM — Cyclops Sound
Incredible Records
Inferno
Inkley Sound
Lewis
Shooting Star
Studio Musica
Virgin
BRAMHALL — Ken Polk
CANNOCK — A & F Records
COALVILLE — Randalls
CORBY — Discovery
COVENTRY — Inferno
DERBY — Re Cords
Richards Records
Siren
Unitapes
DUDLEY — Graduate
EVESHAM — Records & Tapes
ILKESTON — Reynolds
KETTERING — Revolver
KINGS LYNN — Bayes Recordium
LEICESTER — Ainleys
St. Martin's
Revolver
LEAMINGTON SPA — Discovery
LINCOLN — Pride
MANSFIELD — Revolver
MARKET HARBOROUGH — Discovery
Preedy
MELTON MOWBRAY — Pendulum
NEWARK — Pride
NORTHAMPTON — Preedy
J. Lever
NORWICH — Andy's Records
NOTTINGHAM — Arcade
Foxes
Pendulum
Revolver
Selectadisc
OXFORD — Music Market
PETERBOROUGH — Andy's Records
RUGBY — Berwicks
Fast City
RUSHTON — LNA
SOLIHULL — Focus Records
Studio Musica
SUTTON COLDFIELD — Mere, Green Records
SUTTON IN ASHFIELD — Revolver
WELLINGBORO — Revolver
WARWICK — Bonell & Curtis
WEST BROM — Sounds Good
WIGSTON — Kemble
WOLVERHAMPTON — Gould
JBC
WORCESTER — Music Market

SOUTH WALES

CARDIFF — Buffalo Records
Spillers
CWMBRAN — Tracks
PONTYPRIDD — Rainbow Records

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(branches throughout Scotland)
Elena Mae
Murray & MacKinnon
Newmarket Tapes
The Other Record Shop
ALTRINGHAM — Discount Records
ASHINGTON — Olivers Stores
AYR — 2001
Record & Card Centre
BIRKENHEAD — Skeleton Records
BLACKBURN — Reidy's
BLACKPOOL — Ray's Melody Inn
BLAYDON — Music Box
BLYTH — Music Blyth
BURTON-ON-TRENT — Re Cords
BURY — Vibes
CARLISLE — Pink Panther
CHESTER — Penny Lane
CHORLEY — Malcolm Music Land
Martin's Record & Tapes
CLEVELEY — Cobweb Records
DONCASTER — Fox
DUMFRIES — Domino Records
Gardner & Ball
Semple & Ferguson
DUNDEE — Bruces
Chalmers & Joy
I & N Records
DURHAM — Musicore
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EDINBURGH — Ard Radio
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Phoenix
The Other Record Shop
ESTON — Peters Records
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FORMBY — Quirks
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Discas
Disc Boutique
Fiesta
Listen
Lost Chord
23rd Precinct
Tempo Tapes
Tom Russells Record Bars
HANLEY — Mike Lloyd
Lotus
HULL — Sydney Scarborough
KIDDIMINSTER — Sounds Around
KILMARNOCK — Card & Pop Inn
KIRKCALDY — Sleeves
KNUTSFORD — Ken Polk
LANCASTER — Ear Ere
LIVERPOOL — Penny Lane
Phoenix
MACCLESFIELD — B.J.'s
MANCHESTER — Marshalls
Spin Inn
Virgin
MANSFIELD — Revolver
MIDDLESBORO — The Record Shop
MORECAMBE — Disco Music Centre
NEWCASTLE — Callers
Volume
Windows
NEWCASTLE - UNDER - LYME — Tony Benson
Mike Lloyd
PENICUIK — Taste Records
PERTH — The Concorde
PORT MADDOCK — Bangor
Cob Records
PRESTON — Brady's
Hardmans
SALTCOATS — Record Shop
SCARBOROUGH — Bernard Dean
Studio One
SHEFFIELD — All Bradleys Shops
SOUTHPORT — Town Records
SOUTH SHIELDS — Image
STIRLING — Grapevine
SUNDERLAND — All Binns Stores
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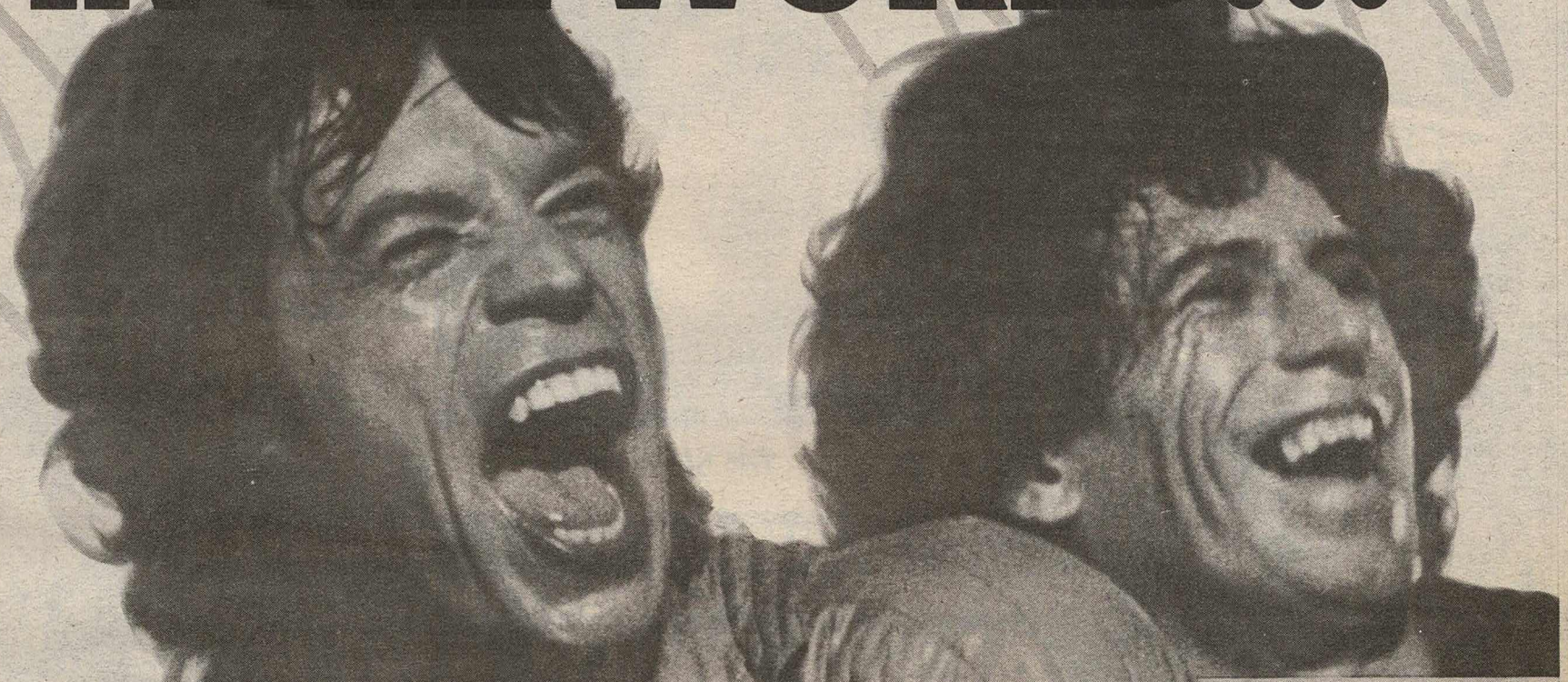

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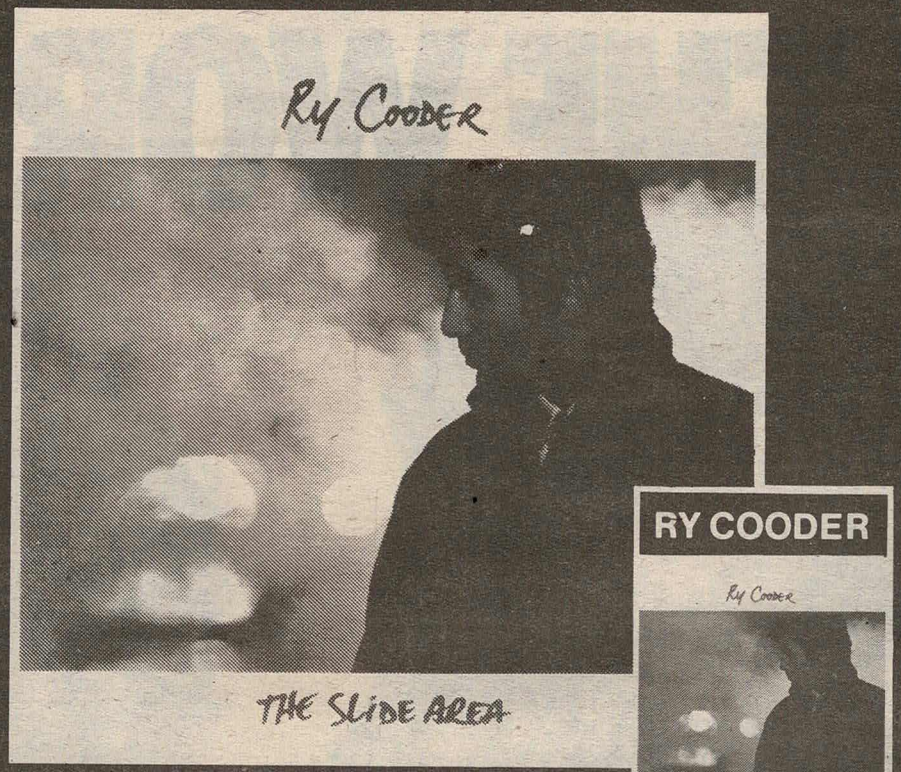

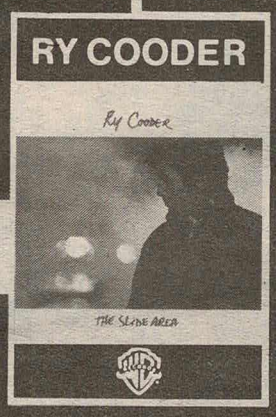

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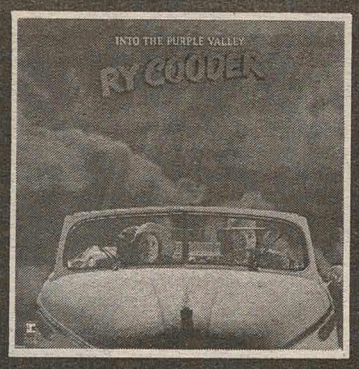

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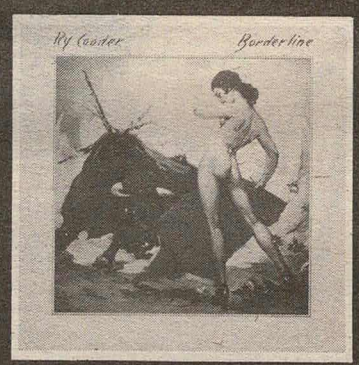

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TAKE A LIFT TO THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE TAKE A DRIVE ACROSS THE GOLDEN GATE DO ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE EVER DARED

TONY STEWART sees Britain's new pop conquer America with The Human League. They travel from New York to Los Angeles via San Francisco as feted celebrities. But inside the bubble there are traumas and difficulties as a delicate balance is maintained to ensure the group survive. PHOTOS: JOE STEVENS

Philip onstage at New York's Palladium.

PHILIP OAKEY AND ADRIAN WRIGHT WERE LEFT WITH THE NAME AND A HAIR CUT WHEN THE ORIGINAL HUMAN LEAGUE DIVORCED ACRIMONIOUSLY. NOW THE GROUP HAS A STARTLING INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION AND PHILIP HAS SHORT HAIR.

There's a lot of symbolism in that.

"I wanted to get rid of it from when I grew it," Phil announces. "It didn't suit me in any way. It looked horrible."

"It did do its job," blonde Susanne Sulley adds. "He only kept it to do a job: to get people to watch *Top Of The Pops,* to go into a record shop and say, I want that record; I don't know the name of the group, but the lead singer's got a funny hair cut.

"Now," she finishes simply, "everyone knows what we're called, so we don't need it any more."

MUSICALLY AMERICA HAS BEEN GROWING INTO A FAT, NONCHALANT WHORE, GRADUALLY GOING TO SEED OVER THE LAST FEW YEARS.

She'd allow herself to be abused daily by the moronic meaninglessness of heavy metal, or cooed by insipid, insincere love songs.

She heaved languidly. Even her FM radio — once so envied in Britain — started going for the big bucks with a restrictive, predictable playlist serviced eagerly by the major labels. It deteriorated to such a pathetic, dreary state that it was inevitable America would welcome the youthful penetration of British pop.

When 'Don't You Want Me' by The Human League danced off the club floors and over the WBLS airwaves in New York — a *black* FM station expanding into adventurous areas — it wasn't long before the whole continent was seduced by the excitement of something *new*!

And now there are seven in the group: the singers — Philip, Susanne and dark haired Joanne Catherall; the musicians — Ian Burden on bass and occasional synthesizer, Jo Callis and Mike Douglas (of OMITD) on synthesizers; and the visual director Adrian Wright with over 2,000 slides, 19 projectors, three dissolve units and five screens.

For the privilege of playing this short, debut US tour they are paying their audience a little over a dollar a head by underwriting the venture by as much as 30,000 dollars.

At least they stay in the very best of luxury hotels. In New York it's the grand Helmsley Palace with tophatted and liveried skivvies on the doors. It's the kind of place that if you break wind in the foyer somebody'll be on hand with a can of air freshener.

They run around in those long, sleek limousines with tinted windows — the sort ageing movie stars, US sports personalities and fascist dictators use. In Hollywood they cruise sedately down Sunset Boulevard, a back window half-open and the wind blowing off pretty Susanne's huge, round sunglasses, just lifting the front of her hair.

It's the same kind of unrealistic jolt of Sheffield that a space shuttle to the moon would be.

Joanne remembers she was fairly uncommitted about joining The Human League in the first place.

"There wasn't anything that I'd sort of like got me heart set on doing; I was just drifting along at the time. And this came along, and it was an opportunity to go and see Europe, take four weeks off school.

"We both said to each other it's not going to go to our heads. It's just for this one month. We'll come home and get back to school, get down to work again. Which didn't happen."

Nobody's rich yet, and the girls doubt they ever will be. Philip feels rich because he has the most he's ever had in his bank account, £2,000. Not a huge sum for a man who's had a Top Ten single in almost every country in the world. So the effect isn't power through money, although the thick bank rolls are in the pipeline and Adrian Wright, for instance, is already planning to invest it in a career as a movie director.

Their response to The Human League suddenly being an immensely popular international band is mixed. Philip and Adrian are cynical, weary of the deceit in this industry and reluctant even to accept they've got this right.

"I don't believe in our success yet," Philip tells me one night in the bar of the Hiatt House Hotel, in Hollywood, California — a place where there's a vast and frightening concentration of celebrities and wealth, of which The Human League were a part for five days.

"I'll believe in our success when we've had four singles in their Top 20, and when we've had two albums that've got in the Top 10, and then I'll say we're a success. Anyone can do one really good record. The classic example is M — in fact, it worked against him.

"The very worst thing that could have happened to The Human League was getting a number one with 'The Sound Of The Crowd'; that would have killed us. The same as I think Soft Cell are going to have a very, *very* difficult time from getting a number one with their first well known record . . . there's just so many people that have done it. You have one big record and no one will touch you again, They assume you've become the property of teenyboppers and teen magazines."

But that's another of Philip's serious concerns: making The Human League pop into something both successful *and* credible.

"Another thing that differentiates us from any other band is that I think we've got the intelligence in this group," and now it's beginning to sound like a boast. "I think we've got intelligence in this group beyond any that have reached this position before.

"Pop music has always run so much on luck, just relying on everything just happening to fall into place,y'know? One minute you're four lads from Liverpool, the next minute, Hey fantastic! We're in the United States with a number one. And I don't want us to do that. I want us to treat it . . . I'm not going to say The Beatles didn't treat it seriously, because I think they did. I think that was one of the secrets of The Beatles being the fantastic band that they were . . .

"I want The Human League to be a bigger band than The Beatles, which is not going to happen. I mean, that's obviously impossible. There's never ever going to be another group like The Beatles.

"However, that's my aim. And it's not very long since my aim was to be as big as Kim Wilde. So I suppose it is possible."

OVER

HUMAN LEAGUE

CONTINUED

Ian, Joanne, Philip, Adrian, Mike, Susanne and Jo. In the background, Alcatraz.

BUT FOR THE TWO GIRLS THERE'S AN INNOCENT EXCITEMENT IN BEING CELEBRITIES; PARTICULARLY FOR SUSANNE WHO'S BEEN SINGLED OUT FOR HER STAR ROLE ONSTAGE SINGING A SOLO VERSE ON 'DON'T YOU WANT ME', AND THE FACT SHE'S ROMANTICALLY UNINVOLVED. AN ATTRACTIVE, BLONDE DREAM GIRL, NO LESS.

They're uncorrupted and natural in their ebullience. When a party's thrown for them in New York's wonderful Danceteria nightclub by their American label A&M, they argue openly with Philip in the Palladium dressing room about going. He's reluctant, apparently unable to tolerate the music industry sycophancy, whereas the girls want to show off and have a good time.

Two hours later they are both really pissed, their speech slurred.

"We was looking for somebody nice to talk to," Susanne tells me in a dark corner, "So we've come over to see you."

She unsteady on her feet, the white wine in her glass splashing over the edge and onto the floor. I introduce her to Joe Stevens and she reacts instantly.

"Ooooh, we don't like photographers, we don't."

I introduce her to an American writer working on a piece for *Smash Hits* and Susanne is much more enthusiastic.

"We like *Smash Hits.* Me. I'll talk to anyone."

It's their naivety that 's so appealing, their unaffected *Northerness* that so often shows their provincial small-mindedness, too. At first I suspected Joanne of being petulant, a sulky girl with an unpleasant malicious streak. But she's just stubborn, unwilling to make 'political' compromises and brutally frank in her opinions.

The day we arrive in Los Angeles she refuses to stay at the infamous Chateau Marmont, celebrated as a film star's somewhat delapidated hideaway, and the place where John Belushi died.

"It were like Butlins" Joanne tells me when she, Susanne, Philip, Keith Bourton the Virgin press officer, and myself have a meal in the Hiatt, the hotel the three of them moved to leaving the others at the Chateau.

"You know what it reminded me of? Showers at Yarmouth caravan camp. That's the first thing that popped into me head when I walked into the room."

"It were just grotty," Susanne agrees with a grimace.

But Joanne also refuses to appear on *Solid Gold,* a prestigious coast-to-coast TV show that eclipses even *Top Of The Pops* for media power. The group were primped and made-up, all ready to go in front of the cameras, when they discovered that there were to be dancers on with them. Joanne told them to forget it, she and Susanne were the *only* Human League dancers!

"The TV programme was quite funny," Philip tells me over a drink; I drink the vodka, but he's a reformed character, on orange juice and coffee. "It's getting so easy to walk out of things these days. And it'll be so easy to sign up on the dole one day.

"The point that Joanne made — quite cleverly, because I was expecting her not to have a real good point about it — was, would we like it if they said, Well, we have a bass palyer here who'll stand along side and play bass with Ian? And we've got a keyboard player here and he'll play with Jo, and a singer and he'll stand next to you.

"As it 'appens, I think it was a little tantrum because lately we've been doing a great deal for money. Before we do anything or walk out on anything on *principle,* we all think really carefully, Will this lose us a lot of money and things? And we've been noticing that . . . so now we're going a bit the other way."

Philip is philosophical too about it. The record has been a success without the sort of exposure, although when discussing the issue

THE THINGS THAT

he thinks they should have negotiated more with the TV producers and tried to do the show. But it was enough that one person was uncomfortable in that situation.

"It was Joanne who decided to make some sort of stand on it, and then felt she couldn't pull back. And then we came back and had an argument about it; which is why you saw us walking out in the street."

We'd driven past them. There was a yard gap between Philip and Joanne and their faces were like thunder.

"It's very, very complicated," Philip sighs. "What with going out with Joanne an' all that, it makes life a bit more trickier than it would be if I didn't maybe."

And because of this relationship, perhaps, there'd been no group discussion; something they later regretted. At the studios, Adrian Wright had objected to pulling out.

"You wouldn't like somebody pretending to do the slides," Philip had said to him, his voice firm but placatory. *"It's the principle."*

"It's alright having a principle," Adrian replied gruffly, "but it's wrong when it goes beyond a certain point. Like a nationwide TV show . . ."

PRINCIPLES THEY'RE SO OFTEN THE ESSENCE OF THE HUMAN LEAGUE.

"Sometimes when decisions are made that I think are insane or irrational," the League's young manager Bob Last says, clearly referring to *Solid Gold,* "and I find upsetting, in the cold light of day that reassures me. And I think it reassures the group. They sometimes do things to reassure themselves, that they're *not* going to just do things to make money.

"It is a way of asserting to yourself that if the whole thing starts being ponderous and having no interest, and you don't believe in what you're doing, you're not just going to do it to make money.

"I also sometimes feel that these things are being done to teach me a lesson, because I'm obviously at the forefront of the interaction with the business. To some degree I shield the group from that, I suppose. And so I'm therefore the first one that's prone to going along with things for financial reasons, and sometimes I *need* something like that. It reminds me why we're doing it.

"We're not doing it just to increase cash-flow."

It's also there in the music, a confidence that what they're doing is *right*. 'Dare' is a superb LP, blending politics and pop, glamour and statement. This is machine music that has a simple lyrical liveliness creating an LP of technology *and* emotion, but most of all the excitement of invention.

And again in Los Angeles at their UCLA concert, there's an incident that challenges not only their principles but their dignity too.

A bouncer continually jerks himself lewdly at Susanne, leering at her throughout the show, clenching his fist and laughing with all his super-manly men friends.

"For some reason," Philip muses, obviously unable to understand it fully, "Sue gets it. I don't know why. And Joanne rarely does. But she's very professional about it though. Very professional. Because they're just idiots.

"But I suppose it's largely Los Angeles. That's what people are like here, isn't it? If they see a girl in nice clothes then they assume she's a prostitute 'cos that's what they see all day."

Again, that cynicism. Philip Oakey knows about life and is disturbed and disgusted by the blatant prostitution on the streets of LA. They need a Judge Dredd (the character from *2000 AD)* he tells me at one point, to gun them down. I AM THE LAW.

Life is now GLAMOROUS! and EXCITING! as they ride around the world in that familiar protective bubble; it's a land of make believe. And when they're fearful of the Los Angeles streets and want to avoid the working-girls and pimps, like snails they can retreat into the sanctity of their expensive hotels.

"I mean, it's not through choice," Susanne explains. "But like I was saying to Keith last night, I just get really frightened going out anywhere like this. You know what it's like going on Sunset Strip, because like me and Joanne tend to look a bit different, and if I walk out on my own — if anybody ever stopped me in a car . . .

"I'd be completely helpless if any one tried to get hold of me because I'm so *tiny* . . ."

Don't you feel you're missing a lot?

"Not here, no. The only thing that I want to see here is Disneyland, and we're going there the day after tomorrow. I don't particularly like it. Not here."

You don't think you should drive down Hollywood Boulevard and go to the Chinese Theatre and have a look at the stars' footprints set in concrete? I discovered today that I've got the same size feet as John Travolta.

"No. Nothing like that's ever really interested me.

"The only thing that I do regret *not* doing, not in America but when we went to Venice, I didn't go on a gondola.

"And me and Joanne nearly cried because we wanted to go on a gondola and Philip wouldn't go on one. We were stood at side of river going, 'Please Philip, take us on a gondola'."

What has the success of The Human League meant to you?

She snorts a laugh. *"God!".*

"I'm just having a really nice time and I can do what I want most of the time. It's meant losing a lot of friends, but making a helluva lot of friends who are really nice people. Which means a lot, because I think friends are really important.

"I can't say that it's meant me getting a lot of money because it hasn't. I haven't got a lot of money. And like the way things are going, I'll probably not *ever* have an excessive amount of money, but have enough to live on.

"But I still live at home with my parents anyway. It's not meant that I've been able to go out and buy a flat, do anything outrageous. I just live the same way, but I travel around a lot."

Do you feel yourself being detached from Sheffield? You said you lost a lot of friends.

"Oh, I did, yeah," she rues.

"When we joined the group everyone wanted to know us. I think that was because they thought that nothing was ever going to become of it. Then when 'Sound Of The Crowd' came out and we went on *Top Of The Pops,* the week after me and Joanne went in this nightclub in Sheffield called Pennie's, and no-one would talk to us.

"Then when 'Love Action' did really well, they all came back; they all wanted to talk to us, because they all thought, Oh they're gonna be quite big and it'll be nice to know people like that.

"And then I lost a lot more friends because I was never in Sheffield. People started to think, She's not interested in us any more, she only wants to know her big pop star friends, and her big record business friends down in London."

THE HAIRCUT HAS GONE BUT THE HUMAN LEAGUE HAVE THEIR GIMMICK — THE GIRLS.

Their role often seems to be decorative, a publicity plus and a sensation of sensuality onstage.

"But that's the only reason we joined the band," Susanne admits. "Not to be decoration, but the glamour aspect, because most groups that have done really well have had women — or a female element — in them.

"We originally joined, Philip asked us, for that reason: just to add glamour; to look pretty in photographs. We accepted that.

"I've never thought of myself as inferior or anything like that. Like Philip's *the star;* Philip's projected as *the star;* Philip acts *the star* onstage. I mean, I just act normal — although it might not look it, and everyone will dispute the fact. I show off, that's what I'm like."

Susanne smiles and transmits such a natural warmth that it's difficult not to be extremely fond of her. But for all her onstage sophistication, there's a childlike vulnerability. In America she's the gooseberry to Philip and Joanne, always making up a convenient threesome; a proper girl who needs to be chaperoned.

You can't help but wonder how lonely she is really.

"A lot," she sighs sadly.

"It's really lonely sometimes. I've got a really good friend called Michelle, and like I phone her up from over here, and I'm just sat in a hotel room watching TV and she's going out. She's been at work all day with her friends, and she's going out at night.

"And I admit my life's supposed to be a lot more glamorous than hers, but . . ."

Ringing up somebody in Sheffield from a 150 dollar a night suite in New York must create a gulf. You're staying in hotels that cost more a night than your friends earn in a week, don't you feel bad about that?

"No, I don't. That's the Paul Weller syndrome, isn't it?

"No. I don't feel guilty. It's odd because like I was saying the other night . . ."

That was at the dinner we had at the Hiatt, an informal function when Susanne and Joanne were particularly animated.

"I was saying to Joanne today when we were at the airport — I looked at the aeroplane ticket and for like them few little bits of paper there was nearly £3,000 worth of money there. We could have just gone. . ." She mimed ripping the tickets in half. ". . . and it wouldn't have meant anything.

"I find it really sad," Susanne continued. "Because I remember the first holiday I went abroad on with my parents, we went to Majorca for three weeks. And they'd saved up for two years to let us go. And I was thrilled with going on an aeroplane when I was 14.

"It was just like the most exciting thing that had ever happened to me. Now I do it everyday, and it dunt mean a thing to me.

"I can even remember the flight number: DA4416. And coming home it was DA 4417. It's just like little things like that that meant so much to me then."

It's when you forget those numbers you're in trouble.

"I'll not forget them numbers."

SUCCESS DOESN'T ONLY MEAN AN AIRLINE TICKET TO ROMANTIC PLACES. THERE'S BEEN SOME MUCK-RAKING PUBLICITY OF AN EXTREMELY PERSONAL NATURE.

One journalist continually badgered the group, often begging for interviews. At one point she phoned Julian Cope in the middle of the night and told him that Phil Oakey had committed suicide.

"She's stupid," Susanne exclaims disgustedly. "She's a real nutter. Fancy ringing somebody up and saying, 'Phil Oakey's just took an overdose'."

"She's daft," agrees Joanne. "She's completely off 'er 'ead!"

The group feel they've particularly been hounded by *The Sun,* that digusting ragbag of sexual innuendo and political spite. Philip believes this is because he's refused to have anything to do with them since they frontpaged the ASLEF traitors ratting on their workmates.

When the League's fanclub secretary died recently — his name was Ian Williams, he was only 21 and a former heroin addict — *The Sun* was on his case immediately.

"That was disgusting," Joanne says contemptuously. *"The Sun* sent people to his funeral, and then phoned me mother up at work and said, 'We've sorted through the flowers at Ian's funeral, why did you only send one bouquet? Can you tell me that please'."

The dirtiest deed of all was to locate Phil Oakey's ex-wife Anthea — who he'd left for a girl called Sue and then taken up with Joanne — and have her expose the intimate details of their relationship. Ex-wife and muckpaper even conspired to describe his sexual inadequacies.

Philip explains: "Although we got on well, when it does look like you're earning a lot of money, and getting famous, it does change people in such a strange way.

"I never thought her *in any way* capable of anything like that. I always knew she was *a little bit* strange, obviously. . ."

"She must have been," interrupts Susanne, "being married to Oakey. God, anyone must be strange."

"But she had been doing strange things," he continues. "Like going to her friends and saying I was going to go back to her . . . just after we got divorced. So I thought the easiest thing was not to contact her at all. And then that turned up, and I've just not talked to her since. Because I don't see the point communicating with someone that you can't trust."

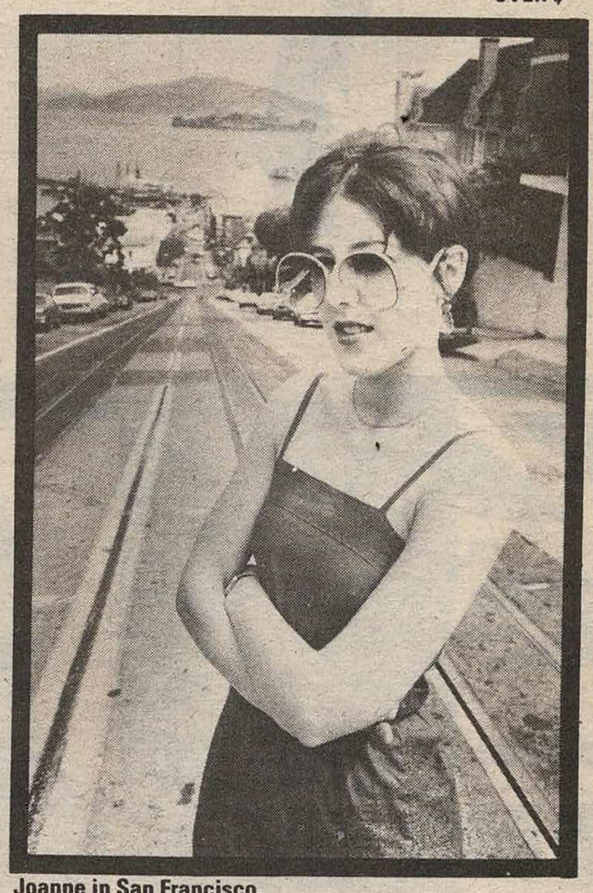
Isn't this just *the start* of some very unpleasant publicity?

"I don't think they can dig much more up really," Susanne replies. "They've dragged everything up that they can possibly do on Philip. I mean, they can't drag very much up on me and Joanne, can they?"

"I don't think there's *anything* to drag up," Joanne offers, perhaps with a little regret.

"I want The Human League to be a bigger band than The Beatles, which is not going to happen. I mean that's obviously impossible. However, that's my aim. And it's not very long since my aim was to be as big as Kim Wilde. So I suppose it's possible."
Philip Oakey

OVER ▸



Joanne in San Francisco.

DREAMS ARE MADE OF

HUMAN LEAGUE

CONTINUED

"They'll not get anything juicy."

The result is that they now use their position of success, that *power,* to control the media. They've spent thousands of pounds suing unauthorised poster magazines trading on their name; they control the photographs taken of them; they refuse to do interviews or picture specials in teen magazines.

They candidly admit they're extremely image conscious.

"Apart from anything else," Susanne explains, "we don't want to be this year's or last year's thing."

AND THIS IS PHIL TALKING...

He always wanted The Human League to be a pop band, even before Ian Craig Marsh and Martyn Ware left.

"That was always our intention, but in the old Human League I relied totally . . . there's a very heavy story that could come in here," he states solemnly.

"I was morally very degraded at that stage, because I was married but I was going out with another girl, and my wife didn't know about it. Because of that, and because the rest of the members of the group knew it, I didn't feel I was in any position to make judgements on right or wrong.

"I could see Martin and Ian — although they'd never say it; I give them that, they'd never just come and say it — but I could see them thinking, Well who are you to tell us what's right and wrong with what *you're* doing?

"So I went right into the background, until I finally got it out of the way and I told Anthea — and she told everyone in the world."

Now that his guilt has been expunged, Philip has discovered a morality of almost monastic self-denial. He is vehemently anti-drugs and off alcohol, and is eager to discharge any suggestions that The Human League have anything to do with the cocktail elitism of the London scene. In fact, he hates nightclubs.

He is also anxious to exorcise the more unpleasant aspects of his own arrogance, frequently expounding the virtues of the other League members, particularly Jo Callis and Ian Burden. And he now has a determination that echoes a North Country sensibility of hard graft, dedicating himself to the band and their music.

To deflate the potential pomposity of this philosophy, he's often self-deprecatory.

"I'm at my very happiest sitting working with synthesizers, or learning about the computers. That's what I've been doing lately. I like educational things.

"Terrible, isn't it really? Pop music playschool!"

You said you want to be bigger than The Beatles, but you know you never will. What does that mean?

"Competition. *I* want us to be thought of as the best."

That's not necessarily equated with commercial success.

"It largely is, in my head. I go for concrete things rather than artistic things, because that's an individual thing.

"It is actually a concrete that if you've sold more records since Paul McCartney, you *are* getting through to those people.

"I mean, the money . . . it's a nice idea and all that, but we don't ever get a chance to spend it. The most I ever had in my bank account in my whole life was £500. When I got married my Dad gave me it. I spent it, just like that. Now I've got . . . well, over £2,000. . .

"That sounds silly, but that's a helluva lot of money to me actually. I took £1,000 out to bring away with me and there's very little left that I want to buy because I'm happy with what I'm doing.

"Like a lot of people want to have a great big car, or they want a house or something, but I get everything I want with the group. I'm really happy as soon as I've got a synthesizer to play with, or the latest drum machine.

"No matter how many people come up and say, You've got all this money . . . it's not going to mean the same as being really good, in comparison with people that you've got some kind of respect for.

"When people are talking about us in terms of Roxy Music and David Bowie, and the people that when I'd just left school actually filled my whole life, I'll be happy. You know, to the extent that Gary Numan filled theirs . . ." He indicates the girls drinking at the next table. ". . . when we met them. Or Japan.

"And I think we're getting like that for people of the age we were then, which is quite something."

Roxy were obviously an influence for you, a musical inspiration. But what are The Human League communicating to people?

"Ideally I'd like The Human League to mean music to people, and beyond that to mean seriousness about what you're doing. 'Cos I think people should be serious about what they're doing. I hate it when people *joke* about what they're doing. . .

"The old Human League was a careless bunch, we would do good enough things and then we'd put them out. But from the split me and Adrian said we would never ever to that again. We're never ever gonna do good enough, we're going to do the best or else it's going to stay where it is.

"The Human League should represent an excellence in anything that you do, right down to album covers or the labels, for instance. The music comes first, but that also relies on the excellence; in fact, you don't put a record out unless it's brilliantly produced."

But you're trying to extend your control beyond the group. You're now attempting to interfere with the music press and ensure that your view of The Human League is the only one. Don't you think that's reactionary?

"Possibly," he grunts. "I'm not too sure what reactionary is."

When you want to suppress anybody else's opinions; it's a narrowness of view where *there is only one interpretation.*

"Difficult one to defend that, really.

"We have a passionate held belief that if we let anybody else interpret it, they're likely to do it wrong. Deep down, me and Adrian both believe that we know what The Human League is. Adrian believes *he* knows . . . and I think *I* know what it is. And Adrian could well be a little off somewhere. And that works both ways.

"I mean, we would control absolutely. That is reactionary towards our interests, because we believe we know what it's about."

I'm wary of any form of censorship. I think it's wrong.

"I used to. . ."

You don't now?

"No. I'm turning quite strange lately. It started round about the time I wrote 'I Am The Law', probably."

You talked of that before, that Los Angeles needed a Judge Dredd to come along and annihilate all the prostitutes.

"Oh, no, no, no. I quite like prostitutes," he now claims. "I mean, I've never met a prostitute knowingly, but the idea I think is quite a *good* one, quite constructive, *realistic.*

"But back to the Ian Williams thing.

"You see a guy who's just very, very easily influenced and then can't handle what the influence has led him into doing. The guy might not have been a heroin addict if it hadn't been for the Keith Richards of the world.

"The Keith Richards'll probably be there in 20 years time, and quite happy living in Bel Air, or wherever he happens to live. And the little guys down the street who read about him when they were 15 or 16 and want to impress their friends at school, are in Sheffield. Dead! In a graveyard!"

One could say you're a bad influence too. You wear make-up so are you encouraging men to become effeminate?

"Mmmm. I don't know. The drugs are more evil."

What about pierced nipples?

"Yeah. The nipples were a *problem,* actually. I wish I hadn't had those done. I get little girls ringing me up and asking me how to do them."

It's dangerous if they start doing it themselves.

"It's terrible, yeah. I don't say anything about it anymore. I don't let anyone see them, even though there are pictures about.

"I mean, I do discourage them. When I actually have a chance to talk to them myself I say, 'Don't do it. It's a really bad idea. It's stupid, and I'm an idiot'. But it's there. I've done it.

"I was less influential then, for a start. I never thought that anyone would want to be like me at that stage."

Are you conscious of that now?

"Yeah. But it could be useful. That's why I want to be able to take the drugs stand, because maybe there are people that will listen to that."

TALKING ABOUT ISSUES, IS THERE ANYTHING TO HUMAN LEAGUE MUSIC OTHER THAN A SUPERFICIAL POP NOISE?

"I don't know. The lyrics have tended to be a bit rubbishy.

"They're more explicit than they used to be, but they're personal. There's nothing that really touches on big issues *ever!* Unless you assume that the little issues are the big issues anyway, that most of the people that listen to The Human League are vaguely in one direction anyway, and you don't *need* to tell them that. Which is probably very inaccurate anyway.

"I would like to do an anti-fascist song; I'd like to do an anti-National Front song. I'd like to get that done because we could actually do some good there.

"But other issues are so fuddled, even between the members of the group, that it's difficult to know what to say. If we ever had a coherent message it's just to think carefully about all sides of an argument.

"A lot of our songs are like that. 'I Am The Law' is like that . . ."

The song was inspired by his previous job as a hospital porter when on a Saturday night-Sunday morning fight casualties would be brought in for surgery. A lot of them were club bouncers, people Philip despised. But through talking to them he rationalised his own prejudice and changed his views.

"I thought they must just be brutal prats whose aim in life was to beat people up. But they would point out that they needed the job because they needed the money. They were quite physical, and they felt that they were doing a very, very good job.

"I was amazed that there could be two viewpoints to being a bouncer.

"And I also got to know quite a lot of police on the job . . . and I was amazed to find that I agreed with what a lot of them said. And they weren't prats, they really thought they were trying to do some good."

CONTINUES PAGE 53

Who is the American Fool?

LPs

Richard, Eric and Mal

Pic: Anton Corbijn

THE ANTI-HUMANIST LEAGUE

CABARET VOLTAIRE

2X45 (Rough Trade)

WHAT IS least novel — and perhaps least satisfying — about the ascendancy of synthi-pop is its dependence on romantic humanist elements. Kraftwerk's love of melody, League's lush embrace of a kind of neutered hedonism and Depeche's gobstopper playroom kiss all speak of a loyalty to an absorbent gloss that lullabies provocation — a lifejacket of consumer appeal.

Cabaret Voltaire, usually categorised as an 'electronic' group, are virtually unique in their resolutely rejecting this option — without even foregoing their human guise. Cold? Voltaire's noise has emotions at boiling point. This beat is built on a need to confront the softest reflections of the new pop. Just as 'Red Mecca' soundtracked perfectly the tremors induced by last summer's indigenous turmoil, so now '2X45' is a forbidding mirror of even more serious implications.

A serious claim for a pop music, too: but this is *not* pop. It bears none of the identities that pop has come to take on, a joke of many colours. Voltaire operate as organisers of sound, not pop artisans. Their insistence that there is nothing purely original in what they do — that the sounds and methods were there all the time — places them at a commentator's remove from the components of pop their contemporaries are forced to depend on. Because the reshaping of context is inexhaustible, CV are a group without end.

So traditional notions of 'progressing' from one record to another are redundant. Voltaire's recent music might make their initiatory 'Extended Play' sound comparatively grey and scratchy but it is palpably the same motivation at work. Like The Fall — a group whose single-mindedness CV have much in common with — Voltaire have worked at definiton and detail, adding extra constituents only when a special point requires emphasis. Such a sophisticated grasp of focus allowed 'Red Mecca' a thunderous cohesion, a quality that makes 23 Skidoo's initially impressive 'Seven Songs' sound as dourly primitive as it essentially is.

The dense, almost appalling violence of Voltaire's music, completely at odds with their misleading aura of potting-shed industry, combined with their enfolding grip on the jackhammer assaults of urban pressure — the post-futurist mutation of Jagger's Street Fighting Man! — might all too easily disappear into an abyss of the formless: what use is environmentalism without insinuating the vulnerability of the flesh?

But that is exactly what CV do. They've balanced mechanistics with body heat in a manner that admits both the subversive and the purely abstract. Their enormous towerblock symposiums of rhythm are riven by scatterings of noise and a sometimes brutal abrasiveness,but although their total detachment from pop lends the music a certain irony it never comes from an avant-garde icebox. It's as if Voltaire have fashioned their own climate of feeling — and it burns. This is so remote from the bogus, blithely callous *gestures* of something like Throbbing Gristle as to be in another universe.

The cipher for their achievement lies in their comprehension of rhythm. There's something unsettling about the way modern dance-pop has been manufactured with such flawless efficiency — a celebration of an inhumanity of dance — and Cabaret Voltaire, who from the start manipulated rhythm to the most trenchant ends, are looking to burst by sheer force the slumber engineered by this pervasive beat. As far back as 'Do The Mussolini' (a title emblematic in itself) and on through such flashpoints as 'This Is Entertainment' and 'Black Mask', Voltaire have set their dance tracks to look askance at the atrophied conventions of body talk.

'2X45', which appears at a crucial moment in CV history, shows this concern with rhythm built up to vast dimensions. The packaging and form of the music — two twelve-inch 45s housing six elongated essays on the propensities of beat — seem to challenge the already sagging qualities of the extended pop dancemix while holding tight to Voltaire's own course.

The first, recorded last October, is presumably the final evidence of CV with the now-departed Chris Watson, plus Alan Fish providing baldly physical drums. 'Breathe Deep' opens on the rolling polyrhythm that also succoured ACR's 'Winter Hill' before the reptilian gargle of Mallinder's vocals and an instrumental overlay of scalding vehemence *almost* obliterates the pulse. It's a brilliantly exact example of one lesson in Voltaire's book of tensions, between expectation and fruition; while the following 'Yashar' is altogether more mysterious, scooping the crust of memory by presenting a melody of implied Eastern lineage and having it squirm beside two of Watson's typically oblique broadcast cut-ups.

'Protection' is all furious hustle from start to end. The way a lazily elementary two-chord structure is systematically stabbed and sliced by voice, sax, electronics and tapes into a freakishly alien substance — that still, unrelentingly, dances on and on — epitomises the injection of dark life through altered contexts.

The second record dates from this February, has Nort on drums and extra guitar from Eric Random. Any concern that Kirk and Mallinder would miss Watson's enthusiasm for tapes is dismissed by 'War Of Nerves (T.E.S.)', which opens on a horrifying rat story and sets disembodied wraiths of technology to mutter beside Mal's hiss, nerveless *doppelgangers* drifting inside seismic waves from a rhythm section of now fabulous muscularity. This and 'Wait And Shuffle', which whirlpools together gently tuned keyboard trinkets and shreds of deranged guitar, feel strung out on a precipice of desperation; but it's the gigantic sprawl of 'Get Out Of My Face' that hits hardest.

Over thirteen minutes the track flips a string of motifs in and out of earshot, overlaps voices until they blur into a self-consuming chant, jerks improvisatory flourishes from the instruments — and impresses it all over a body beat that winds up to a livid urgency. When a void of silence clamps down at the close the release literally snaps.

And it all sounds so pertinent, so *now*. '2X45' plays like the result of an altercation between Cabaret Voltaire and the seamstress sensitivity of the dancing pop. There is no doubt as to the identity of the winners.

Richard Cook

RANDOM NOISES

ERIC RANDOM

Earthbound Ghost Need (New Hormones)

ERIC RANDOM's lengthy involvement with the Cabaret Voltaire music machine has already produced interesting results with the album, 'The Pressure Company/Live in Sheffield', and various live appearances. Now with the Cabs taking back seats in a Random product (S. Mallinder flirts with occasional bass and R.H.Kirk dabbles in Cool Horn) the collaboration has created 'Earthbound Ghost Need', a record of incidental music for austere occasions.

'Earthbound' emerges with senses still intact and conjuring enchanting tunes from the murky depths of a cold sluttish instrumentation. A diverse exhibition of dub pyrotechnics in a well-worn electronic location. Saxophone to shakahachi, violin to guitar, the tools of the Random trade run blindly into each other, merging, fusing, clashing and rambling in and across emphatic bass-anchored rhythms.

The occasional echoes of Cabaret Voltaire influence serve mainly to enhance, rather than subdue, the well-crafted and layered intrusions of sharper instruments, creating an audio collage of sounds, floundering only on occasion with parts of 'Regret And Despair' which treads dangerously close to the more obscurist Cabaret waters.

'Rabble Dabble Dub' carves out its niche at a purely pedestrian pace, gradual gossip intervention (preferred to vocal melody) and trumpet slander piercing jagged holes in the spaced-out dubbed bass line. 'Eastern Promise' pushes the pace to urgent and frisky. A collection of tinny syn-drum patterns patter forcefully beneath a weaving veil of mystic wail.

'Earthbound' is striking and offensive. It swells to grandiose proportions from the most innocuous situation and dissolves again to isolated desolate noise just as inexplicably.

The only cover version on the album, 'Bolero', presents Ravel's work remodelled, no, disintegrated and repaired haphazardly with a theme of controlled chaos in mind, a grand medley of trumpet bang and bass twang fighting viciously through to the forefront of an arrangement of military precision. Haranguing and disarming, simultaneously metallic and emotional. Random deposes rock convention, grating through darker moments of gloom, scraping and scratching towards an area of hidden emotion.

It never quite gets there but this is the right track. Earthbound is an experience you should go through.

Amrik Rai

THE ROLLING STONES

Still Life (Rolling Stones Records)

NO POINT being churlish about this mob: The Rolling Stones after twenty rocky, taxing years have sustained that crucial veneer of grace and genius far maintaining a proper distance from a world sufficiently impressed enough to still carry a torch in their hearts that makes any grandiose callous critical trashing of the corporate's latest product — or raison d'etre — utterly redundant. At this stage in the game, The Rolling Stones don't *do,* monsieur, they *are* — and there, for better or worse, we have the proverbial rub.

For when you attain that pinnacle where the very fact that you have survived — your flag aloft, bloodied but unbowed, *beyond* peer — than you simply have to maintain that standing by bolstering the legend, proving that the blood still pumps in the veins. 'Still Life' is a good, solid, highly acceptable rock'n'roll album loaded with all the cagey implications that phrase currently appears to be blighted by.

On The Rolling Stones productivity quotient of the last ten years, its appearance alone — a trifling nine months after 'Tattoo You''s autumnal bounty — is in itself the most genuinely extraordinary aspect to this, the fourth legitimate Rolling Stones 'live' album.

'Still Life' is a single album — no stodgy live - double - album crapola for these men of wealth, taste and proportion — that mixes old with new ('67's 'Let's Spend The Night Together' segues into '78's 'Shattered', 1980's rambunctious 'Let Me Go' into 1964's 'Time Is On My Side') whilst boasting two new 'oldies' — Eddie Cochran's '20 Flight Rock' followed fleet-foot by Smokey Robinson's 'Goin' To A-Go Go'.

Indeed, this record's key achievement — as marketing strategy, holding action and aesthetic coup — is one of spotlighting The Rolling Stones as, if not the greatest rock'n'roll band in the world ('Get Your Ya-Ya''s vainglorious boast, if you recall) then its sturdiest practioners of stealth.

God knows, the group aren't out to prove themselves still capable of anything remotely innovative musically — the very fact of their unparalled longevity appears innovative enough to their way of thinking. Instead, 'Still Life' is a further episode in The Rolling Stones' rugged odyssey traversing the hardy middle-ground of graceful underachievement.

The essence of The Rolling Stones in 1982 is one of rock'n'roll - as - party - music. There is an acceptance that music as taut, as formidable, as challenging as the 'Beggar's Banquet' to 'Exile' era can never be fully reactivated spiritually simply because that challenge and the context that provoked its urgency no longer exist.

Instead the group, entering probably the most stable, mature middle years of their lives, elect to perform rock'n'roll as great dance music, always the key factor in all angles pertaining to their greatness. As such, the record commences with less - than - rivetting renditions of 'Under My Thumb' and 'Let's Spend The Night Together', both a mite unconvincing and poorly architected and matters seem destined to continue on this dicey plateau until, after a slightly hamfisted intro, the ensemble jack-knife into a rendition of 'Shattered' that prompts Watts, Richard and Jagger as principals to perform with an abandon and authority that kick-starts 'Still Life's crucial centrepiece.

Both '20 Flight Rock' and 'Goin' To A Go-Go' follow 'Shattered''s stabbing pulsebeat and here, embedded in the dextrous gear-shifting of Cochran's terse, uncanny phrasing and the jungle-fever grit-teethed tom-tom pummelling that either makes or breaks Smokey Robinson's greatest rocker, is the greatness of The Rolling Stones. Two of rock's most basic yet impossibly complex (in their simplicity and economy) dance songs are given a marvellous, hearty trammelling gratis the 'great' Charlie Watts in the engine room, Keith Richards' (who can be impossibly sloppy) perfect loping rhythm punctuation and Jagger in excellent voice, singing convincingly instead of the taxing primping of yore. In a word, *stealth* — an instinctive sense of the right pulse dovetailed to the perfect riff impelling a conflagration of hearty rhythms.

There's stealth in abundance on side two: 'Let Me Go''s boisterous locomotion that constantly threatens to derail itself, only to succeed in delivering a marvellous thrilling cargo; the steady if slightly soft-focus retreat of 'Time Is On My Side'; 'Start Me Up''s lascivious pump and a 'Satisfaction' that jumps at the throat.

Of course 'Still Life' contains absolutely nothing to convert anyone who loathes The Rolling Stones, just as there is genuine cause for the "only rock'n'roll" crowd to berate the blur of guitars, bass, drums, piano and Mr Jag-hur's brawling yowl. But The Rolling Stones at anything approaching form are never "only" about anything. In the silkscreen of time there is blood still coursing, and if 'Still Life" doesn't redeem rock'n'roll that is only because rock'n'roll has never needed redeeming. Meanwhile, hats off to the best party album since the first B-52's long-player.

Nick Kent

Memo From Jagger *Illustration: Jill Mumford*

STILL LIFELIKE, AFTER ALL ...

THE GREAT, PRE-'TENDER'

B. B. KING

Love Me Tender (MCA)

"HE HAS one musical ambition as yet unfulfilled: to make a series of classic albums. These consist of one album with a big band, one on which he would play only familiar old tunes like 'Don't Get Around Much Any More', one comprised of country blues of both the Nashville and Delta varieties, and finally, an album made as a tribute to his idol, Louis Jordan."
—Charles Sawyer, from *B.B. King, The Authorized Biography*

"This is the greatest album I have recorded in my 35 years in the music business. It represents my lifetime dream in expressing my feelings through music and song and puts together all my roots and influences from blues to country and everywhere else. It is something different but yet the same." — B.B. King, sleeve note to 'Love Me Tender'.

WELL . . . YES. At first glance, an album featuring 18 string players and compositions by the likes of Troy Seals and Mickey Newbury would more likely seem to signify modern countrypolitan rather than 'country blues', but in its lush, sentimental way 'Love Me Tender' achieves its objectives both stated and implied: it is an arrival and a summary. It provides an indication of the scale and nature of B.B. King's journey through post-war popular music.

B.B. King has been making records far longer than I've been alive: he is 57 years old and was first recorded when he was 24. Recently, Chiswick Records issued — through their Ace subsidiary — a couple of albums covering the first five years or so of King's career, and on 'The Memphis Masters' and 'The Best Of B.B. King' you hear a brash, confident young bluesman riding jump tempos and the sloe blues grind, playing a hard, slashing guitar that hits the notes straight on, sliding around the beat and singing high and urgent. His music then was drawing simultaneously on the slick, witty urbanity of the likes of

NO MADNESS IN THIS METHOD

JOHN COOPER CLARKE

Zip Style Method (Epic)

I KNOW a thing or two about Oliver Reed. I know he'll never be offered another *Devils* again because the entire world knows that between the torture and agony Oliver Reed drops his pants in all the best restaurants in town. So, freed by wages, Oliver Reed can just punt and ham around pleasing himself. I wish the previous LPs had earned John Cooper Clarke bungles. Then maybe his cracking sense of fun might get a look in.

'Zip Style Method' sounds about as bitter and cynical an LP as you could imagine. On paper, it contains a faultless John Cooper Clarke performance; he must have been really pleased with the way most of these pieces worked out. But the record gnarls and drags. I've said it before, but I really think they call JCC to the studio long after Martin Hannett and his group have finished making their instrumentals. On 'Midnight Shift', 'I Wanna Be Yours' and 'Heart Disease Called Love' he is made to sound like a contract obligation getting in the way of some introverted band's think-pieces, Hannett writing *around* him instead of *for* him.

JCC adopts a resigned air of "Martin knows best" and dismantles his words and stanzas to fit in with the most unsuitable of arrangements. Half the time you're sitting through tempos so dreamy you find yourself completing the line for him as he waits for a chance to finish the rhyme. The 'Zip' of the album title only ever really shines on two excellent tracks, 'The Face Behind The Scream' and 'The Ghost Of Al Capone'. For twice, Clarke actually seems to recognise the original pace and wit that wrote the things and is up front, in charge.

Overall though, his delivery is totally flat, far more self-parodic and glum than ever before. Had this been the LP to follow up his first Rabid EP it might have made sense in trying to promote the disgusted young man schtick, but as a successor to 'Snap Crackle Bop' it's a big disappointment and a step backward in his deserved trek toward pop immortality.

Still, let it be loudly known that his gift for gumming the language together seems to be, if anything, stronger, and if Glenn Tilbrook is reading this you could *do things* mate with some of these, say, '90 Degrees In My Shades'. Other major plusses are the cover and the fact that I didn't review the record in rhyme.

Danny Baker

JCC (detail). Ill: Ian Wright

A BIT OF A COCK-UP

JOE COCKER

Sheffield Steel (Island)

LIFE in the upper echelons of Island Records would currently seem to be taking on a pleasingly surreal texture. One can just imagine the dialogue:

"Who've we signed lately?"

"Ummm . . . Sonny Rollins, Perry Como, Ted Nugent and Wilson Pickett."

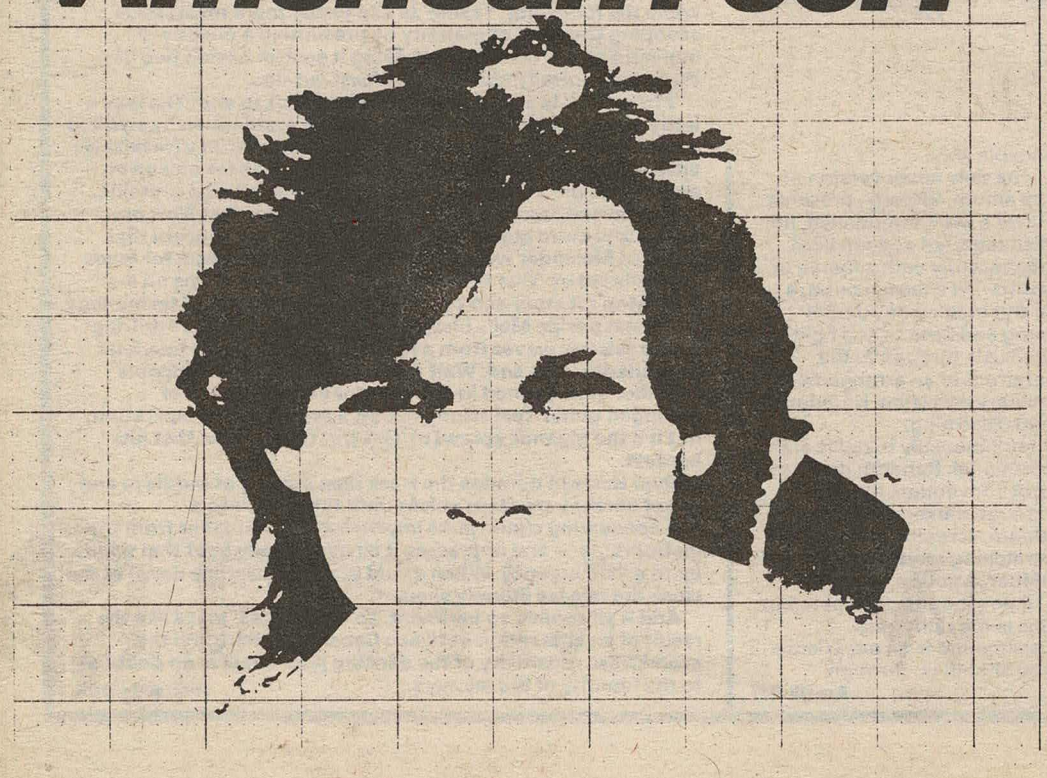
"Shit . . . what're we gonna do with them?"

"No problem. We send 'em over to Compass Point, put 'em in with Sly and Robbie . . ."

So here we have Joe Cocker, reappearing after a spell in the boondocks and a dep job with The Crusaders, as the latest visitor to funky Nassau. This person has never been particularly enamoured of Mr Cocker's particular stock-in-trade — a passing vocal resemblance to Ray Charles unleavened either by humour or an ability to swing, plus a tendency to treat every song as an exercise is heaving, bleary, histrionic agony — but even so, 'Sheffield Steel' is a singularly rusty and uninspired construct.

The Sly and Robbie rhythms lack any energy and conviction, and the rest of the crew — Wally Badarou at the keys, Mikey Chung and Barry Reynolds on guitars, Sticky behind the percussibles — seem to be similarly fresh out of ideas. Whether borrowing material from The Meters ('Look What What You've Done'), Bobby The Zee via Ron Wood ('Seven Days'), Stevie Winwood ('Talking Back To The Night'), Jimmy Cliff ('Many Rivers To Cross'), Bill Withers ('Ruby Lee') or Randy Newman ('Marie'), Cocker and his team sound

Who is the American Fool?



B.B. King *Pic: Michael Schuler*

Louis Jordan and Charles Brown, and on the raucousness of electrified Delta music.

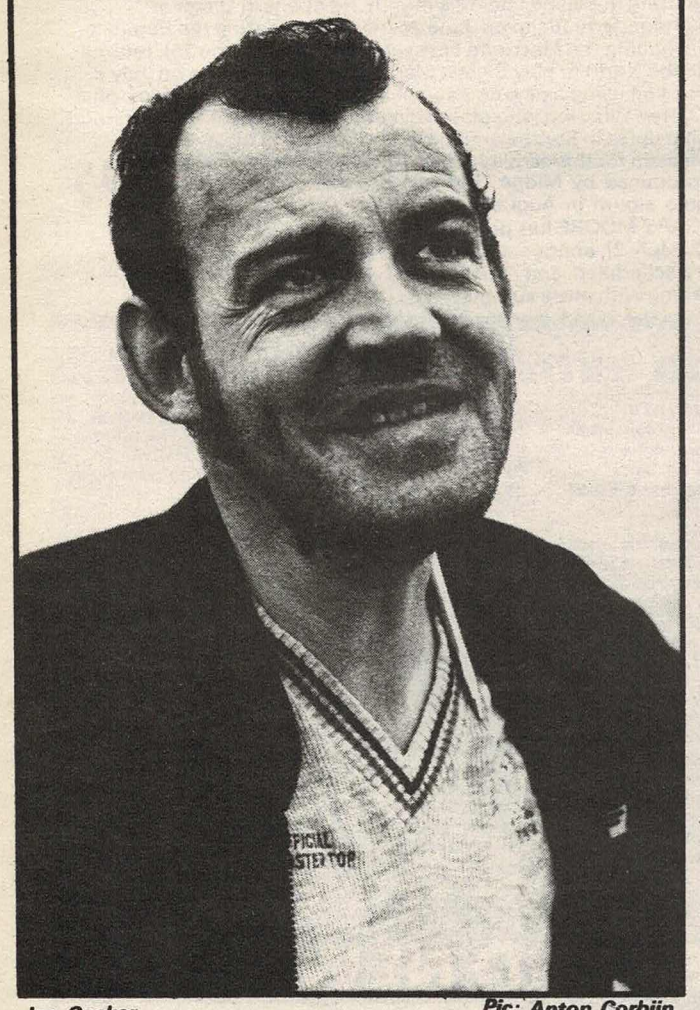
Between then and now, King has broadened his music and kept ahead of the game to the extent that he is now the best-known blues singer living, the *only* blues singer that thousands of people have ever heard. This music that he is making on his new album is — as he claims — something different and yet the same, bringing the weight, authority and breadth of a long life under pressure to a genre that has often seemed merely sententious and smug. The modern country ballad has often seemed an appallingly bloated thing suitable only for legitimising middle-aged complacency, but in King's hands a song like Newbury's 'Time Is A Thief' or the Dr John-Doc Pomus 'A World I Never Made' assume an unutterable strength and poignancy.

The title song — which I have *never* been able to stomach except when it is sung by Annette Peacock — and Don Gibson's glutinously self-pitying '(I'd Be) A Legend In My Time' aside, the rest of the album serves as a more than adequate build-up to those final masterpieces. There's some nifty Nashville-funk on 'You And Me, Me And You', a storming, flag-waving blues-ballad extravaganza with a medley of Willie Nelson's 'Night Life' and Percy Mayfield's 'Please Send Me Someone To Love', and an easy, soulful reading of the old Ray Charles hit 'Don't Change On Me'.

This certainly isn't the first time that an established soul or blues star has raided country territory, but I can't recall it being done with such style since Ray Charles recorded the pioneering 'Modern Sounds In Country And Western'. If this really is the first of King's projected masterplan albums, then he deserves considerable encouragement for being willing to be heard in new contexts at such an advanced stage in his career.

(He couldn't do the Louis Jordan tribute *next,* could he?)

Charles Shaar Murray



Joe Cocker *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

nothing short of barren.

If I were Sly and/or Robbie, I would start thinking about a good, long holiday — especially after that debacle with James Brown. They would seem to be spreading themselves *way* too thin, dulling themselves with repetition, and it'll take more than another European jaunt with Black Uhuru to get those creative juices flowing again. As for Cocker, maybe he should give some consideration to working out exactly what he wants to say through his music apart from "I'm all screwed up — help me!". Throughout his career he's been a mouthpiece for other people — Chris Stainton, Leon Russell, The Crusaders — and now he'd better start putting himself first.

Even down to its David Oxtoby cover and Blackwell/Sadkin production, 'Sheffield Steel' does credit to none of its many participants. It's the ill wind blows no one any good.

Charles Shaar Murray

PLUMBER LOCO

IJAHMAN LEVI

Tell It To The Children (Jahmani)

THE LEVITE Ijahman possesses a single song and sundry variations on a theme thereof. This is not intended as censure: many original and remarkable singers are endowed similarly. I cite as witness the likes of Robert Johnson, Eddie Cochran, Van Morrison, Laverne Baker, Buddy Holly, Burning Spear, Hank Williams, Lightning Hopkins, Bob Dylan and please feel free to insert the example of your own choice.

'Tell It To The Children' is Ijahman's third album to date, a large production that deviates not much from his previous work in either form or content, although is probably closer in style to its predecessor 'Are We A Warrior' than the liquid lyricism of his 'Haile I Hymn' debut, and equally devotional to both.

It is with the power of humility that Mr Levi's essential message is most finely wrought. Hitherto, his finest moment is 'Moulding', a song comparing mankind's necessary insignificance in the natural order. Here, it is a paean to the artisan entitled 'Trades Man', wherein is stated: *"I'm a plumber by trade. Here I come with my spanner tools in bag. I'll run you a river not of tears but of fresh clean water. I don't want no more plastic soda. . ."* Similar reflection on carpenters, masons, farmers and handy men is given voice as well.

The title track is Ijahman's most militant summary to date and specifically directed at the descendants of Ham. *"I was taught to believe my only ability was swinging from tree to tree,"* he muses with a rare trace of bitterness, *"because they always want to see the jungle half of me."*

Otherwise, the album finds the singer engaged in his most tuneful composition yet, particularly as regards the love lyric 'Closer To You' and 'Jah Watch Man'. With 'Praises In Strange Places' he remarks: *"Take me as I am flat footed and broken with a little love sincere,"* and courtesy of 'Thank You' brings his set to a satisfactory conclusion on an even keel.

Penny Reel

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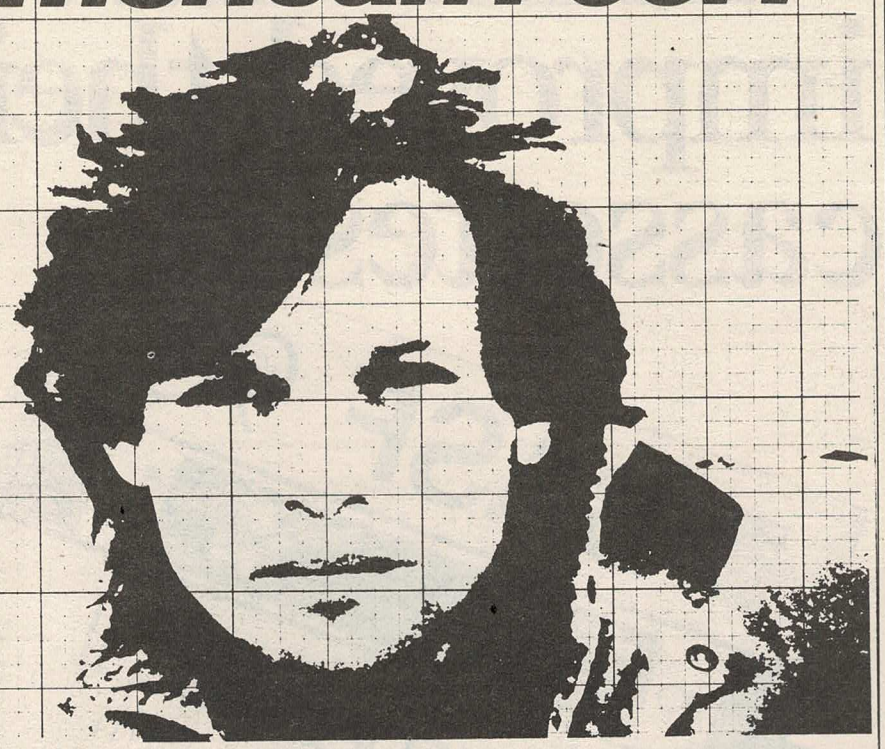
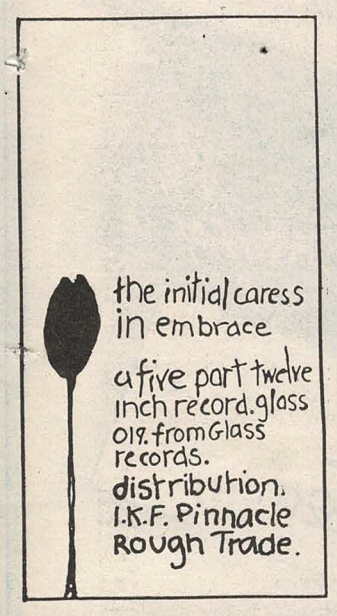
Who is the American Fool?





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RECORDS

Defunkt bossman JOE BOWIE

Defunkt work up a sweat

DEFUNKT are undertaking an extensive European tour, to tie in with the June 11 release of their new Hannibal Records album 'Thermonuclear Sweat', which was the subject of a glowing tribute by *NME's* Richard Cook in a feature on the band last week.

And their eight-country schedule kicks off with seven dates in the UK — including two London shows at The Venue, where they played to capacity audiences on their last visit. This time, their London show will be recorded by Capital Radio, and made available to the full independent network.

Their dates are Birmingham Holy City Zoo (June 21), Manchester Hacienda Club (22), Nottingham Rock City (23), Leeds Warehouse (24), London Victoria The Venue (25 and 26) and Brighton Jenkinsons (27). Special guests on the provincial gigs are The Higsons, except at Brighton where it's Maximum Joy.

Defunkt's line-up for this tour comprises Joe Bowie (vocals and trombone), Kim Clarke (bass), Richard Martin and Kelvyn Bell (guitars), Kenneth Martin (drums) and John Mulkerin (trumpet).

Stargazers' horizons

THE STARGAZERS have lined up a tour to support their new Epic single 'Hey Marie', issued this week and — in typical '50s tradition — also available as a ten-inch. The rock'n'roll revivalists are at the Nottingham Festival (this Saturday), Birmingham University (June 11), Retford Porterhouse (12), Cambridge Clare College (14), Cambridge Pembroke College (15), Liverpool Grafton Rooms (17), Durham University (24), Oxford Oriel College (25), Nottingham University (26), London Hampstead Westfield College (28), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (30), Coventry Warwick University (July 1) and London Regents Park Bedford College (2).

☐ **JOHN OTWAY,** now recovered from the stomach ailment which hospitalised him recently, has decided to split from Wild Willy Barrett yet again — so perpetuating the longest running bore in the business. They are playing two final dates as a duo at Winchester Theatre Royal on June 18 and 19, then Otway will be concentrating on his new solo album, which he claims is called 'All Balls And No Willy'.

☐ **LEE FARDON** is making a special one-off London appearance on June 21 to showcase his new single 'Together In Heat', released by Aura Records this weekend. It's at Hammersmith Clarendon Ballroom, and his band will feature Jim Hall (guitar), Colin Fardon (bass), Jan Schelhaas (keyboards) and Rob Goodwin (drums).

Phil Lynott sets out on solo trail

PHIL LYNOTT of Thin Lizzy is to play a series of solo dates, starting in Ireland later this month. He opens in Ulster at Londonderry Rialto on June 24 then, after touring the Republic (including the Macroom Festival near Cork on June 26), returns to the North to play Belfast Masefield Leisure Centre on July 8. He'll be using a pick-up band of British and Irish musicians, plus Darren Wharton who plays keyboards with Lizzy. It's understood that dates in Europe and the UK will follow in the autumn. Reason for this activity is that Lynott has a new solo single (produced by Midge Ure) released next month, followed by a solo album in August.

GARY MOORE has postponed his string of UK dates (June 25-July 2), announce last week. They are currently being re-scheduled, and revised dates will be announced shortly, along with more summer gigs.

Laurie, Skidoo extra...Toyah special...

LAURIE ANDERSON is obviously in demand in London! Having originally announced one concert at the Adelphi Theatre in The Strand, she was soon forced to add a second show (June 15-16). Now comes news of a third date at the same venue — on Thursday, June 17.

TOYAH, who's been rehearsing at London Brixton Fair Deal for her upcoming UK summer tour, is to play a special matinee show at that venue on June 16 for school parties, youth organisations, hospital outpatients — in fact, anyone who can't get to her evening shows. Representatives of interested parties, school secretaries, etc. should contact the Fair Deal at 01-274 5242.

THE ROLLING STONES will not now be playing Sheffield United Football Ground, even though local magistrates last week granted a licence for them to perform there on June 22. It seems the application was made as a safeguard, in case they failed in their attempts to play Newcastle United soccer ground — but now that the Newcastle show is going ahead on June 23, the Sheffield alternative is no longer required.

23 SKIDOO have added another four dates to their London Victoria The Venue on June 16. The other three are at Derby Blue Note (tonight, Thursday), Retford Porterhouse (Friday) and a hometown gig at Sheffield Victoria Hotel (11).

THE JAMAICAN FOLK SINGERS are coming to Britain for the first time since 1973. The group play four major concerts at Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre (July 18), Birmingham Town Hall (19), Bristol Colston Hall (22) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion (24). They'll also be taking part in a number of community events in each area, including an appearance at South London's Lambeth Country Show on July 25.

BO DIDDLEY returns to the UK next week after an extensive European tour, and plays five more dates before returning home to the States with his backing band — at London Camden Dingwalls (June 9), Nottingham Rock City (10), Edinburgh Playhouse (11), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (12) and Gillingham King Charles Hotel (13).

LATEST RECORD NEWS . . .

STATUS QUO release their new single 'She Don't Fool Me', taken from their hit album '1982' on the Vertigo label tomorrow (Friday) . . . and THE BOOMTOWN RATS have their latest single 'Charmed Lives' from the 'V Deep' album, issued by Mercury the same day (7" and 12").

KEITH WEST'S classic single 'Excerpt From A Teenage Opera (Grocer Jack)', which topped the charts in 1966, is reissued this week by Video Records — with distribution through Stage One Records. It originally appeared on EMI's Parlophone label.

HEART — who support Queen at Milton Keynes this Saturday, and have their own London concert on Sunday — have their first studio album for two years issued by Epic this weekend, titled 'Private Audition' and again showcasing the songwriting team of Nancy and Ann Wilson.

THE ROLLING STONES, whose new live album 'Still Life' is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, have one of the tracks issued this week by EMI as a single — their version of Smokey Robinson & The Miracles' hit 'Going To A Go Go'. It's coupled with a previously unreleased live version of 'A Beast Of Burden'.

THE dB's have their new single 'Living A Lie' issued by Albion Records this weekend, on which the four-piece New York band are joined by a three-man horn section. It's from their 'Repercussions' album, and the B-side is 'In Spain'. The group start work next month on their third studio LP.

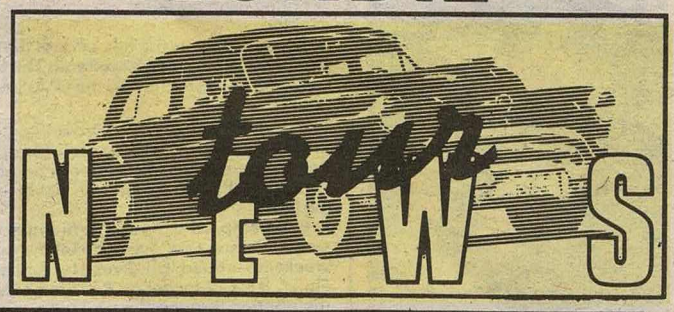
ODYSSEY have their latest album released by RCA this weekend, titled 'Happy Together'. It includes their current single 'Inside Out'.

ANOTHER SIX BY BLONDIE

BLONDIE have now added six more concerts to their late summer UK tour — and, as forecast exclusively by *NME* last week, they include dates in Newcastle and Glasgow.

The extra shows are at Glasgow Apollo (September 1 and 2), Edinburgh Playhouse (4 and 5) and Newcastle City Hall (7 and 8). Tickets at all three venues are priced £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50, and they are available from the box-offices now by personal application, limited to four per person.

These dates are in addition to their concerts announced last week—at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (September 11 and 12) and London Wembley Arena (16 to 19).



Madness gig's royal accolade

MADNESS are to headline a special benefit rock concert on July 21 at London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre, in aid of The Prince's Trust. It will be attended by the Prince of Wales, as was Status Quo's Birmingham concert last month, which supported the same charity. The show is being produced by George Martin and The Who's Pete Townshend, and it's presented by the British phonographic Industry.

No other names have yet been announced for the bill, though the BPI say there will be "a host of top stars" — and it's hardly likely that Pete Townshend will remain backstage all evening. Also appearing will be the finalists of a talent contest for amateur and semi-pro rock and reggae bands, who have been assisted by The Prince's Trust — and Prince Charles will be one of the judges of the contest, besides presenting an award to the winning act.

Jackson jumps back to rock

JOE JACKSON has now finalised dates and venues for the debut tour by his new band. As previously reported, it opens at London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion on June 29 — but there's then a month's gap, while they tour Europe, before the remainder of the schedule. And the outing climaxes in a second London show, this time at Hammersmith. Details are:

Southport Theatre (August 1), Manchester Apollo (3), Birmingham Odeon (4), Newcastle City Hall (5), Edinburgh Playhouse (7), Glasgow Pavilion (8), Bristol Locarno (10), Southampton Gaumont (12), Brighton Dome (13) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15). There is no support act.

Tickets go on sale this Saturday at box-offices and usual agents, priced £3.75 and £3.25 — except Hammersmith (£4 and £3.50) and Bristol (£3.50 advance, £4 doors).The new Jackson band line-up comprises Al Weisman and Joy Askew (keyboards), Graham Maby (bass), Larry Tolfree (drums) and Sue Hadjopulus (percussion.) As already announced, their new album 'Night And Day' is released by A&M on June 25.

LAURELS WILL KEEP THE CATS SWINGING

THE SWINGING LAURELS, the Leicester four-piece who guest on the current Fun Boy Three single 'The Telephone', are playing a series of dates under the banner of the "Swing The Cat Tour" — at which flexi-discs of their song of the same title will be given away. So far set are Huddersfield Star Bar (tonight, Thursday), Doncaster Mainline Club (June 8), Bath Moles (10), Cardiff Nero's (12), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (18), Cambridge Sound Cellar (19), Brighton New Regent (24), London Islington Hop & Anchor (26) and Basildon Raquels (July 1). A full UK tour is being arranged by the Derek Block Agency to begin on July 23. The band are currently negotiating a long-term deal with WEA Records — and they also guest on the upcoming new single by The Volkswagens, produced by Jerry Dammers.

Motorhead okay Hackney festival

MOTORHEAD have now officially confirmed their bill-topping appearance in an open-air rock event at London Hackney Stadium on July 25 (10am-10pm). When *NME* first announced the show three weeks ago, the band's agency and record company both indicated that it was far from certain — but things have finally come together, and Motorhead's manager signed the contract last weekend. Saxon are also confirmed as special guests, and other acts include Angelwitch, Spider, T34, Sleek and The Lightning Raiders. Tickets are £9, available from the Fair Deal box-office in Brixton and Downtown Records of Ilford — or by mail (Postal Orders only and enclose SAE) from U.K.A. Promotions, P.O. Box 143, Walthamstow, London E.17.

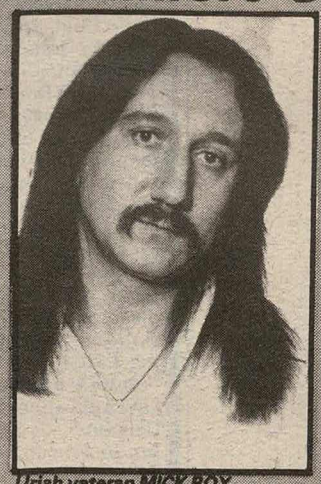
● It's not yet clear if this show will be guitarist Eddie Clarke's last with Motorhead, or if his replacement will have taken over by then.

...Stones nix Sheffield...More Uriah... Diddley back

ORANGE JUICE and TV21 are among acts involved in a three-day festival being staged at the Stirling Mayfield Centre in Scotland, organised by the local district council. Line-up comprises TV 21 and Epsilon (Friday evening, June 11); Orange Juice, H20, 22 Beaches and Pop Wallpaper (Saturday); and the Henry Gorman Band, Nighthawk, Curious Reign and Radio 1's Paul Burnett (Sunday, 13).

AN INTERNATIONAL Folk and Jazz Concert at London Westminster Central Hall next Tuesday June 8 (7 pm), climaxes the day-long Festival for Peace and Freedom. It features Frankie Armstrong and Roy Bailey from Britain, Louis Moholo's Viva La Black from South Africa, Mayapi from Chile and Yolocambi Ita from El Salvador. Tickets are £2, or £1 for the unwaged.

URIAH HEEP have added three more dates to their mini-tour this month — which, as reported, includes an appearance on the Isle of Man this Sunday (6). The new gigs are at Glasgow Tiffany's (June 10), Newcastle Mayfair (11) and Southend Cliffs Pavilion (12).



Uriah veteran MICK BOX

LONDON'S ZIG-ZAG CLUB has lined up two punk nights — as an alternative to The Rolling Stones' Wembley concerts — featuring Anti-Pasti, Addicts and A-Heads (June 25); and Vice Squad, Charlie Harper's Urban Dogs, Dead Man's Shadow and Special Duties (26); admission £3 each night, or £5 for the two. Two other strong bills at the Zig-Zag feature B-Movie, Richard Strange, Vendino Pact and the International Drum Club (June 12); and The Belle Stars, Jools Holland & His Millionaires and Screen 3 (18).

SECOND IMAGE play a number of dates during the next few weeks, to coincide with the June 18 release of their new Polydor single 'Star'. They have an open-air concert in Carshalton Park tomorrow (Friday), followed by Warrington North Cheshire College (June 18), London Catford Saxon Tavern (26), Margate Winter Gardens (27), St. Albans Batchwood Country Club (30), Darford Flicks (July 2), Gravesend Woodville Hall (16) and an open-air show in Dartford (29). Further dates are being finalised.

. . . WITH MORE OVER THE PAGE

RORY GALLAGHER, currently touring the UK, has a double A-side single issued by Chrysalis on June 11. It features two tracks from his 'Jinx' album, 'Big Guns' and 'The Devil Made Me Do It', and it comes in a picture bag containing a free patch.

FLEETWOOD MAC release their first single in over a year on June 11 — titled 'Hold Me', it features lead vocals by Christine McVie, who also co-wrote it. The B-side is 'Eyes Of The World', written by Lindsey Buckingham, who also co-produced it. It's on WEA Records, who will also be issuing Mac's new album in the near future.

GILBERT O'SULLIVAN is back in action after the successful conclusion of his long-running legal action against MAM. His first single for over a year 'Minute Of Your Time' is released by CBS on June 25, teaming him for the first time with producer Graham Gouldman of 10cc. It's taken from his album 'Life 'N Rhymes', due out in September.

QUEEN mark their current burst of live activity with a new EMI single, comprising two tracks taken from their recently released 'Hot Space' album — 'Las Palabras De Amor' and 'Cool Cat' — and issued this week.

BJH gig at Berlin Wall

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST will have their album 'A Concert For The People' released by Polydor in early August. It was recorded two years earlier on the steps of the Reichstag, before a vast audience of 175,000 people, on the border of East and West Berlin. And the 60-minute film of this unique event is to be screened by BBC-1 on Wednesday, July 21. BJH are still one of the hottest properties in Europe, having just completed a massive tour of Germany, playing to over 400,000 and grossing £2½ million. They shortly start work in Frankfurt on their new studio album, and there's no sign of any UK dates, as all their immediate future plans are for overseas engagements.

BAUHAUS release their first single of 1982, to coincide with their two concerts at London Adelphi on June 11 and 12, announced last week. It is 'Spirit', coupled with a live version of 'Terror Couple Kill Colonel', issued by Beggars Banquet next Monday. Their next album is due out in early September.

ELVIS COSTELLO has a new album coming out this month, and full details are over the page. Also the new GENESIS double live LP.

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Genesis: new double live

GENESIS have a new double album released by Charisma this weekend, called 'Three Sides Live' — and paradoxically, it features *four* sides of live tracks recorded during the band's tour last autumn. Titles are **Turn It On Again, Dodo, Abacab, Behind The Lines, Duchess, Me And Sarah Jane, Follow You Follow Me, Misunderstanding, In The Cage, Afterglow, One For The Vine, Fountain Of Salmacis** and **It/Watcher Of The Skies.**

Costello's latest

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions' new album is not, unlike its predecessor, a country LP — titled 'Imperial Bedroom', it's released by F-Beat Records on June 25. It features 14 new Costello compositons, plus one written with Chris Difford of Squeeze. It was produced by Geoff Emerick, who was recently involved with Paul McCartney's current album 'Tug Of War'. A single from the LP, titled 'You Little Fool', is released on June 11 — and the B-side features two previously unissued tracks which aren't on the album, 'Big Sister' (produced by Nick Lowe) and 'The Stamping Ground'.

● Cardiff band **The Ghoulies** release their 11-track debut album 'Dogged By Dogma', also featuring Dave Stewart and Pip Pyle on eight of the tracks. Available from Rough Trade — or by post for £4 (including p&p) from Lounging Records, 21 Goodwood Close, Michaelston Super-Ely, Cardiff CF5 4TE.

● American band **The Blasters,** who recently toured the UK with Nick Lowe, release their second F-Beat single on June 11 — a remixed version of 'So Long Baby Goodbye' coupled with 'American Music'.

● **Rick Springfield's** second album 'Success Hasn't Spoilt Me Yet' is released this weekend by RCA, who have already issued a single culled from it titled 'Don't Talk To Strangers'.

● New York dance band **Roundtree,** led by former Chic member Kenny Lehman, have their new single 'Hit On You' released on June 18 by Virgin — who picked it up from the American label Aria. It comes in both 7" and 12".

REGGAE SUNSPLASH is a 16-track double album set, subtitled 'A Tribute To Bob Marley', issued by Elektra this weekend. It was recorded at the 1981 festival of the same name in Montego Bay, Jamaica, which was dedicated to the late reggae superstar and attended by 57,000 people. It includes contributions from Steel Pulse, The I-Threes, Black Uhuru, Dennis Brown and Sheila Hylton, among others.

RICHARD MAGNET (see below)

● **Animal Magnet** next week release their first single with their new line-up — titled 'Baby Clothes', it's in both 7" and 12". Original members Richard Magnet, Mathew Wambam, Adrian Chilvers and Bosco have now been joined by Sean Lyons (guitar) and Pickford Syckes (keyboards), following the departure of Paul Caplin last year. They are currently working on their debut album 'Creo'.

● To mark their first anniversary, Survival Records release a 12-inch 6½-minute remix of their very first single, 'Subliminal' by **Drinking Electricity,** coupled with an extended version of 'Breakout'. Later in June comes a 12-incher by New York electronic musician **Richard Bone** titled 'The Beat Is Elite'. Distribution is through Pinnacle.

● As a prelude to his upcoming BBC-1 series starting June 26, **David Essex** has his new single 'Me And My Girl (Nightclubbing)' issued by Mercury this weekend. It's lifted from his latest album 'Stage-Struck', due out shortly.

● 'Abracadabra' is the title of both the new single and album by **The Steve Miller Band.** The single is out this weekend on Mercury, and the LP follows later this month.

● 'Shortnin' Bread' / 'The Drowning Cowboy' is the first solo single from **Klaus Flouride** of The Dead Kennedy's, and it's out this week on Alternative Tentacles. It's also the first 12-incher to be released by the label.

● **Bee Vamp,** who made a mini-impact with their first single 'Valium Girl', have the follow-up released this weekend — titled 'Our Eyes Met Across The Disco Floor'. It's a 12-incher on Red Flame Records, with distribution through Rough Trade.

● **Zeitgeist,** whose last single 'Ball Of Confusion' scored in the indie charts earlier this year, release their follow-up 'Stop' this week on Jamming Records (through Rough Trade and Pinnacle). It's in both 7" and 12" formats, the latter with an extra track.

● **Kissing The Pink,** who recently signed to Magnet, have their first single released on June 11 — 'Mr. Blunt', produced by Colin Thurston of Duran Duran fame.

● **Claire Hamill's** new band Transporter are issuing a flexi-disc on their own Mother Trucker label, featuring 'Kids On The Run' and 'Intoxicating'. To obtain a free copy, send a large SAE to Transporter, 8 Hogarth Road, London S.W.5.

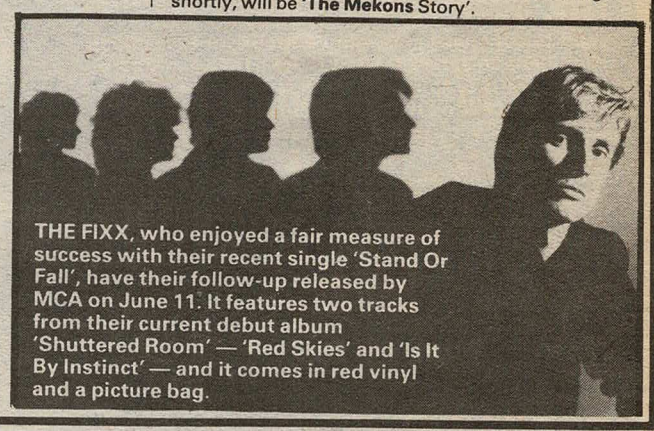
● All the former chart singles by **The Move, Wizzard** and **Roy Wood** have now, for the first time, been collated onto one album — and it's officially released on the independent Speed label on July 9.

record NEWS

Townshend elpee

PETE TOWNSHEND's second solo album, two years after 'Breaking Glass', is released by Atco (through WEA) on June 18 — with the curious title of 'All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes'. It contains 11 tracks, all written by Townshend — except for the traditional 'North Country Girl', for which he has penned new lyrics. He's featured on vocals, guitar and keyboards, with help from an all-star line-up — including Virginia Astley, Chris Stainton and Polli Palmer.

● 'Kick Out The Tories' / 'Mindless Violence' by **The Newtown Neurotics** is issued this week by CNT Productions of Leeds on a label called Hijos Del Pueblo A Las Barricadas. First album on the label, coming shortly, will be **The Mekons** Story'.



THE FIXX, who enjoyed a fair measure of success with their recent single 'Stand Or Fall', have their follow-up released by MCA on June 11. It features two tracks from their current debut album 'Shuttered Room' — 'Red Skies' and 'Is It By Instinct' — and it comes in red vinyl and a picture bag.

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ALBUMAND

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The new album from The Alan Parsons Project won't just please those who already know the band.

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It's easily the band's finest album yet.

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Produced by Alan Parsons.
Executive Producer Eric Woolfson. ARISTA

REGGAE RUNNINGS

VETERAN tromobonist **Rico** blows eight instrumental titles for his new album out this week on the 2 Tone label.

Entitled 'Jama' (CHR TT 5006), the set was laid variously at Joe Gibbs studio in Jamaica and at London's Town House and produced by flugel hornsman and loyal sidekick Dick Cuthell. Featured on the set is interpretation of Don Drummond's cool Studio 1 tune 'Reload', Sato Wattanobe's 'Easter Island' composition, plus six Rico originals, one of which is a funda workout bearing the appellation 'Distant Drums'.

Following closely in the wake of his 'Think Constructively' debut LP for Heart Beat, arrives a new **Sammy Dread** title from New York on the Channel One owned Hit Bound label: 'Road Block' (JJ-068). Produced and arranged by Sojie and featuring the Radics musicians, the album is a 10-track effort of new songs set to mostly familiar rhythm for such as 'In A Man's Heart', 'Time So Dread' and 'So Long'. Meanwhile, on Echo discomix the Trench Town singer comments further on the 'Labour Ward' theme *"down a Jubilee"* and toaster **Lui Lepki** appends 'Home Delivery' — a Jah Life production courtesy Hyman Wright.

Released by Greensleeves is the latest album from former Rockers youth **Hugh Mundell,** and eight track Henry Lawes resume entitled simply 'Mundell' (GREL 36). And on discomix from the same label is **Michael Prophet** insisting 'Boom Him Up Now' c/w 'Trouble Nobody' (GRED 87).

Other new 12": **Jean Adebambo,** 'Pipe Dreams' (Ade J) — produced by D Lyken; **Horsemouth and Rockers All Star,** 'Reggae Music' c/w 'I Want To Be With You' (Horse Mouth — HM 001); **Trinity,** 'Teen Jam' c/w **Winston Evans,** 'Ban Duldo' (Ethnic Music — ET M 8157) — produced by Joe Gibbs; and **Anthony Johnson/Ranking Toyan,** 'Don't Let Me Down'/'Super Don' (Music Lovers — ML 002) — produced by Byron Letts.

On 7" from Jamaica — and in true Moby Grape style — arrive *five* new titles from Dingle toaster **Ringo.** On Carlton Patterson's Black & White imprint he rides the 'Peanut Vendor' rhythm for 'The Boss'; deejays two waxings for Tommy Cowan's MC outlet: 'Video' and 'Pain A Back'; plus two also for GG's Hit label: 'Twinkle, Twinkle Little Girl' and 'Keep Your Promise Darling'. The latter title coupled with a version of Ben E King's 'Stand By Me' as performed by **El Pedo & The Sonics.**

Also on Hit pre-release is **Junior Murvin** with 'Load Shedding' and **Tony Tuff,** 'Do It To Me Baby'; and from Mor Well Esq two new releases, including the return of **Junior Byles** with 'Don't Be Surprise' and **Ranking Trevor,** 'Morwell Rock You'.

New UK 7" releases include: **Yellowman** liberally adapting Stanley Holloway's nuptial reflection from *My Fair Lady* for 'Yellowman Getting Married' c/w 'Morning Ride' (Yellow 1); **Wally Badarou,**

Leroy 'Horsemouth' Wallace

'Theme From Countryman' c/w 'Revenge Of Jah' (Island — WIP 6759); **Hortense Ellis,** '(Love Comes From) Unexpected Places' c/w 'Wooden Heart' (Burning Sounds — BS 051); and **Son Of Man,** 'Iron Lady' (Croydon — CMCP 01).

From Finland is published the latest number of reggaezine *Cool Runnings.* Put together by local enthusiast Ari Holtii and written entirely in Finnish, the current number carries an extensive interview with Dennis Alcapone, a Dennis Brown LP discography, an article on the London scene plus singles and albums reviews. Available from: Pl 37; 02361 Espoo 36, Finland.

This Saturday (5) Mighty Two present A London Night Out at the Dome Hotel, 51-53 Camberwell Church Street, SE15 — from 8pm until 2am — featuring the cool operator **Christopher** and his dub plate selection plus Bedford's No 1 enchanter **Quakertone.** Licensed bar. West Indian dishes. Coaches leave Bedford West Indian Club at 6pm.

Finally, live on stage at the Greyhound, 175 Fulham Palace Road, W6: **Zabandis.**

Penny Reel

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

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Open every night from 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm. Reduced admission for students, social security card holders and members.

Thurs, June 3rd (Adm £2.50)
JOHNNY THUNDERS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Fri, June 4th (Adm £2.00)
THE DRIVER
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Sat, June 5th
PHONE FOR DETAILS

Sun, June 6th (Adm £2.00)
DOLLY MIXTURES
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Mon & Tues, June 7th & 8th (Adm £2.50)
RADIO STARS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd
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Weds & Thurs, June 9th & 10th (Adm £2.50)
CLIMAX BLUES BAND
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FIRING SQUAD
featuring KEITH CHRISTMAS
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Sat 5th
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supported by UKRAINE £3.30

Sun 6th *CLOSED*

Mon 7th *CLOSED*

Tues 8th
PASSION PUPPETS, ONLY AFTER DARK, PERSONS UNKNOWN
Rock £2.00

Weds 9th
From USA only London show
BO DIDDLEY
and OFFSPRING, featuring BO's two daughters TAMI & TERRI (all American band) supported by GAZ's REBEL BLUES ROCKERS.
Advance tickets available from Tuesday 1st June onwards. £4.00

Thur 10th
Scotland 'World Cup' Warm Up!
FRANKIE MILLER BAND
with guests Claire Hamills Transporter. £3.00

Coming soon! Tues 15th June,
From USA only London Show
DOUG SAHM & AUGIE MEYERS
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Supported by Juice on the Loose.

OPEN MONDAY-SATURDAY 8PM-2AM.

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3rd JUNE — £2.50
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ANGELWITCH
PLUS **SACRED ALIEN** AND TERRY WILLIAMS

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HAMMERSMITH ODEON
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Available from Fair Deal 01 274 5242, Keith Prowse, LTB, Premier & Albermarle.

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Wednesday 2nd June — Closed

Thursday 3rd June £1.25 — **AIRPORT & DEAN**

Friday 4th June £1.50 — **RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS**

Saturday 5th June £1.50 — **WIPEOUT**

Sunday 6th June £1.25 — **THE YA-YAs**

Monday 7th June £1.25 — **THE CHEATERS**

Tuesday 8th June £1.25 — **THE HELICOPTERS**

Wednesday 9th June £1.25 — **THE CHERRY BOYS**

THE Venue

160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441

Doors Open 8.00 pm
Main band on at 9.30 pm

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Thursday 3rd June £3.00 — **HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS**

Friday 4th June £3.00 — **MOOD SIX**
+ Marble Staircase
+ The Poetic Slav

Saturday 5th June £3.50 — **LINDISFARNE**

Sunday 7th June £3.50 Unwaged £2.50
No Nukes Music/CND Benefit featuring
DENNIS BOVELL + JOHNNY CLARKE + MARGO RANDOM

Monday 7th June £3.00 — **NICO**
+ Weekend
+ Sisters of Mercy

Thursday 8th June £3.00 — **CABARET VOLTAIRE**
+ Eric Random and the Bedlamites

Wednesday 9th & Thursday 10th June £4.00 — **TOM VERLAINE**
+ China Crisis

COMING SOON

Friday 11th June £3.00 — **INMATES**

Saturday 12th June £3.00 — **SECRET AFFAIR**

Wednesday 16th June £2.50 — **23 SKIDOO + MARK SPRINGER**
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Thursday 17th June £3.00 — **JOHN COOPER CLARK** + supports

Friday 18th June £4.50 — **RAY BARETTO**

Saturday 19th June £4.00 — **HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES** + Lace

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OPEN 9.00PM TO 3.30AM — LICENSED TO 3.00AM

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plus ALEX GERRY
ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00pm!!

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ALL DRINKS 50p TILL 11.00 pm

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STEVE LEWIS · CARLO

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Tickets £2.50 on sale now!

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Thur 17 June: **HI-TENSION**

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BERNIE TORME'S ELECTRIC GIPSIES
+ Support Band. Tickets £2 on sale now!

Thur 24 June: **MORRISEY MULLEN**

Thur 1 July: **SWINGING LAURELS**

Thur 8 July: **DANSE SOCIETY**

Thur 15 July: **RED LIPSTIQUE**

Thur 22 July: **BLANCMANGE**

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18th. 19th. & 20th. of June. Worthy Farm, Pilton, Somerset.

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JUDY TZUKE JEAN-PHILLIPE RYKIEL
THE CHIEFTAINS A CERTAIN RATIO
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SAD CAFE CLIMAX BLUES BAND
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LASERS · STALLS · CHILDRENS WORLD
SPEAKERS · THEATRE GROUPS · FILMS

TICKETS: Ticket prices on the gate are as follows - Friday, Saturday and Sunday - **£9**. Saturday and Sunday - **£8**. Sunday only - **£7**. Children under 14 admitted FREE. A limited number of Three-Day advance tickets at £8 each are still available to personal callers only, from C.N.D. 227 Seven Sisters Road, London, N.4. (opp. Finsbury Park Tube), and also from branches of London Theatre Bookings and Premiere Theatre Bookings. For full information of the three days events, an eight page programme can be found in the current edition of SANITY.

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

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22-24 GREAT WESTERN ROAD LONDON W9

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Fri 4th RIP RIG AND PANIC + Special Guests — Doors open 7.30 £2.50 Door

Sat 5th LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH — Crown of Thorns — Hanoii Rocks — Doors open 6.30 £2.50 Door

Thu 10th GRAND PRIX — Doors open 7.30 £2.50 — CHINA TOWN

Fri 11th THE SOUND — ALARM — SNEEZES IN CHINA — Doors open 7.30 £2.50 Advance £3.00 Door

Sat 12th b-MOVIE — RICHARD STRANGE — VEN DINO PACT — INTERNATIONAL DRUM CLUB — £2.50 Door Doors open 7.30

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★ FRIDAY 18TH JUNE BELLE STARS PLUS JOOLES HOLLAND AND HIS MILLIONARES PLUS SCREEN THREE..... £2.50 ★

★ FRIDAY 25TH JUNE ANTI PASTI /ADDIX /A-HEADS ★

★ SATURDAY 26TH JUNE VICE SQUAD /URBAN DOGS /D.M.S /SPECIAL DUTIES..... £3.00 EACH OR £5.00 FOR TWO ★

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FRI JUNE 4 AT 7.30

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D.J. GAZ

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JUNE
1 Altered Images
2, 3, 4, 5 Diana Ross
3 Funkapolitan
3, 4 Camel
3, 4 Rory Gallagher
5 Queen (Milton Keynes)
5, 6 Ry Cooder
6 Heart
6 Squeeze
6 Anti-Nowhere League
7, 8 Willie Nelson
9 Kid Creole
10, 11 Haircut 100
11, 12 Bauhaus
18 Fashion
18, 19, 20 Glastonbury Festival
22 Gang of Four
22, 23 Black Uhuru
25, 26 Toyah
28 Barbara Dickson
29 Joe Jackson

JULY
10, 11 Clash
12, 13, 14, 15 Jackson Browne
17, 18 Toyah
17, 18, 24, 25 Capital Jazz Festival

AUGUST
21 Status Quo, Gillan etc (Castle Donington)

SEPTEMBER
16, 17, 18, 19 Blondie
19 Gloria Gaynor
30 Imagination

OCTOBER
1 Imagination
3, 11 Shadows
8, 9 Saxon
18, 19 AC/DC
22 John Martyn
24, 25 Julio Inglesias

NOVEMBER
17, 18, 19 Japan

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7.30pm Sunday 6th June £3.00

JENKINSONS, KINGSWEST, SEAFRONT, BRIGHTON.
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ROCK A

1 June HALE + HAINES
2 June SAFEHOUSE + REVERB & BARBED
3 June 'BRIXTON ROCKERS NIGHT' with SKANK ORCHESTRA + COME NATURAL
4 June UT + THE GO-BETWEENS
5 June BITING TONGUES + PALACE OF PREY with PATTI PALLADIN

8.30pm Tickets: £2

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ABERDEEN PALACE, NW8
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ALMOST NEW COMEDY SHOW with
NORMAN LOVETT/JIM BARCLAY/ BRIAN BAILEY
Tuesday 8th June £1.00
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KING TRIGGER
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RICHIE HAVENS
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SAT 19TH JUNE 7.30

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Rock Against Reagan
THE PAPERS
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DRAMA
Monday 7th June £1.00
STAGGERING MONKEYS
Tuesday 8th June £1.00
THE GLASS MUSEUM
Wednesday 9th June £1.00
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All Fall Down With
THE SOUND
zig zag club

7.30. FRI. 11.6.82.
£3.00, £2.50. ADV
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Thursday June 10th
HAMBI AND THE DANCE
Thursday June 17th
23 SKIDOO
Thursday June 24th
DEFUNKT
Late bar 9 - 2 am

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KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

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OSHIMA's
IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES
1.00, 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00
Friday 4th
JOHN BELUSHI DOUBLE:
Jack Nicholson's GOIN SOUTH
2.15, 5.45, 9.15
+ ANIMAL HOUSE 4.00, 7.30
Saturday 5th
TAXI ZUM KLO 1.35, 4.35, 7.35, 11.15
+ GLEN OR GLENDA 3.10, 6.10, 9.10
Sunday 6th
MATINEE: POSHIMA'S
THE BOY 1.30
+ DEATH BY HANGING 3.15
WATKIN'S THE WAR GAME 7.00
+ IT HAPPENED HERE 5.15, 8.10
Monday 7th
Z
2.45, 7.00
+ STATE OF SIEGE 4.55, 9.05
Tuesday 8th
JUDY HOLLIDAY/KIM NOVAK
IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU
1.00, 4.20, 7.35
+BELL, BOOK & CANDLE
2.30, 5.45, 9.00
Wednesday 9th
THE TENANT 4.20
+ TIN DRUM 1.55, 6.30
Thursday 10th
JUDY GARLAND
STRIKE UP THE BAND
1.25, 5.15, 9.00
+ GIRL CRAZY 3.30, 7.15

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RADIO TRENT CASTLE ROCK ROADSHOW WITH
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DAWN TRADER
+ SARACEN
WEDNESDAY 16th JUNE £3.00 ADV
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CRAWLEY GAD PROMOTIONS PRESENT
REGGAE STAR
FREDDIE McGREGOR
WEDNESDAY 23rd JUNE £2.50 ADV
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PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
THE HIGSONS

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THE HELICOPTERS
+ Fear Of Falling
Friday 4th June £1.50
THE DECORATORS
+ The Dark Parade
Saturday 5th June £1.50
PARK AVENUE
+ The Operators
Sunday 6th June £1.00
TRILOGY
+ The Myst
Monday 7th June £1.25
ZABANDIS
+ Roots & Branches
Tuesday 8th June £1.25
BERLIN BLONDES
+ Outboys
Wednesday 9th June £1.25
THE RED & THE BLACK
+ A Dark Design

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Tottenham Court Road 01-580 9562
SUNDAY 6 JUNE at 7.30pm

All tickets £5.00 – available from the Box office or Keith Prowse 01-836 2184*; Premier Box Office 01-240 2245*; London Theatre Bookings 01-439 3371*; Albemarle Booking Agency 01-283 5314 + (*ticket prices subject to booking fee)

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 3rd

Aberdeen Beekies Neuk: **Red Ellis**
Aberdeen The Venue: **Girlschool**
Abingdon 101 Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Basildon Raquels: **Mood Elevators**
Bath Pump Rooms: **The Ravishing Beauties**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Wrathchild**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bletchley Compass Club: **Flux Of Pink Indians/The System**
Bolton Gaiety Bar: **Ex-Directory**
Borough Green (Kent) Kings Lodge: **The Process**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton New Regent: **Cuddly Toys/The Visions**
Cheltenham The Copperfield: **Osiris**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Dooleys** (for three days)
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Peter & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Colwyn Bay Pier Pavilion: **Uriah Heep**
Crawley Leisure Centre: **The Three Degrees**
Derby Blue Note: **23 Skidoo**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Morrissey Mullen**
Farnham The Maltings: **Vanishing Point**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Shark Taboo**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Mistress/Requiem Mass/Freebird**
Hull New York Hotel: **The Nightingales**
Hull Oriental Hotel: **Ik**
Leeds Peel Hotel: **Promise/Destiny**
Leeds Warehouse: **Tears For Fears**
Leigh The Moonraker: **The Pistons**
Liverpool Cathedral: **The Living Legends**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **David Soul/Brotherhood Of Man**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Yesterday And Today**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Searchers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Syl Sylvain**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Illinois Jacquet Quartet with Slam Stewart** (until June 19)
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Idle Flowers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Helicopters/Fear Of Falling**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Camel**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Skank Orchestra/Come Natural**
London Hammersmith The Clarendon: **Cook The Books/Naughty Thoughts**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Airport & Dean**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Primary**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Bureau**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Johnny Thunders**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Thin Men**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Beatroots**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Duchess**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **Xena Zerox**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pied Piper Quintet**
London Southall White Hart: **Tytan/Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
London St. John's Wood The Crown: **Ruthless Blues**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Funkapolitan/The Go-Betweens**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Rory Gallagher Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Huey Lewis & The News**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Diana Ross**
London W.1 (Down St) Gulliver's: **Haze/The Idle Flowers**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Dream Cycle 7**
London W.1 (Princes St) Le Beat Route: **The Refreshers**
London W.9 Zigzag Club: **The Passage/Blue Orchids**
London W.C.2 Theatrespace: **The Sadista Sisters** (until Saturday)
Maesteg Bird In Hand: **Dance With Disaster**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Diamond Head**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Kathy Stobart Quartet**
Manchester Jilly's: **Dawn Trader**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Membranes**
Manchester Unity Club: **Shakatak**
Newcastle City Hall: **Haircut 100**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Gang Of Four**
Northampton White Elephant: **Precious Little Idols**
Nottingham Ad Lib Club: **If All Else Fails/One Million Fuzz-Tone Guitars**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Lindisfarne**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Nightrider**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Blues Session**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Riz Wah Wah**
Portsmouth Gaiety Bar: **Rip Rig & Panic**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Rotherham Dickens: **Whammer Jammer**
Salisbury Raffles Club: **The Press**
Scarborough Taboo: **Saracen**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **The Stacks**
Weymouth Baxters Wine Bar: **The Headless Horsemen**
Wokingham Angie's: **Motley Crew**

friday 4th

Aberdeen Bobbin Mill: **Segue**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Pinkies / Lizzy Buck & Her Cats / Take Two**

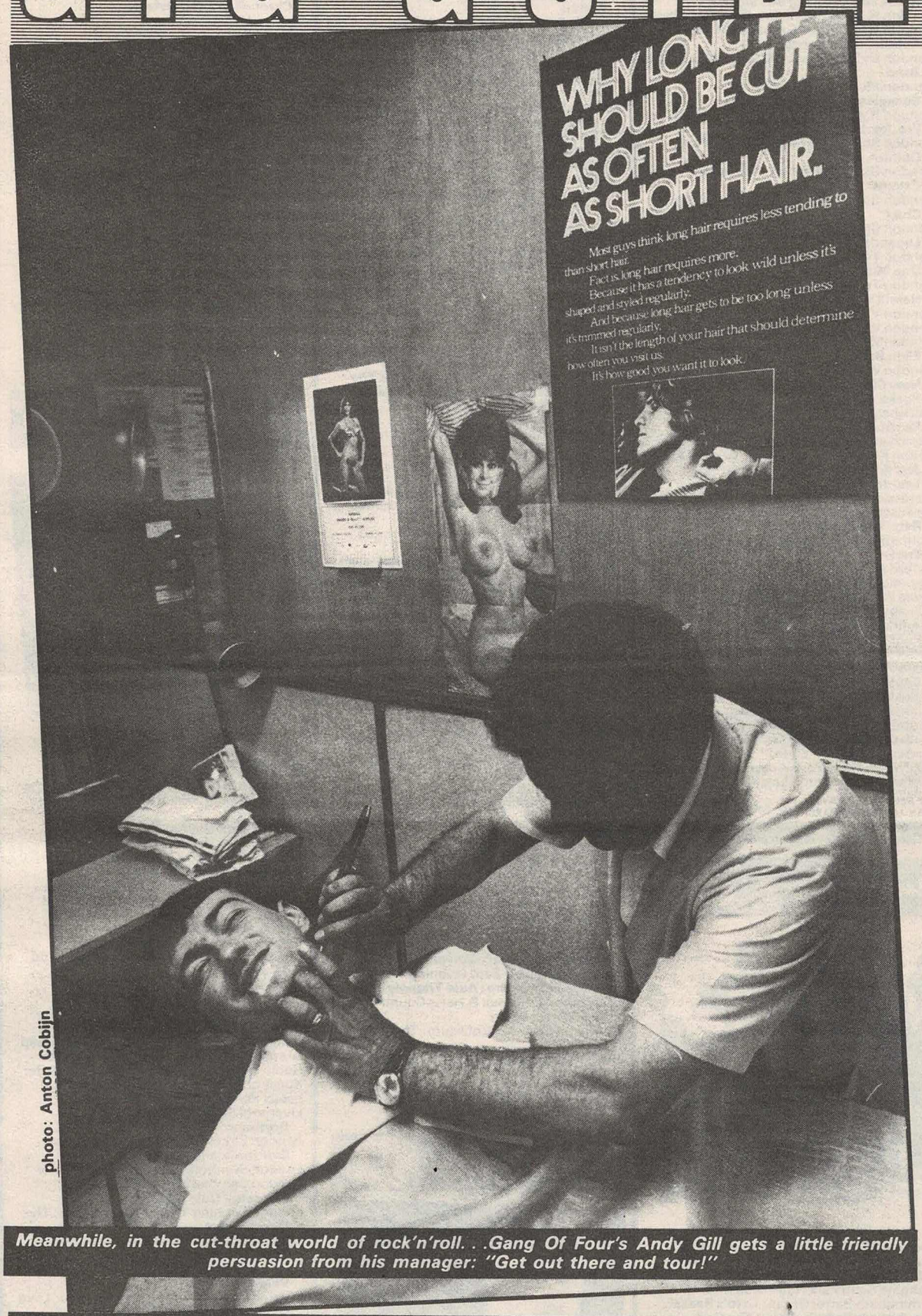
WHY LONG HAIR SHOULD BE CUT AS OFTEN AS SHORT HAIR.
Most guys think long hair requires less tending to than short hair.
Fact is, long hair requires more.
Because it has a tendency to look wild unless it's shaped and styled regularly.
And because long hair gets to be too long unless it's trimmed regularly.
It isn't the length of your hair that should determine how often you visit us.
It's how good you want it to look.

photo: Anton Cobijn

Meanwhile, in the cut-throat world of rock'n'roll. . .Gang Of Four's Andy Gill gets a little friendly persuasion from his manager: "Get out there and tour!"

GANG OF FOUR are back in live action again this week, playing their first major tour for 16 months — which serves not only to promote their new album 'Songs Of The Free', but also to introduce their new bassist Sara Lee. Catch them at Newcastle (Thursday), Sheffield (Friday), Bradford (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Basildon (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday).

HAIRCUT 100 plunge into their short spring tour, to whet the appetite for a more extensive outing in the autumn. Prior to their London shows next week, they visit Newcastle (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Liverpool (Sunday) and Birmingham (Monday and Tuesday).

Before his appearance at the Glastonbury Festival, VAN MORRISON undertakes a short provincial tour, kicking off with three nights in Belfast from Tuesday. Other new tours opening this week involves the ageless URIAH HEEP, who turn up like the proverbial bad penny in Colwyn Bay on Thursday; JOHN COOPER CLARKE setting out in Liverpool on Friday; and HAMBI & THE DANCE commencing their most important trek to date in Edinburgh, also on Friday.

QUEEN play their so-called London open-air concert on Saturday, some 35 miles from the capital at Milton Keynes, supported by JOAN JETT, HEART and THE TEARDROP EXPLODES — and, by the way, HEART headline their own London concert at the Dominion the next day. . .and up in Newcastle, there are Big-Top performances by THE BOOMTOWN RATS (Saturday) and DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS, as part of Radio 1's special weekend in the North-East.

The ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE four-act package reaches its climax at London Lyceum on Sunday and Monday, and the same venue hosts two more very welcome gigs by KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS on Tuesday and Wednesday. Also in London, country superstar WILLIE NELSON is at Hammersmith Odeon (Monday and Tuesday); MARIANNE FAITHFULL returns to the concert stage at the Dominion (Tuesday); and ex-Television leader TOM VERLAINE plays the first of two shows at The Venue (Wednesday). Finally, DIANA ROSS completes her stint at Wembley Arena (Thursday to Saturday), before moving on to Birmingham NEC (Monday to Wednesday).

Birmingham Hare & Hounds: **African Woman / Strumpet**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Wrathchild**
Blackpool J.R.'s: **Dawn Trader**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **The Raincoats**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Roger Ruskin Spear's Kinetic Wardrobe**
Brighton Dome: **Ry Cooder**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Passions**
Brighton Top Rank: **Squeeze**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Blue Orchids / The Builders**
Burton Allied Breweries Club: **Shakatak**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Skat!**
Canvey Island Gold Mine: **Calling Hearts / Jay Laser & The Phantom Orchestra**
Carshalton Park: **Second Image**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Here & Now / Mono Pacific**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Night Train**
Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar: **The Toy Dolls**
Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic: **Alpha Sound**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Beau Leisure**
Dunoon E.M. Club: **Red Ellis**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Hambi & The Dance**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Girlschool**
Edinburgh Victoria Inn: **Border Boogie Band**
Erith The Ship: **Sirius B**
Fort William The Milton: **H20**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Haircut 100**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Night Moves: **First Priority / Manic Noises**
Halifax Civic Centre: **David Soul / Brotherhood Of Man**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Chaos / Civil Defence / Dark Parade / Day 5 / Decades By Night / The Lemmings** and other local bands
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Hitchin The Regal: **Chas & Dave**
Hull Good Fellowship: **The Nightingales**
Ipswich Corn Exchange: **Neil Innes**
Liverpool Adelphi Hotel: **The Beatroots**
Liverpool Vaughan's 149 Club: **Tulsa Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **John Cooper Clarke**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Rock Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Lynn Thomas / Pula Arts Kommune / Seething Wells / The Papers**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Pulse**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Firing Squad / Penguin Fury**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Tex Axile & The Dodgers**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Wasted Youth**
London Chelsea Roebuck: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Innervisions / The Process**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Electrix**
London East Sheen Bull Hotel: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **To The Finland Station / Subverse / Dali's Car / Pete Zero**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **First Offence**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Decorators / The Dark Parade**
London Fulham King's Head: **Little Sister**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Camel**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **UT**
London Hammersmith The Clarendon: **Vitale Voice**
London Harrow Rd. Centro Iberico: **Dirt / Anthrax / Hair Attack**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash / The Pals**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **The Drivers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Tucker Finlayson Band / Root Jackson**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Paz**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Cerious B / Negative Response**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **The East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Alan Elsdon Sextet**
London St John's Wood The Crown: **Cavern**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Disco Void**
London Tottenham Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Rory Gallagher Band**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Design For Living**
London Victoria The Venue: **Mood Six / The Marble Staircase / The Poetic Slav**
London Wembley Arena: **Diana Ross**
London W.9 Zig Zag Club: **Rip Rig & Panic**
London W.10 Meanwhile Gardens: **Annual Buskers Concert**
London W.C.2 Cheshire Cheese: **China Pig**
London W.C.2 School of African & Oriental Studies: **The Living Legends**
Malvern Cecilia Hall: **Ivor Cutler**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Tribal**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Delerium Tremons / The Rah Rah Club**
Manchester UMIST: **The Frantic Elevators**
Margate Saracens Head: **Naughty Thoughts**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Yesterday And Today**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Anti-Nowhere League / Chelsea / Chron-Gen / The Defects**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Alarm**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Jerry Co**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Three Degrees**
Poole Brewers Arms: **Surreal To Real**
Retford Porterhouse: **23 Skidoo**
Salisbury Cathedral Hotel: **The Press**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Gang Of Four**
Shoeburyness Cambridge Hotel: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
Southport Theatre: **Uriah Heep**
St Helen's Triplex Glass Club: **Rockin' Horse**
Welwyn Garden City Ludwick Youth Centre: **Flux Of Pink Indians**
Weymouth College of Higher Education: **Mood Elevators**

■ *Continues over*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

■ *From previous page*
Whitehaven The Disco: **Liquid Gold**
Wokingham Angie's: **Jeep**
Worcester Green Room: **Dick & Shades / Plastic Gunshooter / Experiments With Clothing**

saturday 5th

Joan Jett: Milton Keynes

Aberdeen The Venue: **Hambi & The Dance**
Aviemore Osprey Room: **Duff Party**
Aylesbury Friars: **Squeeze**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Fundamental Furniture/Laissez Faire**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Tarzan 5/All Stations/Domestos**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Janet & Tony Geen**
Bradford University: **Gang Of Four**
Braintree Essex Barn: **Shakatak**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **The Raincoats (re-schedüled date)**
Brighton The Concorde: **Life Size Models/Jo Dash**
Bristol Colston Hall: **The Three Degrees**
Cambridge Strawberry Fair (afternoon): **Amyl Dukes/The Great Divide**
Canvey Island King's: **Chas & Dave**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Haze/The Strangers**
Chapel-en-le-Frith Memorial Club: **The Permanents**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Chichester Bishop Otter College: **The Passions**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Night Train**
Chorleywood The Sportsman: **The Hamsters**
Cummock Juniors FC: **All The Rage**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Xpertz**
Dunoon E.M. Club: **Red Ellis**
Edinburgh Nicky Tams (afternoon): **Border Boogie Band**
Ellesmere Port Bulls Head: **Ik**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Naughty Thoughts**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Girlschool**
Grays Thameside Theatre: **Neil Innes**
Harrogate Conference Centre: **Barbara Dickson**
Heywood Queens Park (noon-6pm): **Brendan/Brigade Rose/Elektra Complex/Phase Two/Untanned Youth/Victor Mature**
Ilkley College: **Whammer Jammer**
Ipswich Albion Mill: **Fox In Socks/John Bowers**
Ipswich Royal William: **Emergency Exit**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Spreadthick/John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**
Liverpool Adams Club: **Carmel**
Liverpool Vaughan's 149 Club: **Tulsa Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Cross Section**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Back Door Man**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee/Johnny Mars Band/Root Jackson & The GB Blues Co**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Hank Wangford Band/Ukraine**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Jealous Guys/Big Jay Monque'd**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Lone Wolf**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Catford The Black Horse: **The New Spiteri**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Arts Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Pepublic**
London Covent Garden Community Centre: **Design For Living**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dislocation Dance**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Dance Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Park Avenue/The Operators**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Hammersmith Bishop's Park: **Jazira**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Danse Society/Map Of Africa**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Steve Franklin Group**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
London Hammersmith Riverside Studios: **Biting Tongues/Patti Paladin's Palace Of Prey**
London Harrow Rd. Centro Iberico: **Whitehouse**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Alarm/Civilization**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Fixations**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Ricky Cool**
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: **A.B.A./Entertaining Mr. Sloane**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots/The E-Types**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Alex Welsh Band**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Sexagisma/The Winter Trees**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Rent Party Quintet**
London St. John's Wood The Crown: **Cavern**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Strand King's College: **The Living Legends**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Roebuck: **One Million Fuzz-Tones Guitar**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Claire Hamill's Transporter**
London Victoria The Venue: **Lindisfarne**
London Wembley Arena: **Diana Ross**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Lords Of The New Church/Crown Of Thorns/Hanoi Rocks**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Beatroots**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Private Sector**
Milton Keynes Concert Bowl: **Queen/Joan Jett & The Blackhearts/Heart/The Teardrop Explodes**
Morecambe Superbowl: **Liquid Gold**
Newcastle Exhibition Park: **The Boomtown Rats/The Toy Dolls**
Nottingham Old Market Square: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Sunfly**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Night After Night**
Poole Wessex Hall: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Pookiesnackenburger**
Retford Porterhouse: **Durutti Column**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **David Soul/Brotherhood Of Man**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Review**
Southport Floral Hall: **Yesterday And Today**
Wallasey Shepherds Rest: **Warrior**
Warwick Red Lion: **Flyte**
Whitworth Rawstrons Arms: **The Pistons**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Worcester Green Room: **Michael's New Loves/Safari Park/Billinsgate Caress/Rooster & Mensi Style**

sunday 6th

Dexys: Newcastle

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Alone Again Or**
Altrincham Unicorn Hotel: **Beau Leisure**
Bath Tiffany's: **Tears For Fears**
Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel: **Red Ellis**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Blackburn (Rishton) Bay Horse: **Dawn Trader**
Blackpool Jenks Bar: **Rage**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **Cabaret Voltaire**
Brighton Stords Motel: **Time Begins/Bamboo Sharks**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cannock Moonraker: **Pertz**
Canterbury Kent University: **Blue Orchids/Carmel**
Canterbury Keynes College: **The Blue Orchids**
Cardiff Traherne Hall: **Zipper**
Christchurch Jumpers Tavern: **Crossfire**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Adrian Hedley/Bernard Puckett/The Final Quarter/Billy Childish**
Douglas I.o.M. Palace Lido: **Uriah Heep**
Exeter University: **Choice Treats For Children**
Glasgow Mayfair: **The Radio Ghosts/Apes In Control/Danse Macabre**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Hambi & The Dance**
Glasgow The Dalriada: **The Dolphins**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Hillingdon Master Brewer Motel: **Love Affair/Pinkertons Assorted Colours**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leatherhead Thorndike Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Haircut 100**
Liverpool Kirkdale St. John's: **Tulsa Band**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Gang Of Four**
London Barbican Centre: **Roy Orbison**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys** (lunchtime)/**Hank Wangford Band** (evening)
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Out To Lunch.**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Boris** (lunchtime)/**Rodeo** (evening)
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Squeeze/Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Dave Bitelli's Onward Internationals (lunchtime) Juice On The Loose** (evening)
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Electrix**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles.**
London Club Left at Ronnie Scott's: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Rimshots/Admit One/Spy vs. Spy**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Spiteri**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chris Thomson & The Islands**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Triolgy/The Myst**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Combo Passe**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Treatment/Tamla Mushrooms**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park (3pm): **Traitor's Gait**
London Harrow Road Centro Iberico: **The Living Legends**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Ya'Ya's**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Influence/Marionette**
London Kensington Sunset Club: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Marquee Club: **Radio Stars**
London NW2 Hogs Grunt: **Brian Knight & The Thin Line**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker**
London Southbank Jubilee Gardens (11am-2pm, free): **Amazulu/Attila The Stockbroker/The Guest Stars/Margo Random Band/Benjamin Zephaniah/Melanie Harold**
London St. John's Wood The Crown: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Strand Lyceum Theatre: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Heart**
London Victoria The Venue: **Dennis Bovell & The Dub Band/Johnny Clarke/Foxes & Rats/Margo Random Band/Benjamin Zephaniah**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Almost Brothers**
London Wimbledon Nelsons Club: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London W1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Hefty Jazz**
London W9 Zig-Zag Club (3.30 pm): **Undivided Roots/Miles Over Matter/Amazulu/Ekrome/Sister Jenny/Jazira/Vane**
London WC2 Arts Theatre Club: **Steve Franklin Group**
London WC2 Arts Theatre Club: **Barry Nathan Quartet**
Newcastle Exhibition Park: **Dexys Midnight Runners**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **The East Side Torpedoes**
Newmarket Cabaret Club: **The Drifters**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich City Stadium: **David Soul/Brotherhood of Man**
Nottingham Festival (Market Square): **The Stargazers**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon** (lunchtime)/**Mr Zoot** (evening)
Poynton Folk Centre: **Auld Triangle**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **The Merseybeats**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Three Degrees**
Stockport Davenport Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **The Beatroots**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ground Zero/Hieronymous Bosch**

monday 7th

Nico: London

Bannockburn Tamdhu: **Red Ellis/Craigdoov**
Bedford The Fives: **Precious Little Idols**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Diana Ross**
Birmingham Odeon: **Haircut 100**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Cardiff Great Western Hotel: **The Beatroots**
Doncaster Impel: **Time In Motion**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **The Shakes/Apocalypse Choir/Teenage & The Wildlife**
Liverpool East Lancs Crown: **Tulsa Band**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Primary**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Positive Earth**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Reactions / Product**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Zabandis/Roots & Branches**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Double Vision**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Alarm / Jump In Your Datsun**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Willie Nelson**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cheaters**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On the Park: **Ralph Sutton & Neville Dickie**
London Marquee Club: **Radio Stars**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Loose Talk**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London N.W.3 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Flux Of Pink Indians / Rudimentary Peni / Subhumans / The System — Conflict — Dirt / Annie Anxiety / Living Legends.**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **John Stevens Group**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Anti-Nowhere League / Chelsea / Chron-Gen / The Defects**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Vendetta**
London Victoria The Venue: **Nico / Weekend / Sisters Of Mercy**
London Walthamstow Saxon Club: **Chariot**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Claire Hamill's Transporter**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Sex Gang Children**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Dr. Filth**
Manchester Golden Garter: **The Drifters** (for a week)
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Newmarket Cabaret Club: **Chas & Dave**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Julian Thomas & The $1000 Excuse**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **The Blues Band**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Squeeze**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Warrior**
Wakefield Casanova Club: **Liquid Gold** (for three days)
Watford Bailey's: **The Ohio Players** (for a week)
Wigan Pier: **Yesterday And Today**

tuesday 8th

Van Morrison: Belfast

Basildon Raquels: **Gang Of Four**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Van Morrison**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Diana Ross**
Birmingham Odeon: **Haircut 100**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Insane / Blitzkrieg / The Abhorred**
Brighton Cinderella's: **Life Size Models**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Alexei Sayle / Old Nick**
Cardiff Nero's: **The Beatroots**
Cardiff Top Rank: **The Blues Band**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Yesterday And Today**
Coventry Freemasons: **The April 1st Movement**
Doncaster Mainline Club: **The Swinging Laurels**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Uriah Heep**
Glasgow St. Ausgustine's School: **H20**
Huddersfield Coach House: **Anne Gwirder**
Kingston The GreyHorse: **The Feelers**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Passion Puppets / Only After Dark**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Hiss The Villain**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Love Dance / Any Anxious Colour**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Alixia**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Berlin Blondes / The Outboys**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45s**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Willie Nelson**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Kitsyke Will**
London Hampstead Starlight Club: **Avenue**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Helicopters**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Parisienne Swing**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Neville Dickie** (until Saturday)
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Tottenham Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Marianne Faithfull & Her Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Cabaret Voltaire** *(They're fab! — A. Gill)*
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Line Up**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **John Cooper Clarke**
Manchester The Phoenix: **Dawn Trader**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Nolans**
Stockport The Brookfield: **The Cheaters**
Swindon (Boo! — Ed.) Brunel Rooms: **Dedringer**
Trowbridge Peewee's: **The Rhythm Section**

wednesday 9th

Tom Verlaine: London

Aberdeen Valhallas Rock Club: **Curios Reign**
Belfast Ulster Hall: **Van Morrison**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Diana Ross**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton New Regent: **The Shout/South Street/The Jungle**
Bristol Bridge Inn: **Choice Treats For Children**
Cambridge Trinity College: **Jessie Boy 5**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Gang Of Four**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Blue Condition/Chicago Sunset**
Cheltenham The Plough: **Roadsters**
Coventry Busters: **23 Skidoo**
Derby Blue Note: **Otway & Barrett**
Dudley The Crown: **Hundred Days/Sabita & Celsius/Spontaneous Human Combustion/The Statues**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Doppelganger**
Edinburgh The Place: **Halycon Daze**
Exeter Tiffany's: **Talisman**
Glasgow Cafe Vaudeville: **Seminal Jive**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins/Red Ellis**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Blues Bands**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Great Divide**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Pencils**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Bo Diddley/Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45s**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Roy Weard's Last Post**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **The Deltas**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Any Anxious Colour**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Farmers Boys/Guesst**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Lost Patrol**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Red & The Black/A Dark Design**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Short Stories**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cherry Boys**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Pals/The Beatroots**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **J. J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Kensington Ad-Lib: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The New Vibrations**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Sammy Rimington Hot Quintet/Waso**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kai Winding**
London St. John's Wood The Crown: **Little Sister**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Victoria The Venue: **Tom Verlaine**
London Westbourne Grove Earl of Lonsdale: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Wimbledon Nelsons Club: **The Nashville Teens**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Family Rico**
London W.C.2 The Kit Kat: **Harry & Hilary**
Malvern Festival Theatre: **Fred Wedlock**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Red Beans & Rice**
Moston Lightbown Hotel: **Beau Leisure**
Newcastle The Lonsdale: **The East Side Torpedoes**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Emotional Play**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **David Soul/Brotherhood Of Man** *(Good fun — Ed.)*
Plymouth Ark Royal: **The Albaston Interceptors**
Pontlanfrithe Greyhound: **Dance With Disaster**
Reading Top Rank: **Yesterday And Today/Spider**
Southampton The Waterfront: **The Press**
South Shields Crown Hotel: **The Toy Dolls**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Hi-Tension**
Stirling Avant Garde: **Esprit De Corps/European Line**
Stockton Fiesta Club: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
West Kingsdown (Kent) King Studios: **High Risk/Camera**

Kid Creole: London

LIVE ADS

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WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

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THU. 3 JUNE. Former N.Y. Doll backed up by a lean rhythm section, reinvests & re-interprets "Teardrops on my pillow" & "Pills".

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FRI 4. Drums/Bass/K-boards provide the solid musical foundation. Sax/guitar refresh the jazz-funk riffs and invigorate body and soul.

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MON. THE REACTIONS + PRODUCT
TUE. LOVE DANCE + ANY ANXIOUS COLOUR
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WED. Four boys, two ironing boards, one rhythm box & a sort of under-fed Talking Heads sound.

THE GO-BETWEENS
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Saturday 5th June £1.50
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Sunday 6th June £1.25
THE TREATMENT
+ Tamla Mushrooms
Monday 7th June £1.00
THE ALARM
+ Jump In Your Datsun
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LPs EXTRA!

Bobby Bland

IN STEP WITH THE BLUES

BOBBY BLAND
The Best Of (MCA)

FIRST time I've heard Bobby Bland and it's obvious — the man's a star.

Bland might not go to the top of the chart, but he goes straight to the centre of the heart and . . . that's all that really matters.

This is a catalogue from the past 20 years, and the distinguishing factors are: a big, bold yearning, heaving voice filled with passion, remorse and strength; all the things that matter, all the things that have ever mattered. The music is sharp, raw, gentle, light, deep, loving and vengeful — whatever is required, whenever required at the behest of stylish and persuasive arrangements.

What you get is bruising ballads ('It Ain't The Spotlight'), storming dance music ('Goodtime Charlie') and some of de olde mopey sorta blues ('Rockin' In The Same Old Boat'); the latter isn't exactly to my taste but it is 'roots' and every tree must have its . . .

Listening to the whole LP gives a sort of rounded satisfaction — you can see the strands that have been woven by Sam, by Otis and Van. Bland has had more than his fair share of proud moments over the years, and the way in which his music charges is fulfilling.

It's not drastically trying to compromise itself or desperately trying to latch onto trends, its own steam is sufficient to drive it through, picking up only what is necessary along the way.

But what I really want to talk about is two songs on side one; two songs that are among the best ever written — 'That's The Way Love Is' and 'There Ain't Nothing You Can Do'. Take a bow Malone and Scott, no matter what you've done before or since, with these two songs you've composed something that will last and last.

For now, for the past two weeks 'Ain't Nothing You Can Do' has been declared *the* best song ever written. Listen to it pounding, searching, spurned — bound with shackles, wounded with pain and crashing on the shore in a shower of sobbing frustration. Maybe Morrison's version on 'It's Too Late To Stop Now' is better, but let's not split hairs. It goes — love is unbeatable, anguish is hell and frustration is the bridge worth burning, burning, burning . . .

'Ain't Nothing You Can Do' is not embroidery around emotions, it is right there at the centre of the catharsis — it's why we're alive, why we should be more alive.

It's a song to play when your glass runs dry, when the sun cracks the pavement and it seems the city's going to shrivel up and die, when the ships sail up The Sound, when you wake up in the morning and wish you were buried in a dream. For Chrissakes — put it on! When there ain't nothing you can do there is 'There Ain't Nothing You Can Do'.

The Bobby Bland LP is only £2.99 and gives you a chance to hear it. What a bargain!

Gavin Martin

PASTEL, PASTICHE, PAST IT

FLESHTONES
Roman Gods (IRS)

THERE'S NOT great deal to add to Barney Hoskyns' recent placing of Fleshtones (in a review of their '78 ROIR cassette 'Blast Off!') as a third wave New York garage band turning their mythical haunt into a sweaty night club, apart from the fact that 'Roman Gods' — produced in '81 by Richard Mazda, who's also been working with The Fall — is less bugged by keyboards than earlier material.

However, with all that harmonica there's a definitive harking back to the time in the '60s when white boys were turning R&B into heavily echoed, guitar-wild pop. Cultivating a sensibility like this, it's no surprise the band do a version of 'Ride Your Pony' with plenty of sax and that the largely instrumental title track veers towards the primitively funky.

Best, and most derivative of all, is 'Shadow Line'; Peter Zaremba's lead vocal may be a bit of a let-down, but with choral back-up the cut is pure Yardbirds, almost 'Heart Full Of Soul' at times. This kind of pastiche is one way to pass the time, but I bet Fleshtones would like to be thought of as providing a more inventive and vigorous service than that.

Paul Tickell

Fleshtones Pic: Joe Stevens

NME XPRESS WORD

CLUES ACROSS

1. Laurie Anderson realises that there's more to life than Superman (3-7)
6. The little star who prayed for Terry to wait at the gate of heaven for her . . . . . (7)
10 & 11. . . . . . but in the end it was death that split Joy Division (4-4-4-2-5)
13. Gimme some sang the Fatback Band, and this is half (3)
14. Black Sabbath's Tony (5)
16. They've not let us down — yet (1-1-1)
18. Rose Royce's motor taken through the wash . . . . . (3)
19 & 22 and out snaps a hygienically clean vehicle fit for the hospital (6-9)
24. see 40
25 & 26. Iris gets the boot from Bauhaus (4-2-3-3)
28. '— —, No Name, No Number' from Traffic (2-4)
30. Enough was enough for Summer and Streisand (2-4-5)
31. '— — Chair' from Quo (2-2)
32. Beat it, funny man — this is what happens when Smokey gets in your eyes (5-2-1-5)
36. Adam's still got one in his pants (3)
38. Probably the least well-known of the Who's hits (5-6)
40 & 24. Della and the Dealer and the singer (4-5)
41. Kind of music from Alaska (3)
42 & 43. see 7

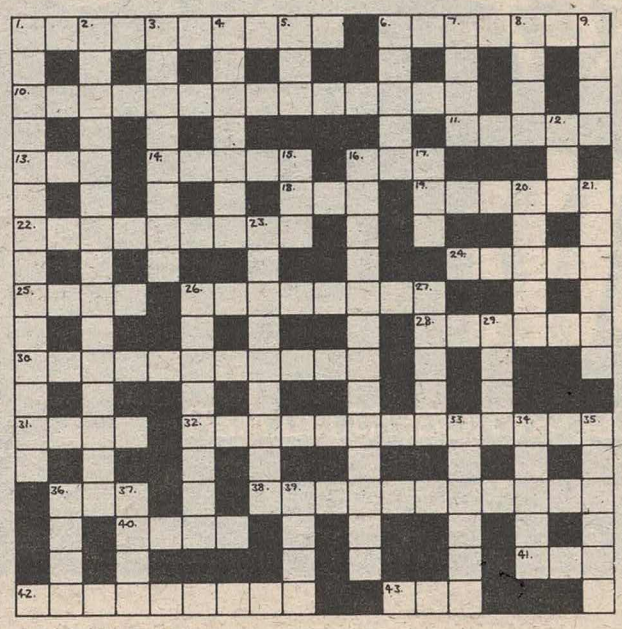
CLUES DOWN

1. Associate member (5-9)
2. B-52's throw away the vibrator and go back to the real thing (4-2-4-2-3)
3. Six members of the same family formed this U.S. band around the flower-power era (8)
4. Yvonne —, who became part of the Eric Clapton band in 1974 (7)
5. Strange name for someone who sang 'I Love My Dog' (3)
6. Soft-Dura- Cell's batteries go on and on and on and . . . . . (5)
7 & 42 & 43. Band originating in San Francisco in 1968 featuring the violin of David La Flamme (3-1-9-3)
8 & 20. On which label could be found Lovin' Spoonful's 'Summer In The City' (4-5)
9. — River by the Brecker Brothers (4)
12. How to chat or perhaps get a smack on the disco floor (3)
15. Early Quo single, '— In The Sun' (3)
16. So if porn sales can be fiddled a band could emerge (13)
17. Initially the band that felt Glad All Over (did Gladys enjoy it?) (1-1-1)
20. see 8
21. Dollar and Skids working out in the far west (6)
23. One of the girls from the Human League (9)
26. Something that Poly Styrene gained with X-Ray Spex (8)
27. Gay a la OMD (5)
29. Look now, before you trip (4)
33. — Brothers, Irish-American band featuring Tommy Makem (6)
34. Something for the Hall, but sounds better in a nosebag (5)
35. Fill the gap time: — Chris —, who stumbled in with Suzi Quatro (6)
36. Jane — and the Belvederes (4)
37. The Twilite with Girl (4)
39. Woman with ELO (4)

COMPILED BY TREVOR HUNGERFORD

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 'Faithless', 6 Wally, 9 Alan, 10 UBO, 11 Jazz, 12 Aire, 13 GLC, 15 Island, 16 'Enola', 19 Nile, 21 Iper, 23 Lad (Ladders), 25 Villiers, 27 ULU, 29 Nil, 31 Kirk, 32 SDP, 33 Anode, 35 Yachts, 36 Die, 38 Kid Creole, 40 ACR, 41 Can, 42 Eat, 43 Howard Devoto.
DOWN: 2 All, 3 Tina, 4 Laurels, 5 Stu, 7 Yazoo, 8 Souls, 9 Argentina, 11 Junkie, 14 Celluloid, 17 Neal, 18 Kes, 20 Pinky Blue, 22 Pressure, 24 Duke, 26 Lunch (Lydia), 28 Spirit, 30 Indigo, 34 Decca, 37 Lend, 39 RAR, 40 Art.



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VIDEO SYNCRASY

Night boat beyond Cairo

DANNY BAKER ponders the mysteries of the East — and how come 'Complete Madness' won't be a hit there

Madness in last-ditch attempt to sell themselves to the Arabs. Verdict: no great sheiks . . .

I DON'T KNOW if you've experienced it, but when you've just watched something that's kept you either riveted or hysterical, whatever follows the thing up seems tinged with the same intensity or lunacy.

Having just watched this Madness videocassette *twice* back-to-back I am having problems with *John Craven's Newsround*. During a short about the Pope, everyone seems to be walking like Barson and Kix; that is somewhere between a Popeye cartoon and how circus performers must appear if we looked at a pantomime horse in X-ray. Worse! The Pope tends to give a 'hello-mum' style fixed grin at the end of every blessing. Ludicrous, of course, but I believe doctors have a name for it. I need to snap out of it, so let me cut a sandwich and then we'll reflect on the music video for a few paragraphs. Wait there.

The music video — he began, realising as usual that the beatroot was a mistake — is a silly sawn-off thing. The best type undoubtedly are the kind you find resting toward the bottom of disgusting twirly display racks. These tapes have been there ever since the very first tapes were marketed and were delivered into Tottenham Court Road at a time when the most appealing feature film available to us mug-punters was Telly Savalas and Susan George in *El Bandito* (the rugged story of one screenplay's fight against a costume budget and vice-versa). Yes, nestled down between *El Bandito* and *Enter The Bruce Lee-style Slopehead* will be one of the the pioneers of music video.

It will be in a gaudy box carrying an even gaudier picture and say, in as stylish a type-face as the crumby designer could drum up, "Boasto Associates Present The Fabulous Candy Tufts In Person (Special Guests First Choice)". Ms Tufts is somebody nobody has heard of. She is substituted on countless identical tapes by a whole range of other people nobody has ever heard of. The guests on these curious debuts are always acts that, although you may have heard of them vaguely, should you try to sell their complete catalogue to an otherwise friendly hock-shop, you would find yourself thrown bodily on the street, spat upon, and *still* in receipt of the offending records plus some you never knew existed that the guy threw after you.

And yet, here in jostling Tottenham Court Road this act is a Special Guest on Candy Tuft's Big Show. The reason for this seemingly rash project existing is simple. Arabs. Arabs can be sold anything that even smells like a video-cassette so long as they are assured it will contain either cartoons or cabaret. This is a fact. Walk any time along Oxford Street and you will see Arab after Arab staggering toward the rear door of a huge cadillac carrying a mile-high pile of Candy Tufts concerts. Queen, Siouxsie & the Banshees, Toyah — none of these interest our cloth-wrapped punter. An Arab insists of his music what he insists of his drink — that at no time should it make him aware that he is alive.

Candy is, naturally, a cabaret singer who will 'rock out' on 'I've Got The Music In Me' and yet look as though her dog's just died during the emotional intro to 'Feelings'. Though restricted in her one-to-one warmth by being boxed inside that TV, she will make her viewers feel like they've got ringside seats at Bailey's or Talk Of The Town. This is what her audience demand because, while Candy wrings every last drop out of 'Cavatina', they can talk and joke and eat and generally pretend she isn't there. This sort of thing happens in Cabaret Live Spots all the time but, through tapes like Candy Tufts In Person, they can do it over and over again in the privacy of their own stately home. Naturally though, they demand something respectable for their £39.95 and this is where First Choice, The Delfonics or maybe, at a pinch, Tina Turner comes in as Special Guest. They'll shut up while she's guesting or at least stop spitting grape pips at the set.

This Madness video wouldn't do at all. There's too much going on. Me, I think it's one of the very first absolutely essential pre-recorded cassettes, music or otherwise. It contains all their hits, plus oddball links, plus their Japanese Honda Ads, even their 1st appearance on *Top Of The Pops,* and retails, unbelievably, at £19.95.

The inventiveness that makes up the song-visuals is

stunning. We waste too much time lauding the 'spontaneous' antics of old Monkees shows — what Madness achieve on their promos is far, far wittier and weird. They have an effortless cartoon fun and interplay that no amount of rehearsal could achieve; it seemed as though I was watching some well-drilled and professional comedy theatre group interpreting some great pop songs.

It's when you pinch yourself and realise that the same crowd that's making you giggle created those songs *too, all of them,* then you become tempted to write things like: *Do We All Appreciate How Gifted Madness Really Are?* That they are the best group in the country is obvious — but after soaking all this talent in I'm not sure if that accolade is enough. 'Essential' is such a bleeding cliche in rock magazines, but *Complete Madness* is nothing less — MORE, it is the argument *for* the existence of *all* VCRs. Next to a promo like 'House Of Fun', 'Baggy Trousers', 'It Must Be Love' or the fantastic 'Los Palmos 7', all the Ultravox, Visage — you know — *little films,* seem small, rocky, precious pompous and wasteful.

The closing shots of *Complete Madness* show the group cackling theatrically along a high street. As their chuckles reach manic pitch ... they all turn off into a bank. Stealing it? No so, chaps. You're gifted and you know it.

Long may the Arabs shake their heads ...

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The vid-disc hard-sell: four — count 'em — four full-page ads in last Wednesday's London Evening Standard!

Put another movie on the turntable . . .

PAUL RAMBALI sees the launch of the new video disc — and considers the implications for industry, user and bootlegger alike

"THE OBJECTIVES and potential uses of mass-audience communications are the same now as they were when Aristophanes first stepped on to the Greek stage. Why, then, hasn't it been allowed to evolve naturally, through the various stages of technological advancement, as a single concept?

"There is no logical flow — with cooperation and inheritance passing from old to new. Dramatists and theatre people did not move to aid the development of the motion picture, even though it was a natural extension of their art. Similar instances surround the development of television, videotape, cassette, cable and pay-TV systems. Even within the individual formats, battles rage as advocates of proscenium deride the round; technicians working with 35-millimeter film scoff at 16 and 16 scoffs at super-8; and armies of electronic geniuses bludgeon each other with patent papers for increasingly efficient video systems without a thought given to standardisation.

"Hope comes, strangely enough, from the very muddle of activity that is currently surrounding the development of the new video era . . . The hope of a complex of audio-visual distribution channels which will be able, at long last, to support the volume of work our frustrated creators are capable of producing; provide for real free choice at audience level; accommodate the experimental without having to eliminate the traditional to make room."

— George A. Romero

Right: the industry's image of you.

THE VIRTUOSO independent director of *Martin* and *Night Of The Living Dead* wrote this tirade against the chaotic, heedless, money-grubbing state of the audio-visual entertainment octopus back in 1974.

Since then it has grown another limb: the video disc — introduced for the first time in Europe last weekend at 100 retail outlets in London and the home counties. (In fact, it wasn't the first time. John Logie Baird devised a mechanical video disc system that was sold in Selfridges for a short period in the '30s.)

The point George Romero makes about warring technologies has obviously been lost on the manufacturers of video discs. And even if their interests lie in profit not art, the folly is still large. There are three separate video disc systems in existence, but only two have so far come on to the market, and only one in Britain.

RCA's **Selectavision** was the first to be launched (in the U.S. at the end of '79). As a measure of its fate, RCA opened a Selectavision office in London at the time but it is now closed. Philips, through their U.S. company Magnavox, then launched their more sophisticated **Laservision** system — the one that has just been introduced here.

A third system — **VHD** — developed by Matshushita, the parent company of JVC, and backed by Thorn/EMI in Britain, has yet to make its commercial curtsey anywhere at all, its Japanese launch having just been "postponed indefinitely". Thorn/EMI, however, anxious not to lose ground against Philips, are making noises about it becoming "available in the high street in late autumn".

Before we dip our toes into the fray, some technical details:

☐ **Selectavision** is the simplest and cheapest of the three systems, using a needle-in-the-groove type player and records similar to ordinary audio discs. They can

■ *Continues over*

the StaRgazeRS

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See them kick the beat around

JUNE
5 Nottingham Festival
11 University of Birmingham, Edgbaston
12 Porterhouse, Retford
14 Clare College, Cambridge
15 Pembroke College, Cambridge
17 Crafton Ballroom,
24 Collingwood College, Durham
25 Oriel College, Oxford
26 Cavendish Hall, University of Nottingham
28 Westfield College, Hampstead
30 Middlesex & Herts Country Club, Middlesex

Stiff

VIDEO SYNCRASY

■ *From previous page*

only be played forwards at between normal and 16x speed, they are mono, and they wear out, although a deluxe version, with stereo sound and freeze-frame, is available.

☐ **Laservision** uses (you guessed) a laser to 'read' a very different type of disc, with millions of tiny 'pits', the size and placing of which determine the sound and picture. Since the pits are beneath the surface of the disc and there is no mechanical contact between the disc and the reading device, the discs are wear-free and can be man- or woman- handled. They can also be played forwards or backwards at any speed and stopped on a single frame.

☐ **VHD** — or Video High Density (whatever that means) — uses a similar sort of disc with the same playback virtues as the Philips disc but it is read by a capacitant that is like the RCA stylus except it skims along the surface. Since the lasers in the Philips system account for nearly half the cost of the players, the capacitant promises to greatly reduce the cost of VHD players. The drawback is that, as with Selectavision, the VHD disc can deteriorate. The surface of the disc must be kept scrupulously clean, and a pouch or 'caddy' is used in both systems to store the disc. This is inserted into the player, and then pulled out leaving the disc inside.

☐ Needless to say, the three systems are incompatible with each other.

WITH THE LAUNCH of Laservision, the push for the British market — assuming there is one — is underway. All you 25 to 45-year-olds in ABC1 households, prepare to be assailed.

In America, video discs have been slow to catch on with the world's greatest consumers. Selectavision has been selling at less than half the level RCA anticipated. Magnavox, too, has sold thinly — said to be due to a lack of software. But compared to Britain, *per captia* sales of video cassette recorders (VCRs) are also low — largely a result of the great many ordinary and cable TV channels available.

In 1978, there were a mere 75,000 homes in Britain with a VCR. In 1981, there were 1,340,000 — which, in parallel with the rocketing sales of home computers and video games, bears witness to the huge appeal of unlocking the contents of the TV screen. But even that figure (predicted to rise even more steeply at the time of the World Cup) means that over 90% of the homes in Britain *do not* have a video — a statistic so appetising to Philips that they have invested £10 million in an attempt to reduce it.

The videodisc, however, has one major handicap — you can't record on it.

In the face of this, Philips are quick to accentuate the positive: much better picture; stereo sound; more playback features; a simpler machine designed to dispel housewives' (their term) techno-fears; cheaper and virtually everlasting software. In fact, say Philips, "The system is *damage-proof* and child's play to operate."

More essentially, their view is that the boom in sales of pre-recorded tapes means that "the record function is not the prime requirement of VCR users". They add that "nowhere else in the world is the culture of rental so strong." And it's in the area of pre-recorded software that the disc will have the advantage.

The Philips disc, at £16-18 for two hours playing time and £22 for three hours, costs around half the price of a pre-recorded cassette. A catalogue of 120 titles — the best sellers from five major tape catalogues — is already available. And film and TV companies will be eager to supply more and much newer material because the disc surmounts the problem (for them) of royalty and home-taping. (Although bootleggers small and large will soon discover that the disc, because of its better and lasting quality, makes the perfect master . . .)

One point about the discs is that not all of them allow you to use the variable slow mation speeds and freeze-frame. Only 'Active-play' discs, which last up to 37 minutes a side and feature the how-to and was-that-a-goal-or-wasn't-it type of programme, allow it. 'Long-play' discs, which are mostly movies, don't.

The Philips player costs £450. Thorn/EMI's player is expected to cost around £300-350, with the discs about the same price as Philips'. RCA's system, tentatively set for introduction next spring, could cost as little as £200 for the player and £10 for the discs.

Philips, of course, have the head start — but Thorn/EMI boast that their ownership of the bulk of hire and retail outlets will establish their dominance; they also promise a greater range of 'active-play' software. Each of the companies is dependent on a large and varied catalogue for any lasting success; and on the priorities of the hard-pressed consumer.

The disc itself has strange echoes of a notorious recent disaster — the quadrophonic record. But Philips, after having been forced to put off two earlier launches, are beaming with confidence, and backing it up with a £1.6 million promotional budget.

Place your bets, or better still your cash, now. If you haven't got the cash, go read a book.

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THE BLUEBELLS
HEY ELASTICA

Glasgow

The perfectly special things, (I think you must know this, but I'll say it anyhow) defy definition; you can beat around the edges, but never, ever, come close enough to understand. Exactly a year ago, I told you about a shaky little group from Glasgow brimming with faults and so wide open and obvious that almost everybody scoffed: and girls screamed. More wise and wonderful now, they're covering their tracks so well that soon it can only be The Bluebells with the secret locked away safely; the rest has slipped into place in a manner that could easily be mistaken for natural progression. And they're sytill only about half way there . . . "Will we last?" he asked, in a rare and tender moment of insecurity. "You mean be eternal?" It *is* a possible choice — and name me three hopeful contemporaries in *that* magical position!

Hey Elastica (who certainly don't have a choice) know they can channel everything towards the instant hit: though they're going to have tremendous problems trying to write it. Mad hair, daft clothes, and the best imitation of the rock'n'roll animal that you'll see till the next scary monster; they start fine and end fine, which only leaves the dull bits in between to get to grips with.

The new wave monster stayed home, but hip London discspinner Gary Crowley (who can't stay away) bounced onstage beaming — someone had recognised him in the street that afternoon — to introduce the Bluebells.

Already they have *three* stunning, lingering smash hits, just desperate to burst out of your TV and radio. And by the time their critics unite *en masse* to knock them down, it will be much too late.

"You can only attack our singing, playing, arrogance, nonchalance . . . but fundamentally we're untouchable . . ." he laughed, toasting cheese and serving milky tea. A few hints, some common favourites: 'Co Co', 'The Night Before', 'Red Guitars', 'Tea-Time Tales' (dead sad), 'Rock The Boat' and 'Rock Your Baby': 'I just Can't Help Myself' and 'I'll Be Your Surprise' (hurrah!) 'Funky Town', 'Bye Bye Baby' and 'See you'. Marty's shirt. Girls bring porridge in a bowl, chocolate for Laurence; travel from the Outer Hebrides, send along silly letters. Bobby Bluebell has told a girl in every town that he's written a song about her ('Everybody's Somebody's Fool') Ring my bell — paint my door! They sing 'Boys Don't Cry' in a way the Cure never could — Men should weep, but boys keep swinging, and girls wipe tears of heartache from the corners of blue eyes, green eyes, brown eyes . . . This summer's melody just has to be 'Goodbye Good Luck', this year's shade is blue.

You'll see.

Kirsty McNeill

QUEEN
TEARDROP EXPLODES
JOAN JETT AND THE BLACKHEADS
HEART

Leeds

IF MUSIC should lead you here there and everywhere, Queen are anti-music because they lead you nowhere at all.

Die Tina Krupps.

Munich Rockdays

Germany

HERE, THE CITY'S wealth seemingly peels off the walls with the yellow ochre and gold paint which, along with toy fort grey, decorate its turrets, towers, arches and palaces. Money abounds in Munich. There's enough of it, even, to support the sizeable number of social marginals who flock south to earn an easy mark and bask in the summer sun.

Though the city is centred in the Bavarian conservative stronghold led by proto fatshit Franz Josef Strauss, it draws alternative seekers from all over the republic. And if the stoic Bavarians are not exactly delighted by the influx, they'll let it pass with a gritted teeth tolerance.

Like that of the Southern USA, South German hospitality is a select thing. You might be welcomed with open arms, but stray into the wrong place and you'll be sullenly greeted with narrow, suspicious stares. It's a matter of knowing where you belong. If you're young and not well off there's the cafes and bars of the mildly crumbling suburbs near the English Garden, where gather those still infused with the spirit of May '68 (more positive and less sedentary than the date might imply). If you're young and want to be branded as such, you'll probably gravitate towards the extended Kings Road chiceria of Schwabing, which generates a vibe about as authentic and dated as Carnaby Street at the height of the tourist season.

Similarly, tanned punks are its chief vicarious thrill. They perch threateningly like Hitchcock's *Birds* — correction, that should read Mel Brooks' Birds — at Munchener Freiheit's sunken square, dripping ice cream down their bondage strides.

Across the street nutty German mystic Werner Herzog's new movie hero *Fitzcarraldo* (Klaus Kinski, who else?) is taking high opera to the South American Indians. Around the corner at the record store the German music industry's first rich prostitute is meeting far less consumer resistance offloading its goods. The prostitute is called Neue Deutsche Welle . . .

The Neue Deutsche Welle is the industry's rationalisation of new German pop and punk, the reduction of initial blueprints and manifestos to easy ad slogans. The NDW means the curtailing of diversity and the

LIVE!

Cope cavorting. Pic: Kevin Cummins.

Queen in the open air at Leeds sucking the passion and spirit out of their atrociously undemanding fans with a gloating, ghoulish and quite pitiless efficiency led everyone nowhere twice over: there is something sinister about the way such a group can feed off the indecision and confusion of their fans and offer absolutely nothing back but a spiritually abusive mockery of the joy and fascination of entertainement. It struck me hard on the knee-cap and on top of my skull-cap as I watched Queen produce prepared predictability out of their billion-dollar tortoise shell hat that they are like implacable pied pipers leading life-less unfortunates into a future of sedation and blankness: their music conclusively deadens emotions and expectancies because it nastily devalues such things. So there was a lot of worshipping and waving and crushing, but truly the event — talking about *life* — was an incredible chilling show of laziness. Queen have no heart, Heart were as gentle and white as Queen Elizabeth's wave, J.J. and the Blackheads should be wiped away like excess grease and for what it's worth the slave-event just about killed off Teardrop Explodes. Milton Keynes — where, appallingly, the whole thing happens again, same sound, identical fans, another idle day — should see Teardrop dead.

As dead as Queen: what's it worth?

Paul Morley

NDW = No Damn Worth

After five nights of Neue Deutsche Welle, Chris Bohn returns to Britain heartbroken that all things German don't necessarily glitter gold. ***Pix: Wolfgang Burat/Spex***

imposition of conformity, the conversion of truths into truisms.

Every NDW group naturally denies its associations, but nevertheless they all toe the party line. They assert their independence by pronouncing the importance of singing in German and the subsequent transformation of rhythms to match the language's intonations. And, of course, their independence is in no way compromised by their contracts with the majors. So long as they're selling anyhow.

The willing participation of so many groups has made it easy for the industry to sell NDW *en masse*. That its campaigns have been so clumsy yet successful is more down to the relative unsophistication of the German record buying market than the skills of the promotion men.

DAF aside, you won't find many of the mainsprings of Germany's pop renaissance involved. No Der Plan, Malaria, Liaisons Dangereuses . . . In fact, all those skilled enough to play the market like ABC (the closest German equivalent is Der Plan/Atatak's selling of **Andreas Dorau** as a very wonderful teen throb) are sensibly biding their time until the first euphoria passes.

Those brave fools — Die Krupps, Wirtschaftswunder and Abwarts — who have rushed in have also rushed out mediocre records, thereby losing the chance of introducing quality to the NDW.

ACH, DIE Neue Deutsche Welle! Scarcely anybody who cares has a good word for it outside the obvious one — scheisse! One lone pragmatist, Gerald Hundgen, from Germany's savagely enthusiastic and most entertaining music monthly *Spex*, is an exception. While acknowledging its generally dire quality, he nevertheless admonishes me for expecting more intelligence of the German consumer than his British counterpart.

At least the charts — normally the exclusive province of aliens and MOR *schlager* — are now dominated by new German Pop, even if it is generally lousy. I'd argue that the early success of DAF, whose minimal pulse beat was only recognizably commercial once it started selling, laid the foundation for a wholly different kind of hit. Instead, the NDW took its lead from the soft exoticism of Ideal, whose history is typical of their successors: failed former hard or jazzrockers who've blatantly shorn their hair and sound to fit the tenets of the new way.

The popularity of NDW has polarised German pop around respective commercial and alternative poles. The latter is Alternative with a capital Anarchist symbol, and like here that's come to mean limitation rather than liberation. One is often as hack as the other and both are ridiculously stereotyped.

Genuine German greatness is generally too irrational to be so easily slotted.

CONSEQUENTLY the best new groups either weren't invited to Munich (Palais Schaumburg were told by alternative promoters Shitman(!) Und Blau they weren't political enough) and the few who slipped through didn't really fit. It's a pity, as the five day event was televised for Germany's BBC2 equivalent channel and presented as something prestigious, thereby giving the public a sour taste of NDW and its alternative.

The site is nevertheless well chosen. The festival took place at the Alabama Hall on a deserted army establishment, whose ruins resemble a *Jubilee* film set, on the outskirts of the city. The stage backdrop of famous faces makes tenuous associations between former German superstar - come - clod joker Udo Lindenberg and Johnny Rotten. In retrospect the links aren't so weak — mostly the Rockdays' NDW and postpunk could have been the idiot result of such unfortunate crossbreeding.

Reflecting the promoters' confessed predilection for the underdog, there are plenty of professional No Funsters from Hannover, such as the dour if well meaning Moderne Man and the infantile regressive though entertaining Barchen Und Die Milchbubis. Lots of slack satire either slickly — Mythen In Tuten (roughly translated Gags In Bags) — or sloppily presented — the Berlin disasters Jeile Traume (literally trans. Wet Dreams; laterally trans. Jerk Offs).

Best of the worst is **Trio** who at least make a novelty out of their oddity. Using only snare drums, mutated rockabilly guitar and vocals they fashion low comedy from '50s rock'n'roll and faintly mock the NDW that has brought them their reward. And with 'Da Da Da I Don't Love You, You Don't Love Me' — a contagious irritant about to be released by Phonogram here — they're on their way to a worldwide hit. It's as horribly simple as ga-ga-ga- Gag on it.

Most disappointing of the best is **Die Krupps**, who nevertheless improve live on their recent wet LP 'Full Steam Ahead'. Singer Jurgen Engler crosses Billy Fury and Gary Numan and stumbles badly in his effort to impress. Now that he neither plays guitar nor hammers steel he's not quite sure what to do with himself, though one can sympathise with his reluctance to reintroduce the steel-o-phon. "Every time he hit the steel, it sent damaging reverbrations up his arms," says new recruit Tina Schneckenberger. No doubt the Steel Union aren't too enamoured by his patented polystyrene synth version, which lacks the clout of the original instrument, but point taken.

Worst of the lot are the Bavarian groups Sigurd Kampft and Schwoissfuass (Sweaty Foot!) who cater for the local taste for white sausage with limp, inept blues and rock . . .

AFTER FIVE NIGHTS of simmering boredom only five highlights remain. I give you them in no particular order, excepting to present the first as a some kind of example.

The Family Five's excellence is in itself a critique of the blandness that NDW stands for, but they take it a step further by savaging their contemporaries in a set of parodies that runs the gamut of styles while remaining true to their original provocative intention. Led by Peter Hein — whom many claim to be Germany's equivalent Johnny Rotten — and guitarist/music critic Xao Seffcheque, they drily deride the NDW's bandwagon jumping just as they precariously leap genres themselves. Seffcheque's PiLed guitar is the engaging constant through the rap, latin, bebop and punk, Hein's voice the reason, and his dancing — akin to a puppet's whose strings have been cut — the joyful expression.

Ostro 430 also understand the value of wit in the deflation of ego — generally male ones — but it's really the more commonplace mugging of saxist/vocalist Martina which carries their otherwise monotonous piano led songs. She's as fiery and fast as the Poison Girls' Vi Subversa, and just as potent with a punchline.

Ton Steine Scherben are May '68 veterans who pre-dated the punk thrash by 10 years and now that everybody's caught up they've moved on to broader ballads, which hint at Mott The Hoople's blustering self-pity musicially, but lyrically remain coolly analytical. They belong to a tradition of German activism without letting it hamper them, and though they occasionally lapse into slack sloganeering, they've had the good sense to personalise their politics, thereby renewing its thrust. An MC5 with the brains enough to survive.

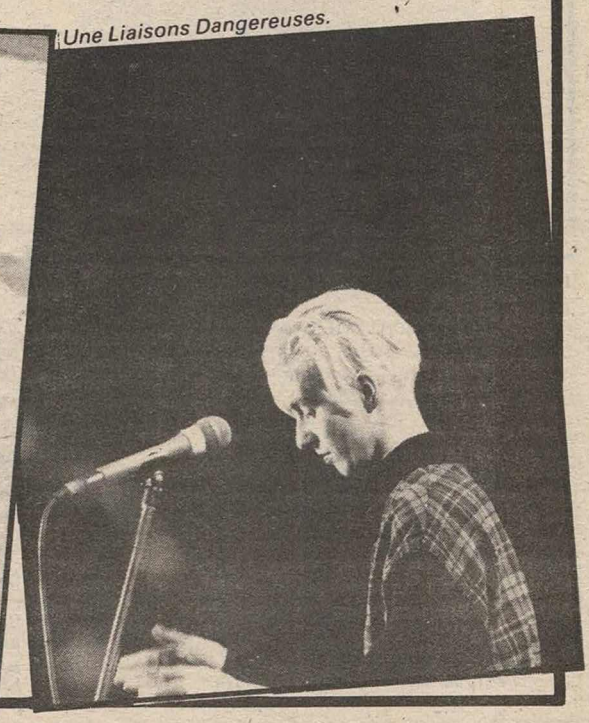
Liaisons Dangereuses' onstage presence generates a delicious tension that could kill if you got caught up in the triangle of players. In a music largely pre-recorded such an aura of danger is both surprising and not a little absurd, emanating as it does from three fiercely different individuals whose roles are predetermined by the hard, oddly timed, edgy electro flow. Vocalist Krishna has some sort of release valve in his bizarre choreography of martial arts movements into pose, and the other two let go in the minimum additions to the tape they allow themselves.

I'd imagine the friction comes from them straining against their own self-imposed boundaries as much as it does from their working off against each other; but whatever the thing is at the core of their mystery, it should be nourished and cherished.

Abwarts understand — like their soulless brothers Einsturzende Neubauten and Non — the sheer exhiloration of noise pure and simple. Abwarts recall the fury and guilty excitement of rioting, the inane, spiteful pleasure of destruction for destruction's sake. Abwarts are not smart, but they are all those other things and in context of NDW's moderate tone, they're a necessarily violent release. With the trashing of the stage and the toppling of the Lindenberg/Lydon backdrop they bring the festival to a fittingly abrupt fullstop.

Three of family fire.

Une Liaisons Dangereuses.



Skiddies and kiddies *Pic: Peter Anderson*

23 WAYS OF FACTORY FETISHISM

23 SKIDOO

Manchester

FOR ONE WEEK has Hacienda been open, and it seems as though I am one of the few regulars. The young people of Manchester have responded to the new model Factory's shock call for 'a new sense of place' with a perhaps unsurprising slowness and suspicion: as I race around the Hacienda levels, accustomed to a loosening London-ing pace, it's as though the good people of Manchester are living their lives some six seconds behind or slower than me. I can't believe the look of Hacienda, feel completely at home in its corners and running up and down the stairs: the people of Manchester aren't sure whether Hacienda is luck to believe in, a bizarre sneaky Fac-trick, or a club purely for elitist boys and girls. The response to the opening has been a mixture of indifference, cynicism and uncertainty.

Open one week, and the average attendance for the events seems not to be over two hundred — even a 'secret' T. 'Splodes show attracted barely more than the 200. Over a thousand people have joined as members, many more times that must seriously be considering it, but Hacienda's opening has not lit up Manchester night-life with irresistible explosive force . . . these members must either be very cagey, or treating a Hacienda membership card as some kind of status symbol rather than using the card as ticket to ride and things. Perhaps the fuse has been lit: hopefully it is that rather than some massive damp post-punk anti-climax, a gaseous sign that creative and communal energies have been squeezed out of people by the times and the way these new times are explained and distorted. The wary hesitant beginnings say much about the lack of confidence around the city — a lack of confidence that Hacienda needs to work towards replacing with a restorative urgency.

Manchester's view of Hacienda seems based around what they believe the club must be in relation to Fac's reputation (Fac 4) — not based around what they could make of it: a cold, neutral atmosphere is anticipated, but as yet no atmosphere has been established and it is genuinely up to the early-comers to turn it into a fast provocative place of action, of interaction, of intoxication. Truly the setting is unbeatable in terms of encouragement, enjoyment and stimulation.

I think the locals should not sit back and puzzle over motives and the correct manners, but move inside and grasp the occasion. I think the attitude should be: there are ways and ways of making this work — not, there are too many reasons why it cannot work.

23 Skidoo on Saturday attracted a sparse crowd: one of the most seriously exciting and displeased musical movements of the times and one of the smartest and cheapest (in the best possible way) clubs in the country should fit around each other to inspire a lively, mesmerising atmosphere, as a vital feeling of potentiality. Instead one couldn't help noticing the distracting erraticism that there must exist around and about the sound of such forcible explorers, and feel restrained by the spaces and the still shiny new surroundings . . . indeed, the surroundings — I s'pose it's the cleanest place in Manchester — control the Hacienda insiders rather than the other way round. Skidoo

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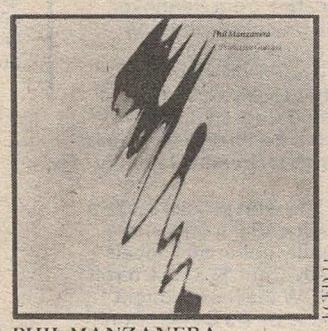

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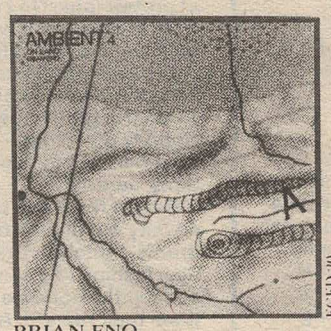

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EGED 12 **EDIKANFO** THE PACE SETTERS
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EGED 30 **HAROLD BUDD** THE PAVILION OF DREAMS

SINGLE CASSETTES

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EGEDC 14 **PHIL MANZANERA** PRIMITIVE GUITARS
EGEDC 15 **VARIOUS ARTISTS** FIRST EDITION
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EGEDC 20 **BRIAN ENO** AMBIENT 4. ON LAND

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on Sat at Fac 51 was almost exactly the unextreme low pressure secureness that the club is here to act against.

I do, though, feel optimism. The Hacienda will catch on, because word of mouth can matter a lot, and it will soon become clear that the club is nothing more confusing and intimidating than a retreat for those unembarrassed about pleasure, who feel a need for exercise, who know that the new pressures must be dealt with abrasively and constructively, and who seek a potent new spirit in life; and 23 Skidoo will introduce to more and more people the tender, uneasy, moving values of improvisation and improbability, capitalising on the successes of such as The Associates, New Order, Scritti Politti and even ABC and Simple Minds as they articulate an exquisite, aggravated intolerance.

Hacienda and Skidoo . . . it didn't 'work', but it will do. The point being: more things are possible than some would want you to believe, and there must always be corners to turn. If you can't find Hacienda — and perhaps this is why all the members don't turn up — it's just around the corner from Oxford Road Station . . . (you must turn that corner!) And then who knows what else can be found.

Paul Morley

TODD RUNDGREN

Venue

EVERYTHING YOU remember about rock music is secreted somewhere on some Todd Rundgren record. The synthetic flash, the bullet-browed machismo, the candywisp sentimentality, the filibuster's comicbook, the path to the altar and the (feigned) descent into the inferno.

Everything you could *know* about pop music is probably hidden somewhere on Todd's person. He loops his knowledge like a big jangly bunch of keys. Of course, they can only open one lock at a time.

So he began his one-man show at the Venue by scurrying on to a sparse stage, Caligari's somnambulist Cesare juiced into jerky life. He picked up a vast wide-bellied 12-string guitar and sang one of his most full-flushing entreaties, 'Love Of The Common Man'. The high notes rang out, beckoning, imploring, and it seemed they might make my heart burst. Troubadour Todd played another this way, 'Cliche', a scalpel into brief encounter, abrasively truthful. *Click.*

Then to his piano. 'It Wouldn't Have Made Any Difference' — if you loved me? I could pardonably stomach a greatest hits show. This one reminded me of the torch in Agonist Todd's tonsils — a virtuoso bout of real singing. *Click.*

Now came Videobore Todd. He showed us a couple of his old home movies made to accompany an electronically emasculated Debussy lollipop or two. I snoozed over it. *Whirr — jam.*

But Todd knows how to revive his show. He goes back to his treasured library of pop and dusts off a couple of bindings. His pop music is too clever to founder in the salty seas of his utopian longings and amiably bumbling metaphysics: he's seen enough wizards lose their stars not to heed the health in smart chord changes, harmonic swoop and munchkin hummability.

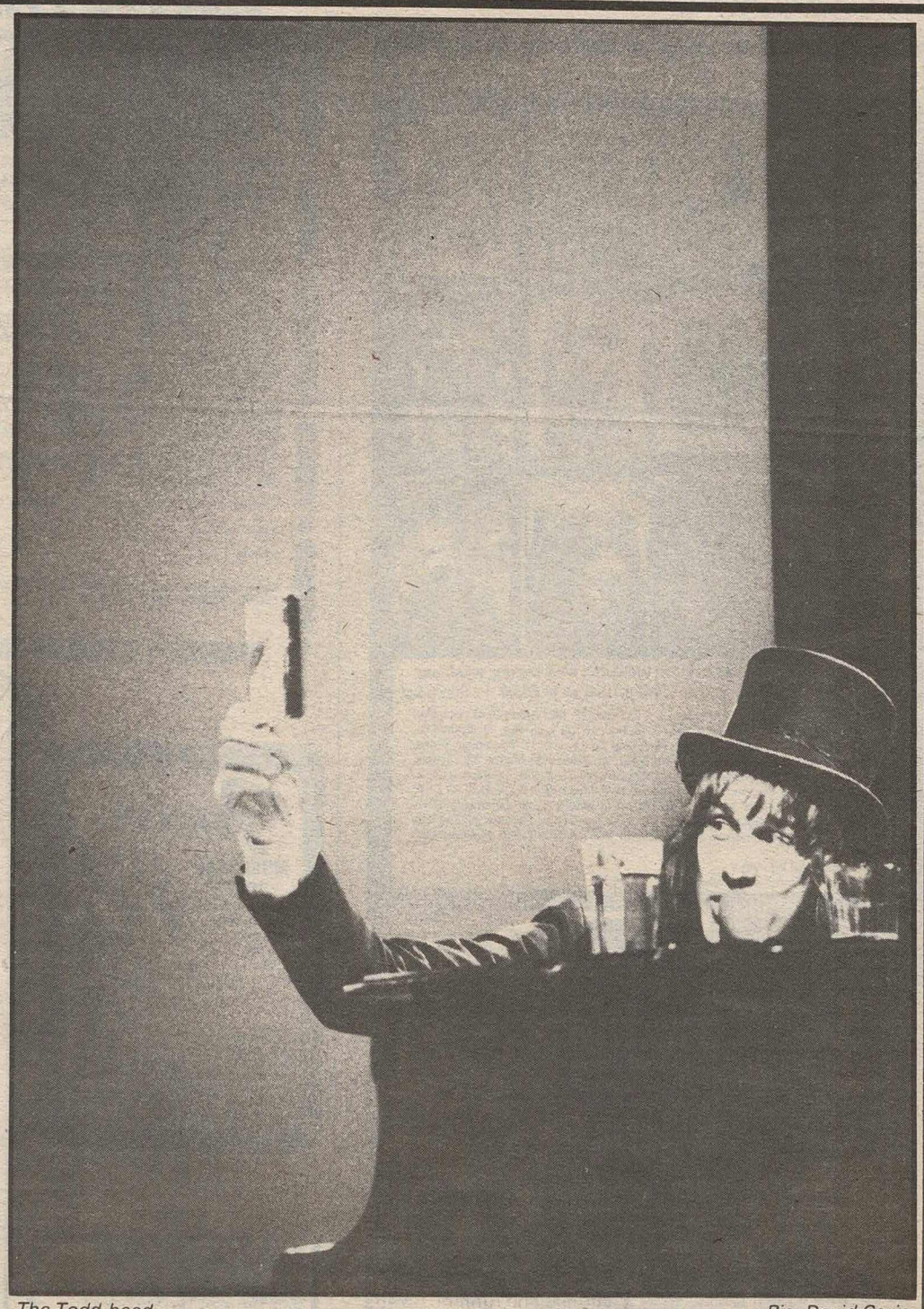
So when we have to endure another of Todd's videos, for which he won a Golden Hippo; a stupidly silly audience wreckalong of the gloriously silly 'When I Pray'; and some lengthy and deceiving monologues on piano playing and ain't - gonna - march - no - more pacifism, the comfort is in expecting another jewel, another gleaming key from the chain.

Except it all seemed to grow stretched and pasty after an hour or so. Todd has *always* been a one-man show. His records and belief in his purpose are hooked into a monotheism that cannot be unbound. Todd is a vaudevillian to his puffy core: he loves to troup and sing and shout. But it is our redemption that he sings of!

His potato love, like that of Sting or Meatloaf, is so easily embraced. Yet Todd knows very well how much stardust there is in him. Towards the end, he sang part of the soul medley from 'A Wizard' and 'I Saw The Light' to the exact backing tracks from the records — it is all his own work, and how we must marvel! An extraordinary sight, this beanpole kid genius, limbs a-dangle as if about to come unloosed from their sockets, performing a yokel's arabesque across the stage, while the tapes — the omniscient Rundgren collage — ran their ghostly accompaniment.

On 'One World' and the encore 'Whell Of Kharma' he called for our universal family to set up home in his global village. But have we his gifts? Can we be his real man? I think he would be afraid if we said yes. Unhand me, long-haired loon! Oh — but don't . . . *Click.*

Richard Cook



The Todd-head *Pic: David Corio*

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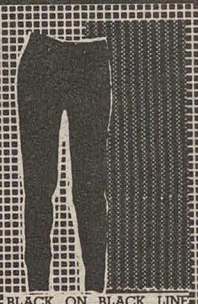

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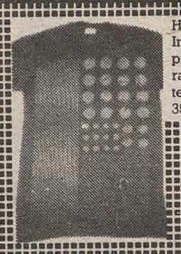

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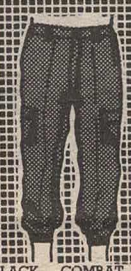

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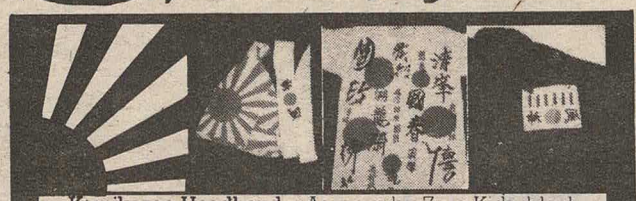

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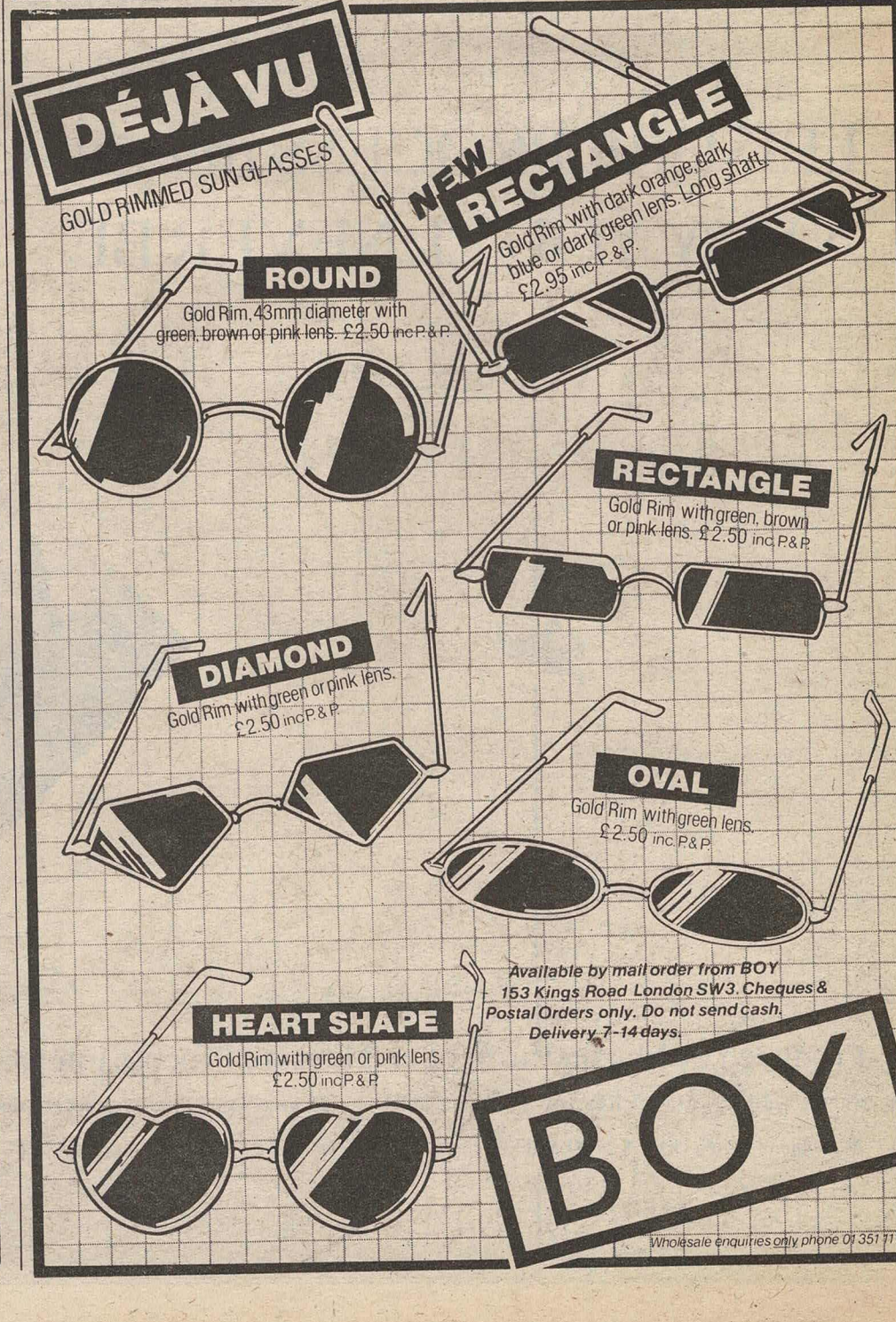

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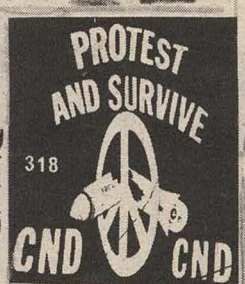

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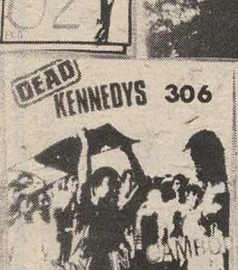

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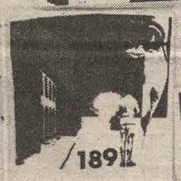
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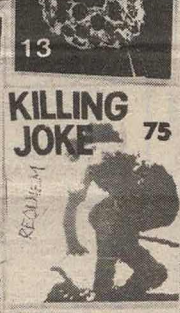

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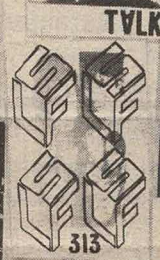

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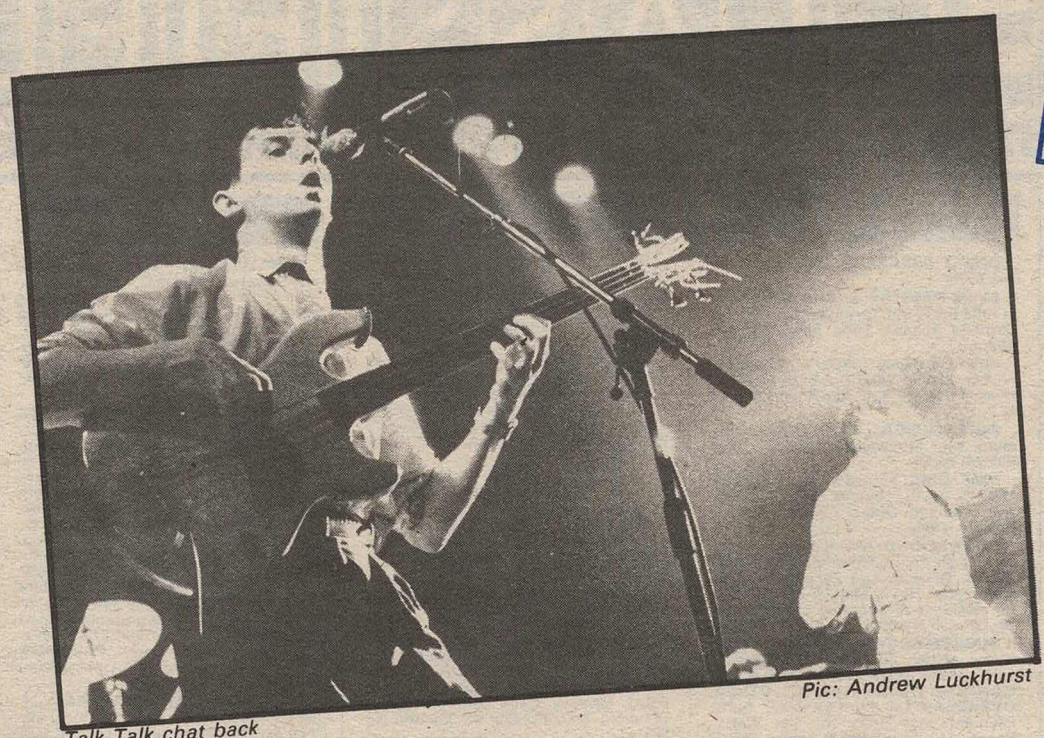

Talk Talk chat back

Pic: Andrew Luckhurst

LIVE!

MAKING OF SMALL TALK

room dummies.

They sweat real sweat. Cool down though — where is the end product? This is docile, bled white of aggression. A sound that is coordinated but turgid and far from cohesive. A limp substitute for those fed on Roxy and Ferry. In these music stakes love is the drug but mine was mandrax.

There were no grand master flashes of musical inspiration but tracks like 'Talk Talk' and 'The Parties Over' did mix some decent Sylvian singing with some deft repartee between bass, drums and keyboards. But the asinine aloofness of the clone with the drone left the sometime fine playing clouded with falsehoods. This man suffers from the ILOVEMYSELF syndrome — from now spell PRECIOUS PRECOCIOUS.

Maybe EMI see Talk Talk as a group that are on the verge of breaking through the looking glass and doing something wonderful in the wonderland of the charts. Of course it could be that given the chance on TOTP these boys would unleash the seven plagiarisms of the old testament upon us. That is up to you.

At the Zig Zag Talk Talk were preaching to the converted. To my hearing they were pitched somewhere between a whisper and a scream.

David Dorrell

THE SINATRAS COLD FISH

The Barracuda

COLD FISH possess attributes that will always score a point or two at The Barracuda. An expensive venue, its comfy enough to attract the music business hordes who stroll in for nothing, get each other drunk, and bore the barmaids sick. These slobs can relate to Cold Fish, (in a simplistic kind of way), who provide a stilted modern mockery of bubblegum pop which Lovich, B52s and others have played at before. There's some neat melodies, some attractive trumpet forays, and most important of all, A Girl. This girl sings, dances dislocatedly and generally exudes a goopy air of possible availability, the type of thing that Clive Videoperm of Torpid Records Ltd A&R Dept likes to nudge his mates to. The group are new enough to be trendy, but recognisably old; and a pair of tight jeans and a thin, loose-fitting blouse demand a rousing guest-list encore. Though far from submissive, I'd have liked Cold Fish significantly more if this 'She' could have summoned up a snarl.

Completely lacking any girlish flesh appeal, the four Sinatras were doomed to second place, but ultimately they are much more of a dare. The Sinatras are straight-faced jokers, neurotic garage funksters with sharply laundered quirks in their spacious grey suits. Their singer Tommy Hamilton is an almost absurdly ordinary-looking man, possessing a shapeless brown haircut and 'tache, and a twitchy pair of legs which race into overdrive during each instrumental break. Sinatra tunes are all gossiping rhythmic insistence with cheap keyboards leaning lazily into the beat. The songs can be a little samey, though I'm told a recent Jenson session included a full horn section, which added clarity and depth. Their words consist of wry, dryly intellectual dissections of humdrum philosophical dilemmas and absurdities. 'You Make Me Feel I'm Wearing New Clothes (All The Time)', their current single, is a lovely piece of observation detailing emotional responses as projected onto the consumer mentality. Such picaresque scenarios and lifestyle jingles roll off The Sinatras' collective tongue with consummate ease, tremendous cheek, and all in about three minutes flat. They may not be the stuff to tear up or break you down, but they're friendly and craftily detatched. A pun my word, I like The Sinatras, if you'd like me to be Frank.

Dave Hill

TALK TALK

Zig Zag Club

CHAT CHAT fat cats. EMI staff showed their dance stance at this excuse for another office do. Silly young secretaries in their most OUTRAGEOUS outfits — permed PR people with 'STONES 82' tour shirts. This is going to be fun isn't it — all screams, cuddles and free tickets. Contrived, ART-I-FICIAL yes. Fun . . . NO. This is EMI endeavouring to make gold from hay. Tonight this is an almost petulant case of narcissism. Tonight the chit chat is Talk Talk, a conversational topic of no importance.

Let's eavesdrop on this conversation and take snatched glances as the Talker dances.

Tie foppishly tucked into the tartan shirt, faded finger clicks and hand held hair flicks. This is a photo-fit Ferry in a photo-fit band. But for now read band as bland. Style it seems is something that Talk Talk spew at you, something that they force you to swallow. A style that is hollow because the band are show

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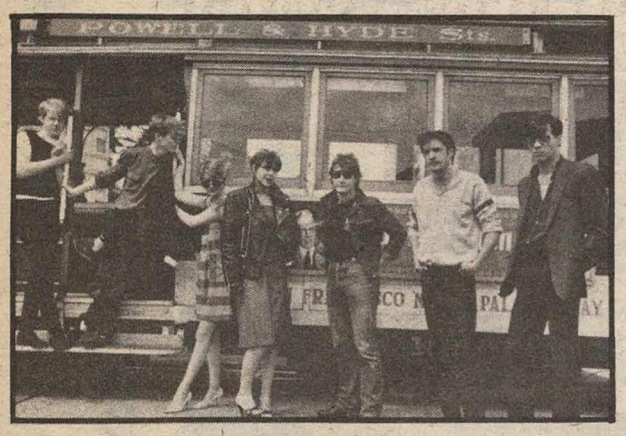
HUMAN LEAGUE

FROM PAGE 30



THE HUMAN LEAGUE ARE IN THE VANGUARD OF THE BRITISH POP BOOM; AN ENVIABLE POSITION BUT ONE WHICH CARRIES DARKER, GREATER THREATS.

Behind them comes a long stream of new, challenging British music: The Associates, Imagination, Simple Minds, Japan and of course the *awesome* ABC! Soft Cell and Haircut 100 are already finding an American audience and promising chart success.

Philip: "This new pride that I'm always talking about in pop music, *that* was destroyed by punk, the garage band ideal; it's why we haven't sold in America before.

"People thought that one aspect of it, or two asepcts, were *good-enough:* if you've got a good social stance and you're writing good songs, that's enough. You don't need to have a good singer, you don't need to produce it really well. You're never going to impress *everyone* with that.

"If The Clash were really well produced, and well arranged — which I don't think they are — then they *would be* getting the very big records in America, and all around the world."

You think punk was destructive for British music?

"It was absolutely necessary. Like we started because of punk; if there hadn't been punk, there'd be no Human League. But at the same time it brought in the *good-enough* attitude. Which is why we started: we'll be *good-enough* for that.

"It's not a Michelangelo or something — I'll do a statue of David, but oh dear, I've hammered his fingers off. Never mind. *It's good-enough!*

"I mean," Philip hesitates. "I don't pretend that pop music is great art or anything, but . . . It's going to sound really pretentious written down, this, isn't it?"

But he still continues, "Salvador Dali said you can't create a masterpiece without working at it, working *hard* at it. And it's true. You can make a charming picture of something, you can make a simple picture that has a different sort of thing, but it's *not* going to be a masterpiece."

But the arts — literature, music, theatre with people like Alan Sillitoe, John Lennon and Johnny Rotten, and John Osbourne — aren't just about creating a perfect work. What they do changes attitudes and changes society. Punk was also a political stand.

"But you can do both, can't you? That's the difference between John Lennon and The Jam: a helluva lot of people listen to John Lennon because he did that side of it, and then he got all the other stuff stitched up so people'd bother in the first place.

"Same thing as why I wear make-up, 'cos people will listen to our records *more* if I wear make-up, if I've got a silly long haircut on one side.

"It's a gimmick, and if that's necessary actually to make them listen to it, that's what you've got to do. The more people you can actually get to the better."

And yet Susanne is concerned that the thrill will be drained out of their achievements if they fall foul of the perfunctory pop rituals.

"I remember the first time I found out we were doing *Top Of The Pops.* I was in a politics lesson at school and my parents were stood at the door, and I wondered what had happened. And I went out and me Dad says, 'Phil's just phoned, you've got to go to London tonight, you're doing *Top Of The Pops'.*

"I just completely burst into tears because it was like one of the happiest moments ever, thinking that you were going to do it: be on there, on that programme that *everyone* watches.

"I'm just really worried now what the next single's going to do. I don't want us to be like Adam And The Ants. I don't want the next single to put us straight in at number one, in Britain. I'd much prefer it to go in at 20, 25 and work its way up. I'd feel that people were buying the record because it was good and not because it was The Human League."

MAJOR POP ENVOYS TO AMERICA THEY ARE, BUT PHILIP IS CONCERNED THAT THEIR RATING AS NUMBER ONE SHEFFIELD BAND IS NOW IN JEOPARDY.

ABC are stealing their glory and issuing a challenge that The Human League cannot ignore.

"At first, when they started doing well, I was a bit resentful. I thought, it's been really nice being *the big band* in Sheffield, and I don't want *anyone* else coming along and taking *any* of it.

"Music has changed in Britain in the last seven or eight months. There's bands that have got a real pride. I think ABC are *the* example. They've changed my opinions enough to say I don't even think we'll be doing all-synthesiser records any more.

" 'Cos ABC are so good we've got to compete with them. We can't just do it with the gimmicks of synthesisers. We've got to compete in the areas of great string sections — like they're doing; great horn sounds — like they're doing. 'Cos they're *that* good.

"It's now admitted that if it's necessary we can no longer just make it on having a haircut . . .

"We've got the money to do it this time round. 'Dare' was a budget album, we had to rush it. This time we'll finish the tracks off and if I think that the synthesiser strings could have been better, we'll go back and we'll hire a string section.

"You can't compete with 'The Look Of Love' without having every facility."

Philip's ambitious projects disguise his worries about The Human League's imminent collapse.

Being around them for five days allows a certain, if limited insight: that Jo Callis with his glam group Sealed With A Loving Kiss, and Ian Burden with his own recordings, have greater ambitions. And there's an odd, often volatile mixture of relationship, even with Adrian Wright seeming to possess a hankering for personal pop stardom. Then there are the sulks and moodies, the unpredictable tantrums and traumas . . .

It's something of an understatement for manager Bob Last to acknowledge they are a fragile structure.

"But it's got to the stage now," he explains, "where there are so many different sorts of diplomatic games being played at all points, that the overall thing is relatively stable.

"It wasn't. That's why we had to have the split, because there were a lot of games . . . and they weren't getting resolved. This kind of dialectical process, that they were just absolutely irreconcilable.

"What we have now, temporarily, is a sort of dynamic balance . . . It's not the sort of structure that's going to do ten albums, I don't think. Maybe it is. It's not part of what any of us are doing it for."

Philip though has already said that their future is limited to only one more album.

"I'm really worried about saying that now," he tells me. "Because I tend to make these sweeping predictions, and then they come true.

"I think I said that out of worry. It's like an insurance policy: I'm really scared that The Human League's going to break up soon, and then I won't be involved in these good records anymore, so I'll pretend that I knew all about it in the first place.

"In an ideal world there would be 20 Human League LPs, each getting better than the last with the same personnel. I suppose we'll carry on making LPs so long as we can keep the people in the group together.

"I think if we lost Ian or Adrian or Jo . . . or the girls . . . I don't think that would be The Human League anymore.

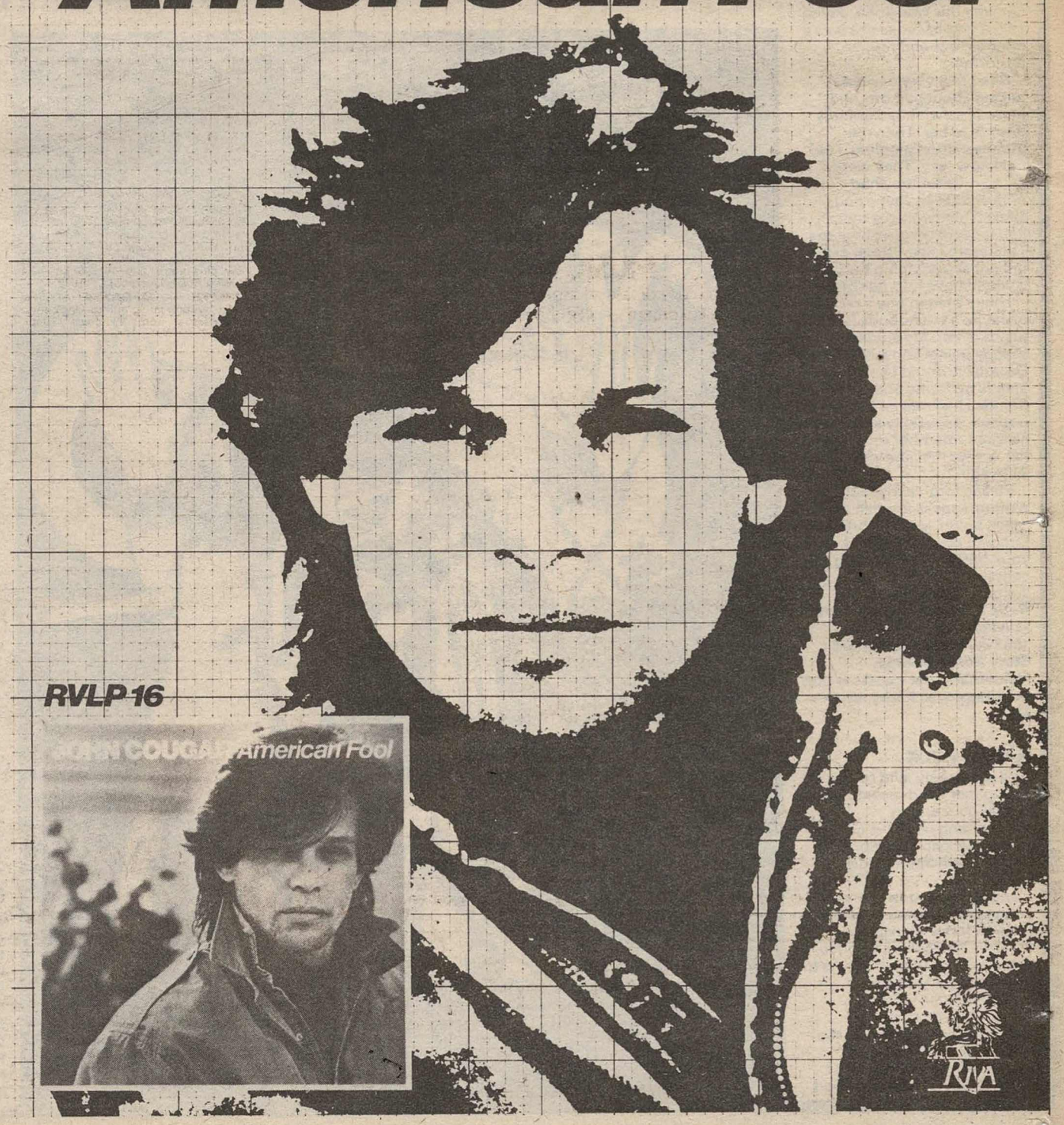
"No", he concludes decisively, "it wouldn't."

NOW THE HUMAN LEAGUE HAVE LEFT AMERICA FOR AUSTRALIA AND JAPAN. NEW FACES IN FOREIGN PLACES . . .

But Philip Oakey will still be worrying about what he said to me, anxious about what's going to be written in this article.

"They're funny things, interviews, aren't they? You really worry about them until they come out. Then you stop talking to people."

JOHN COUGAR
THE NEW ALBUM
American Fool



NOT A LOT OF PEOPLE KNOW THAT

If you're buying 'Jive Wire' and 'Hit The Road Stax' it's cheaper to buy a £3 postal order than a £2.99 one. Strange, eh?
Greenie, Headingley, Leeds.
Blimey! — M.S.

BEING HERE

I am an East German student of English visiting your country on an academic exchange arrangement. I am 19-years-old and very keen on modern British music. My favourite artists are The Beatles, and Bryan Ferry of the Roxy Music band. Since arriving in Liverpool I have visited many concerts and discotheques and I have made many friends from your country, mentioning here Peter and Edward from the Labour Party Young Socilaists group.

I have now started reading your magazine after meeting a pop singer. The meeting happened when I was shopping in the city. I passed a store filled with old, worn clothing and ornaments for the Victorian home. Interested, I looked in.

As I walked, looking at the odd collection, a woman asked if I wanted to make a purchase. She was dressed in black, and wore white cosmetic and black shadow around her eyes like a vampire. A very unusual sales person, I think.

We started to talk when she knew what country I belonged to. She told me her name was Jayne and that her occupation was pop star, singing in a modern music band. I found this hard to understand. You would not expect to find a famous singer selling tired and dusty clothing in a modern industrialised state, I think.

But she showed me the *NME*. She had it in her personal bag. It was neatly folded, an old piece of paper printed with a photograph she said was actually her. I asked her why this was done. Jayne said it was because she was a famous rock and roll performer.

She grew very excited, talking about persons and journalists who had unfairly described her. Then my friends started giggling. I did not know why. They were being rude for they had noticed that as Jayne had spoken her two front teeth had loosened from her gums. They were false, I think, but I did not say anything because it would have hurt her pride.

I have tried to buy a record of Jayne's but nobody has heard of her. My student friends do not know of Jayne. Do you? It would be nice to be able to go home and tell my friends I had met an English popstar, expecially a woman. I cannot remember more about her except that she was about 31 in age.

Please forgive my faults in writing. I speak English so much better, with a North of England accent I am told. I like your *NME*. It is interesting and contains many social and cultural phenomena.
ReBe Kryzanowski, Liverpool Polytechnic, Merseyside.
1982 Jerzy Kosinski Short Story Award winner. Incidentally, our guests is that the singer was Kathy Kirby. — M.S.

HAPPY FOLK

As a previously avid reader of your paper I find recent trends in *NME* concerning.
(Concerning what? — Ed.) I buy music papers for one reason: I am interested in music.

I can see a vague connection and the possible interest factor of including features on books, TV, video and cinema. Video, it seems to me, is basically a front to openly sell pornography, which should be seen as worrying, especially with the rise in sex crimes. Your contribution to this wave of "where can we show a naked girl?" syndrome seems to be in your cinema reviews. Does a written review have to include a so-called 'stimulating' picture?

There is no need to lower what was once a radical paper into the gutter, along with certain of its competitors.
N. Wiltshire (a male feminist), East Grinstead, Sussex.
The photo in question is a still from *Clean Slate*. It is not especially 'stimulating' but is entirely representative of this remarkable film's emphatic comic-sexuality. *Gay News* is available over the counter from many leading newsagents. — M.S.

Why is it that there is no longer any music paper that a self-respecting woman can read without being insulted through having to see her own body exploited somewhere in the paper. Is it that *NME* caters for just the male *minority* of the population?

It's disgusting and upsetting to find that the one *almost* non-sexist paper has deteriorated to become just another trashy, sexist peep-show. I certainly will never bother to buy *NME* again and I hope no other feminists do. In case you're too blind to understand what I'm referring to, take a look at page 13 of the May 22 issue. It's all there and totally self-explanatory to anyone with a small degree of intelligence.
A Disillusioned Former NME Fan, New Malden, Surrey.
On page 13 of that issue a photograph (taken by Anton Corbijn, 38-28-34, 6ft 5in, big ears) of The Honeymoon Killers' Veronique. It is not remotely salacious, though Veronique — in full receipt of her clothing, by the way — fairly exudes *sexuality*. I think you're a sad, miserable person, and just maybe a wee bit perverse. — M.S.

What is happening to the *NME*? That once non-sexist, non-racist, new wave rock paper. Why? What have we done? What have I done to deserve this clone of *Sounds*? Is there no hope left? Is civilisation on the brink of destruction? Is video responsible for this outbreak of sexism?

Stop these Page 3 photos (I don't care if it's on the film review page — that's no excuse). The last three weeks have been hell, this week's particularly upsetting.

I don't want to cry away any more Thursdays, or have to take an extra Valium to get me through my favourite paper. I buy *NME*, women buy *NME*, women also like music, women are also people. We do not want to see tits and neither do most male *NME* readers. Stop this sudden burst of anti-female propaganda. Hitler started with small beginnings!
Josi Munns, Chichester, West Sussex.
Video is responsible for an outbreak of Bilko, as far as I'm concerned. You should be wary of Valium, or maybe it's just life in general you can't come to terms with. Keep smiling! After all, we are all of us to a certain extent lesbians. — M.S.

EVEN SMALLER BEGINNINGS

Ahem. Just a brief note to congratulate Videosyncritic, Monty Smith, on the splendid ocular derangement displayed in his cursory review of *'Electric Blue 007.'* The girls of *Men Only* and *Club International*, claims Monty, are better looking than those in *Knave* and *Fiesta*. History is full of such sightings. Monty's comments, for instance, recall to mind Admiral Nelson (now also on a column) placing the telescope to his blind eye and remarking: "I see no ship."

If, in the final analysis, it is impossible to adjust the relative paucity of pulchritude to Monty's satisfaction, may we suggest that he might care to dangle his dong (full frontally, of course) on that page of *Fiesta* every month entitled 'One For The Ladies'? Call it a piece of mild gender compensation. Whatever.
Christopher Lloyd, Editor, Fiesta.
Thanks for the invitation, but I fear the sight of me and mine would be about as exciting as the typical all-London Cup Final. I understand Angus MacKinnon is open to offers, though. (Do you do fold-outs?) — M.S.

MEN! HUH!!

Re: Carmel letter (*Gasbag* 21.5.82)

Bloody typical letter from your offensive male readership. So according to him, women in entertainment only get 'critical praise' because the critic (usually male) happens to know/like/screw the entertainer. Carmel doesn't need to know/like/screw the critic. If you've seen her, you'd know her creative medium speaks for itself. I somehow think Carmel's got more sense than to know/screw any of your critics (M. Cordery or G. Martin).
Viv Reid, London WC2.

EPISODE 37

Question: Why is Mark Cordery nursing a split lip? Answer: The rather barbaric bass player of Carmel took exception to our hero's earnest enquiries into the 'torch singer's' tempestuous private life.
Captain Smartass, London NW5.

ON NODDY TERMS

If the Famous Five are supposed to be famous, how come I've never heard of them?
Barry Island, Barry Island.

OK, what's going on? Monty Smith mentions the Famous Five in *Gasbag* and Lowry includes the newstand headline "Millions of Enid Blyton bands". What does it all mean? Is Joe Strummer going to join the Gang Of Four? Is it a coded message to Jaz in Iceland? Or are you just winding us up? Explain, s'il vous plait!
Major Catastrophe, HMS Bognor, S. Atlantic.
It's no secret: we're just more childish than you think we are. — M.S.

I await the arrival of a new super group 'Killing Joe'.
David St Field, London SE11.
Don't we all, dear! — M.S.

BENN ENEMIES

I would be the first to admit that in terms of style and journalistic professionalism, Andrew Tyler's piece on Tony Benn was indeed a superior offering to my amateurish efforts.

But the content, Mr Tyler! By jingo old fruit, what utter twoddle? A list of Benn sins, a bit of Puritan bashing and a flat denunciation of Socialism on the grounds that people are greedy materialists? Perhaps this sort of barrel scraping would go down well in the *Sun* or on the playing fields of Eton but *NME* readers deserve more.

So Socialism equals 'consumer gluttony'. One million houses in our 'green' and pleasant land with damp, three million on the dole, workers slaving in factories for as little as £50 per week. If trying to right these wrongs is gluttony then I'm Cyril Smith.

And the Tyler alternative. Something mumbled about Eco. Well why not a return to the dark ages while we're at it. Ecology of our planet, yes. But a return to the Agrarian Society — not on your nelly!
Nick Martin.
Thanks for writing, Cyril. — M.S.

Ecology has been doing more than mumble for itself for quite a while now, particularly in Germany where it carries a fair political clout. An Agrarian Dark Age? No Nick. Things have moved on since then. For some useful bits on Ecology and Jobs . . . Community Action . . . Policing . . . Foreign Policy etc contact Ecology Party, 36-38 Clapham Road, London SW9 0JQ. — Andrew Tyler

As an ecologist doesn't Andrew Tyler realise that his Benn slag was a waste of paper and doesn't he feel some responsiblity to the Amazon jungle which is shrinking as I write?

More seriously, I'd like to say that I consider him an absolute twit. *(Steady! — Ed.)* Living in Benn's constituency, I went to a public meeting in a local primary school in which he spoke last night. I must say that I didn't encounter one person in the packed hall who had on dungarees or a single earring. Admittedly there were one or two cars with CND stickers on outside, but we can't all be perfect can we?

Benn gets enough slagging without *NME* joining in. Find another target you liberal wankers. And cut out the sexist crap or you'll lose more readers.
Mike Simpson, Bristol, Avon.
Watch who you call 'Liberal', mate. — M.S.

The article on Tony Benn by Andrew Tyler was depressingly reminiscent of the late '60s ideology. The concept of harmony with one another, of doing your own thing, is naive. Man is basically aggressive, a competitive animal; throughout history intellectuals, Christians, socialists, Andrew Tyler etc have tried to prove otherwise and constantly failed. Writers of books, music etc would be the first to admit that their inspiration comes from aggression, which is caused by oppression. Without something to hit out at we would all be lost souls in the "Brave New World".
Mark Langdon, Liverpool 13.
That's one way of looking at it! — M.S.

Doubtless Andrew Tyler's Benn piece provoked a sea of nods from the hidden hordes of his lost 'misfit' clans, deep in the bowels of the '80s beautiful people DIY squat communities.

Subversive old Tyler doesn't believe Labour's boast of a 'harmonious future' under their leadership. Strike me pinko!

The cross of apathy is light and easy to bear. Get up, get out, join in, keep moving. Like the nettle, reality loses its painful sting when gripped hard.

I have just seen Tyler's future, and it smirks.
Eugene Lee Perry, London SW2.
I see what you mean but I can't agree with you! Good luck! — M.S.

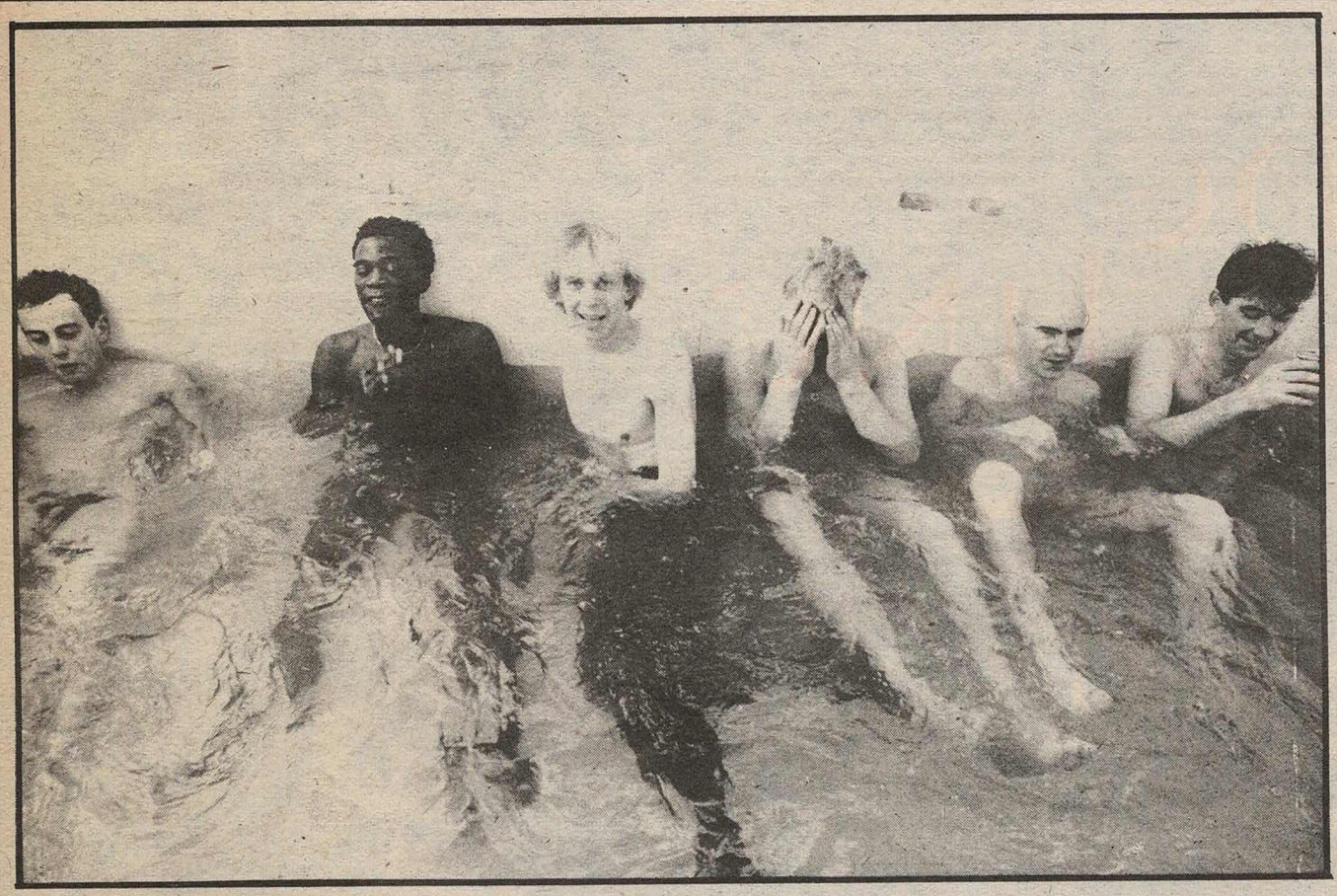
Dear Andrew,

Congratulations on a splendid article; full of wisdom and common sense. (Although I'm not quite sure what you mean by "unbridled art and sex". Has it some sort of obscure reference to Penman's view of sex? Are you in fact opposing the use of bridles in sex?)

Although I'm not a member of the Ecology Party and don't know too much about it — I'm just a little Cat'lic girl who believes in the Bible, tries to read some Solzhenitzyn, likes the new ABC single and has just managed to get hold of a Cup Final ticket (I never knew He moved in such areas!) — I recommend you read *The Seventies* by Christopher Booker. He believes that the emergence of the Ecology movement was one of the most interesting things to have happened.

Anyway, well done. It's not often that I'm so impressed by stuff in *NME*.
Annelise Jespersen, Lowestoft, Suffolk.
Whatever you thought of Andrew's piece, it provoked the largest influx of mail since, er, the last time we received a lot of letters on one subject. That must prove you lot want music and nowt else, mustn't it? — M.S.

MAN! LIFE'S A GAS! PAYING HIS BILLS: MONTY SMITH



Just when you thought they'd slipped down the plughole, Teardrop Explodes are back with a splash. Here they show just how wet they are, as they recline in the bath at Leeds Utd. These second division acts sure stick together.
Pic: Kevin Cummins

MUSIC!
I have further evidence of plagiarism on the part of Martin Fry — I had acne years before he did.
Craterface, Bishop Auckland, Durham.
Me too! — Ray Barrett

Why didn't you print my review of Status Quo at Birmingham? I need the money.
Prince Charles, Buck House.
Mothercare Voucher Winner. — M.S.

Re: Gary Crowley's review of Vic Godard and Subway Sect's single in *NME* May 22. I wonder if Mr Crowley has actually been to Glasgow, or, for that matter, ever ventured beyond the confines of Capital Radio, London. Maybe Glasgow isn't cool and hip like our swinging metropolis, but it's still a very beautiful city. People outside the city only ever hear about things like murders, rapes, drunkenness and football holiganism, but what big cities don't have these problems? A day trip to Glasgow needn't be "absolute misery" if you don't come expecting it to be so. Therefore I suggest that Mr Crowley comes here sometime and enjoys for himself all Glasgow has to offer.
A Glaswegian.
No ta! — G.C.

I think I should bring it to your attention that the new Georgie Fame album '20 Beat Classics' is *not* in stereo and the track 'Bonnie And Clyde' is *not* even on it. Can you warn all Georgie Fame fans, if not the record buying public.
Mike Masterton, London SE16.
Certainly. These are worrying times. We are all guilty. — M.S.

BLATANT FILLER
I've got about 600 *NMEs* stacked up in my basement but I feel this is the right time to tell you much I appreciated Ian Penman's piece on Allez and The Honeymoon Killers. Belgium is a small country, so it shouldn't be too hard for you finding some other good sounds. Now that some of you have turned an eye in our direction, remember, you're always welcome. Merci.
Philippe Gosez, Vogue Records, Brussels.
Huh! — M.S.

Bring back *Dangerous Visions*. It's one of the things that make *NME* great.
David Dennison, Scunthorpe.
And the other thing was short letters. Well done! — M.S.

t-zers

WHERE DID you go this bank holiday? The same old beach? Same over-priced zoo? And how much longer are you going to throw good money after bad in cheesy, shoddy sea-side wax-works where all the male figures look like burns victims and all the females look like a person that the new laws on sexism forbid us to name before 10pm? Well, next year why not break with tradition and come to Yarmouth? Here at Yarmouth we have mile after mile of luxurious beaches, a bloater factory and one of Europe's most pointless model villages. So next year treat mum'n'the kids to — Yarmouth! And put Yarmoney where Yarmouth is! *(Editor's pathetic note: On the heels of the recent* Gasbag/T-Zers *war, this column finds itself somewhat financially awry. In order to present our usual disgusting service we, regrettably, have been forced to resort to sponsorship. This week's* T-Zers *are brought to you 'courtesy' of a fair-to-middling — if under patronized — English seaside town. Any reference to this town that may appear in the following paragraphs are, though admittedly incongruous, very necessary. Thang Yo')* . . .

The **Pope!** The rockin' and rollin' Pope is here, oh yeah! Despite selling out at most British venues, sales were slack at Canterbury where, according to the *Sunday Mirror*, less than 25,000 turned up after plans had been made to seat ten times that amount. *(NME* readers struggle with abacuses and agree on a figure around sixty two hundred). The most likely reason behind this sales slump is that booked to 'warm up' the masses (sick) in groovy, slow, Chaucerville were **Brotherhood Of Man!** Ha! Said on-site tout **George Cigarettes,** "I've been well and truly stung, mate. We told them that the double-bill was doomed but it's got something to do with them being record label partners. Whatever, I'm cheesed off — who wants a garage full of Pope-On-A-Rope Soaps now?" Brotherhood Of Man said: "It's Yarmouth For Us!" . . .

Those of you who have been 'blown away, man' by the carefully crafted ad campaign for the new video discs — imagine how quaint that sentence'll read in a hundred years — might be comforted to know that in both the USA and Japan sales for the catch-penny novelty have been disappointing. Flat. Weako. Non-Yarmouthesque. In Japan, this is understandable — they have such silly television with the following star ads to add to your list of Megastars Debasing Themselves For Yen: **Rod Stewart** (Nikka Whiskey. "Ha wee drorp o'Nikka, It awharms oop mah tikka"), **Julio Iglesias** (Kewpie Mayonnaise "I love that ol' Kewpie, Make me part with my Yen-style Rupie") and, best of all, **Cliff Richard** appearing for Wella Cosmetics. ("I swear by my Wella, I buy all they can sella, Tho' no-one can tella, I'm that sort of fella") . . .

PAUL McCARTNEY'S distressing 'Tug Of War' LP is currently one of the fastest risers on US Soul Charts. Said Paul: "I don't talk to the *NME*. Why should I? I've got bundles." . . .

Hard Line Punks: **The Anti-Nowhere League** — a name they arrived at by putting a pin three times into an everyday dictionary — are to re-record some of the lyrics for their smelly 'We Are The League' LP. The offending words concerned child molestation, necrophelia, sadism and bestiality. Jokes: Necrophelia is dead boring. Coupled with sadism and bestiality it sounds like flogging a dead horse. End of jokes. The actual track to cram in all these exquisite little obsessions is called 'Animal' and over 20,000 copies have already been shipped. (Cue Spitfire-diving sound effect as **Roy Carr** zooms by, destined for an exclusive Rough Trade copy). Quotee: Band manager **John 'A Thought A' Curd** said (really), "To maintain chart position you must have the backing of **W. H. Smith's** and the like. There are times in life when if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Maybe here we've got to join 'em to beat 'em." No sane person knows what the last phrase was supposed to mean, although a lawyer later said it expressed a frankly Japanese Ad-style lust for shekels . . .

Madness — Yarmouth's only true pop heroes — are so unashamed of *their* Jap ads they've slipped them onto their new videocassette. This self same piece of soft-ware was placed into a chauffeur driven limousine last week when it drove up outside Stiff Records. Who was commanding a free copy? None other than **David 'Mineral Waters' Bowie!** "I have all their records," said a jubilant Dave, adding, "sorry, who is it we're talking about?" . . .

The *Daily Express* puffed what they claim to be The Next Big Thing last week and it comes in the shape of Spaniard **Miguel Bose.** (Winner of *T-Zers* Highly Unlikely But Real Name Statuette). Bose is burning up Europe currently with his laser and dinner jacket act that includes 'Pinball Wizard' in its draggy course. Bose says the world is all through with US and UK pop and Spain will lead the way into a bright new dawn. "I plan a big tour" he told us, "all the world's great cultural cities. Rome, Madrid, Paris, New York anda the Yarmouth Pier Theatre hurry hurry hurry book early ita the fun for all the family ata the prices you can afford." . . .

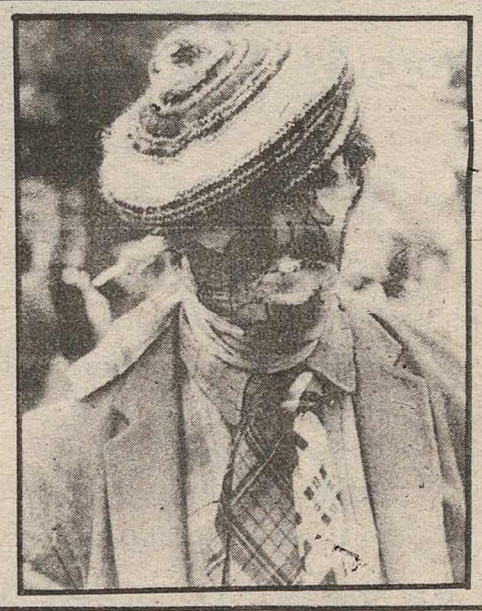
LONDON VIEWERS are enjoying LWT's late nightrock concerts. The last three weeks have seen **Bob Marley, Black Uhuru** and **The Rolling Stones** belting around the airwaves. There will be no snide comments because nobody has watched their video tapes yet and we only moan if the quality's bad or if, because of an extended news, you have a fat 15 minutes of a weepy woman's play stuck on the E180 buggering up your artistically planned and balanced three hours. Weepy woman's play! Keep those letters comin' folks . . .

Police lead singer **'Mad' Sting Coalfaceworker** has been 'forced' to quit his luxurious Irish stately home after one of the locals threatened his personal safety. Sting, who was reputed to have spent upwards of eight days there last year, received a dodgy anonymous letter telling him he 'was to get out as Brits weren't wanted round here'. Moreover, the letter made unkind and uncalled-for remarks about the overall performance of the band's last album. "That did it," bellowed the winsome heart throb . . .

A society has been formed called Parents Of Punkers in the States. It offers counselling to the aforementioned stricken beings. If we told you it was run by a 36-year-old psychologist called **Serena Dank,** you'd get all humpy wouldn't you? But exist Serena does and stands proud besides Miguel Bose in our Unlikely But Real Name Winners marquee (women's section) . . .

Claws Out: **Jerry Hall** has been ditched by her model agency merely because she told them that she was so famous that they weren't entitled to *any* of the £500 per-hour plus fees she gets for sitting around being photographed. A spokesman for the agency told the *Mirror*, "Jerry thinks she is such a star that we shouldn't take any money. So we kicked her out." Five years ago another agency 'got rid of' Hall and when contacted said, "She was spoilt and impossible. When she was on our books she was with **Bryan Ferry** and began to think of herself as a star too. God knows what she's like now she's with **Jagger".** Good stuff eh? . . .

Watch rock being made of a different kind! Visit Yarmouth's Sweet Rock Factory and discover just how those letters get inside your favourite beach food. Novelty bars include The Authentic Rock Breakfast (Egg, Bacon, Sausage on edible plate), The Babies Dummy, The Walking Stick, The False Teeth and the ever popular Ladies Leg (with detach'n'keep bubble gum garter). Yarmouth! Where Fun Is Always Top of The Pops . . .



This is the man who is fast becoming the most talked-about individual since David Bowie. His name — at the moment — is simply, 'Flagface'. Yet behind this seemingly puerile disguise lies a person who has made over twenty gold and silver records, has been responsible for the careers of three of modern rock's biggest stars and has one of the most distinctive voices in Britain. But who is Flagface? We swear, even we do not know. But Flagface is huge. He means it. He is both rock. And roll. I wish I was Flagface. I wish I had his style. But I don't. I wish I had the nerve to wear **two** *ties. But I don't. Flagface is a star, a huge, wealthy individual with so much talent and drive and verve that he has to wear a flag over his face. Whilst I, I am some kind of shrivelled up bug, a horse dropping, a creepy crawly grub, slug, beneath the attention of one such as this. Flagface deserves to live and prosper. While I . . . I deserve to die in some base and humiliating ritual covered in dung. Waaaaaahghh. Soon Flagface will be revealed. It is not for insects like I to speculate when. But when he does, oh boy, when he does . . .*

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June 28th	Coventry Apollo
June 29th	Brighton Centre
June 30th	Portsmouth Guildhall
July 2nd	St Austell, Coliseum
July 3rd	Poole, Arts Centre
July 4th & 5th	Bristol, Colston Hall
July 7th	Preston Guildhall
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